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THE NEW YORKER

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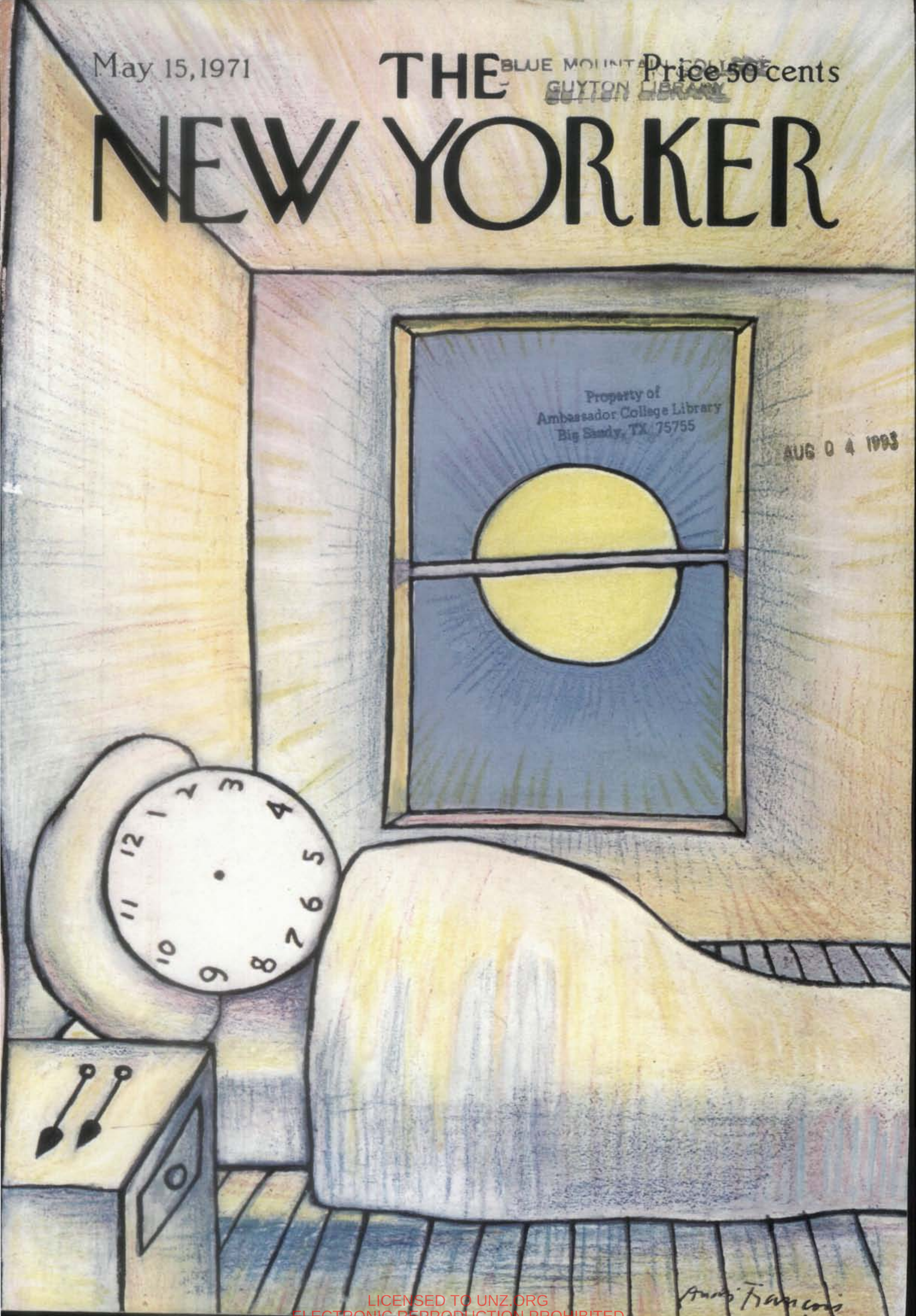

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AND MISS REARDON DRINKS A LITTLE—A tiresomely old-fashioned family melodrama by Paul Zindel, starring Julie Harris, Estelle Parsons, Nancy Marchand, Rae Allen, and Bill Macy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BACK BOG BEAST BAIT and **THE COWBOY MOUTH**—The first play of this double bill is by Sam Shepard, and the second by Mr. Shepard and Patti Smith. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 5.)

THE GINGERBREAD LADY—A sad play about a middle-aged alcoholic entertainer. Because its author is Neil Simon it is full of gags, many of them funny. The cast, which includes Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen, is superior. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. Harold Gould, somewhat miscast in the leading role, does quite well anyhow, and Katherine Helmond, as wife, and Anne Meara, as mistress, are just about perfect. Mel Shapiro was the director. Voted the best American play of the season by the Drama Critics Circle. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HOW THE OTHER HALF LOVES—A dreadful English farce, much mutilated by having been turned into American. With Phil Silvers and Sandy Dennis. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT—A triumph. Robert Ryan, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Stacy Keach, and James Naughton are the anguished Tyrones, and Paddy Croft is their maid. Arvin Brown, of New Haven's Long Wharf, is the director. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE PHILANTHROPIST—Molière turned inside out by a witty young English playwright named Christopher Hampton. Splendidly enacted by, among others, Alec McCowen, Jane Asher, Ed Zimmermann, and Penelope Wilton. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 15.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—Sophocles' **ANTIGONE**, in an English version by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald. The final production of the season. Preview Wednesday, May 12. Opens officially on Thursday, May 13, at 8, and will run through Sunday, June 20. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.). . . ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: A satisfying revival of **PICTURES IN THE HALLWAY**, Paul Shyre's adaptation of the second volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiography. (Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 15.)

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THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES—A competent revival, in a translation by Richard Wilbur, of Molière's depiction of a raving, staving sexist. Brian Bedford is the star. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 29.)

SLEUTH—A marvellous mystery by Anthony Shaffer, superlatively acted by Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

STORY THEATRE PRESENTATIONS—**THE METAMORPHOSES**: Ovid was a fastidious sensualist, a little too far-out for Caesar Augustus, who, after all, was minding the store. Paul Sills' brilliant company brings Ovid's stories to life with wit and grace. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7:30. . . . **STORY THEATRE**: A delightful playing out, with music, mime, and recitation, of ten or twelve classic fairy tales. Also invented and directed by Mr. Sills. Fridays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855.)

SUBJECT TO FITS—A fantasy that takes off from "The Idiot" (and stays aloft intermittently). In form, it is less a play than a ballet with words. Some of the words are Dostoevski's. A new playwright, Robert Montgomery, makes his local début. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

THE TRIAL OF THE CATONSVILLE NINE—A documen-

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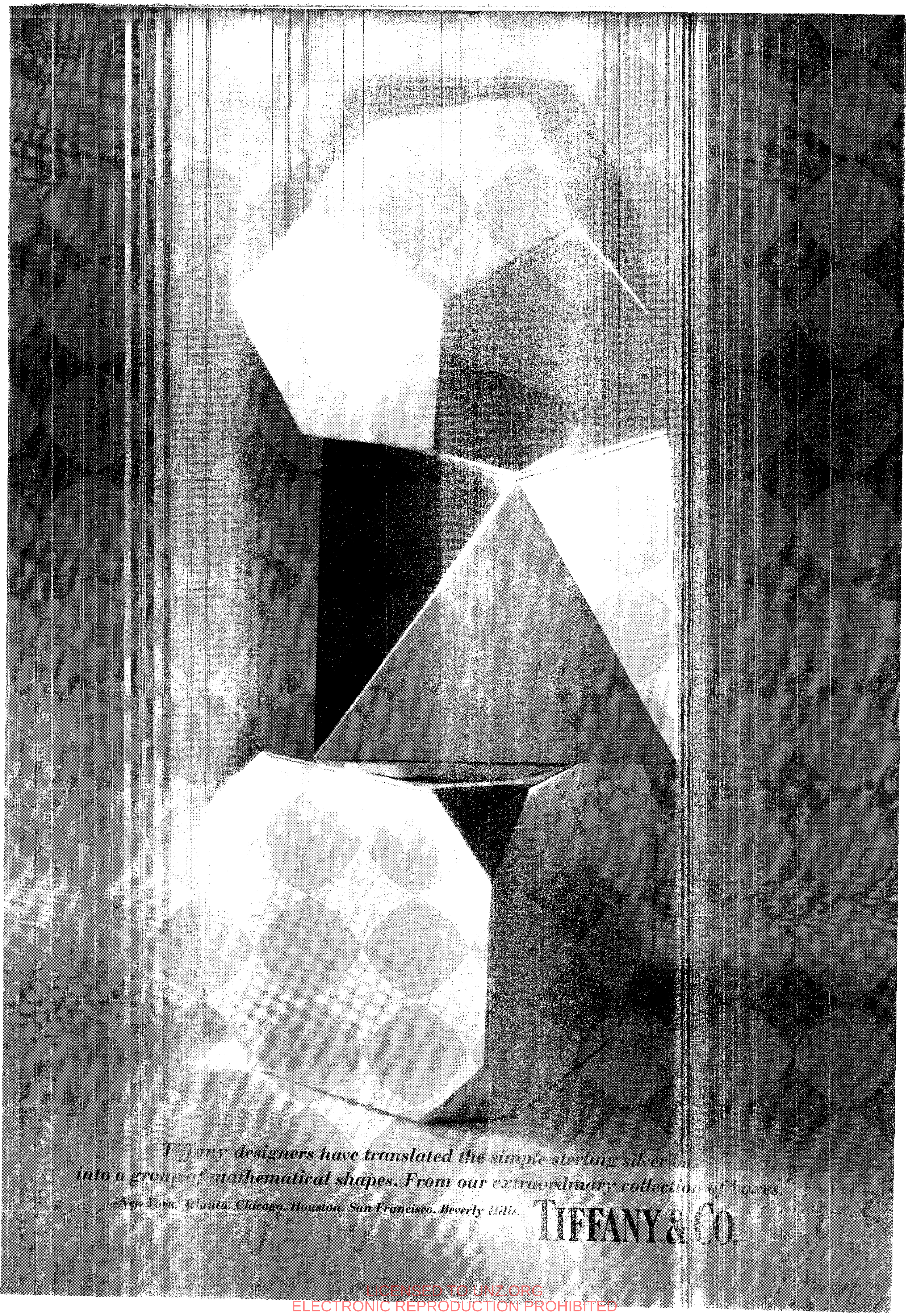

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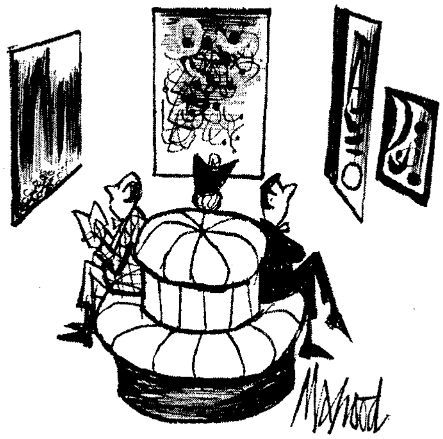
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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tary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral complacency, among other things, but it is moving all the same, and the performances couldn't be better. (Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. 595-5510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Two by Ibsen—A DOLL'S HOUSE: A shallow production of a great play, but Claire Bloom is a charming Nora. Through Wednesday, May 19. . . . **HEDDA GABLER:** Miss Bloom's Hedda is fairly good, though not all it might be, and she is given weak support by the rest of the cast. Performances resume Thursday, May 20. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, May 14.)

Underground—A pair of one-acters written by a pair of black dramatists and performed by a mostly black company called the Corn Bread Players. The second of them, Walter Jones' "Jazznite," is a fascinating and revelatory play about a professor who comes home on a visit to the slum where he grew up. "The Life and Times of J. Walter Smintheus," by Edgar White, which opens the evening, is somewhat remote and tenuous. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Waiting for Godot—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom affecting. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE: Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN:** An inflated claim. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30.). . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for the best play of the year. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** A middle-aged man attempting his first extramarital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's comedy. With James Coco, Rita Moreno, Barbara Sharma, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Follies—Stephen Sondheim's songs and Harold Prince's exuberant production make up for a dreary book about dreary people. Alexis Smith is triumphant as an old Follies girl who has come up in the world. Chosen the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

No, No, Nanette—A very pretty, very romantic revival of an immortal work of the twenties, which can't have been that delightful, but who cares? With Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Rothschilds—Hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

70, Girls, 70—Old folk in a crummy hotel on the upper West Side do not promise much mirth. One or two pleasant songs and the presence of Mildred Natwick and Lillian Hayman are the chief rewards of the evening. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

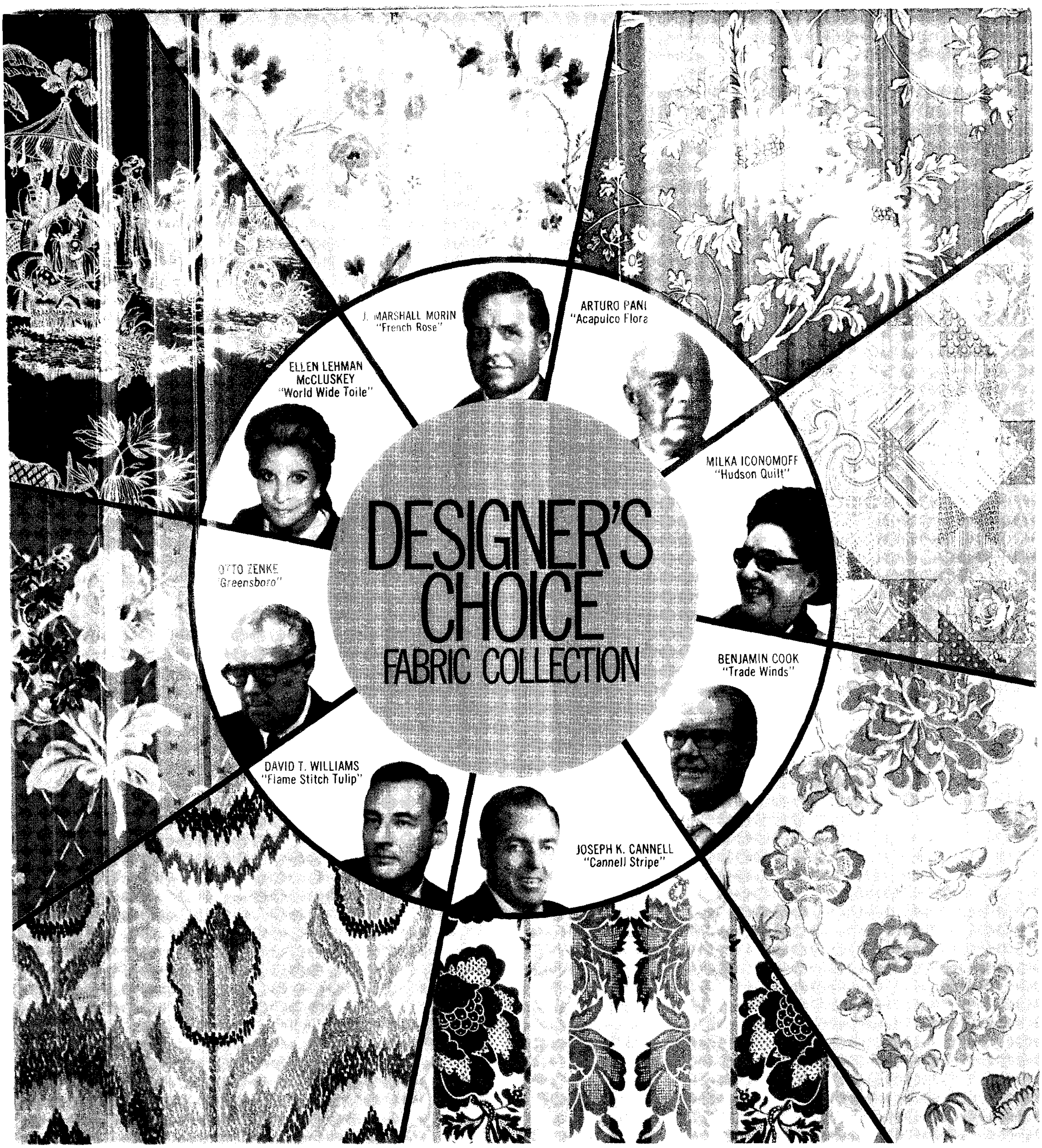
Two by Two—Lifeless in book, music, and lyrics, this account of Jehovah, Noah, and the Flood is bound to give the Old Testament a bad name. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—APPLAUSE: A descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **COMPANY:** Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Larry Kert, Elaine Stritch, and Susan Browning. Starting Thursday, May 13, Jane Russell will replace Miss Stritch. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** He held up a forefinger of warning. —*If anyone thinks I amn't divine He'll get no free drinks when I'm making the wine But have to drink water and wish it were plain That I make when the wine becomes water again.* (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** He tugged swiftly at Stephen's ashplant in farewell and, running forward to a brow of the cliff, fluttered his hands at his sides like fins or wings of one about to rise in the air, and chanted: —*Goodbye, now, goodbye. Write down all I said And tell Tom, Dick and Harry I rose from the dead. What's bred in the bone cannot fail me to fly and Olivet's breezy . . . Goodbye, now, goodbye.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** He capered before them down towards the fortyfoot hole, fluttering his winglike hands, leaping nimbly, Mercury's hat quivering in the fresh wind that bore back to them his brief birdlike cries. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **HAIR:** But these measures, however good in themselves, were insufficient for the real extent of the evil, the whole of which Sir Walter found himself obliged to confess to her soon afterwards. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Elizabeth had nothing to propose of deeper efficacy. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 533-1200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** She felt herself ill-used and unfortunate, as did her father; and they were neither of them able to devise any means of lessening their expenses without compromising their dignity, or relinquishing their comforts in a way not to be borne. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, May 12, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, May 13, at 2.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PURLIE:** An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Patti Jo and Cleavon Little. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring John Cunningham and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—¶ Wednesday, May 12, at 8: "Bugaku," "Four Temperaments," "Tarantella," and "Tchaikovsky Suite.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 13, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Octandre" (première), "Fantasies," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Friday, May 14, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite," "Fantasies," and "Dances at a Gathering.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 15, at 2: "Irish Fantasy," "Serenade," "Tarantella," and "Octandre.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 15, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Afternoon of a Faun," "The Cage," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 16, at 1: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 16, at 7: "Swan Lake" and "Dances at a Gathering.". . . ¶ Tuesday, May 18, at 8: "Fantasies," "Donizetti Variations," "The Cage," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Wednesday, May 19, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Agon," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 20, at 8: "Dim Lustre," "Who Cares?," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Friday, May 21, at 8: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 2: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 8: "Bugaku," "Dim Lustre," "The Cage," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 27.)

Stuttgart Ballet—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 12: "Romeo and Juliet.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 13: "Carmen."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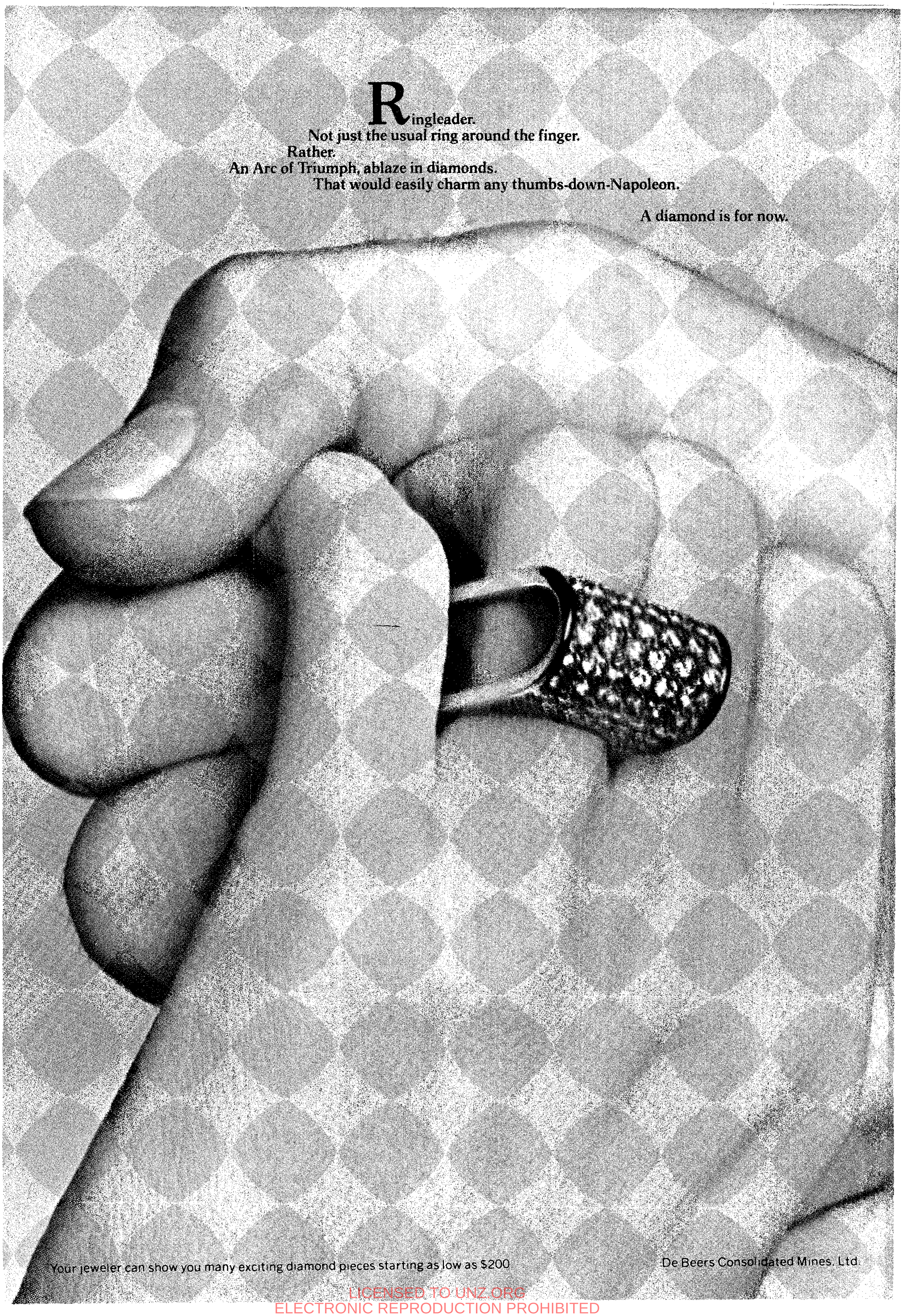
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

. . . ¶ Friday evening, May 14, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 15: "Eugene Onegin." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 17: "The Catalyst," "Salade" (American première), "Black Swan Pas de Deux," and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 18: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée and evening, May 19: "Eugene Onegin." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 20: "The Catalyst," "Salade," "Black Swan Pas de Deux," and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 21, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 22: "Eugene Onegin." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, May 29.)

Paul Sanasardo Dance Company—Thursday, May 20, at 8: "Metallics," "Sight Seeing" (première), "Footnotes," and "Pain." . . . ¶ Friday, May 21, at 8: "Pain," "Footnotes," "Fatal Birds," and "Era." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 8: "Cut Flowers," "Palomas," "Era," and "Sight Seeing." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Last year's centennial edition will be revived for the final two weeks, starting Tuesday, May 18. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 31. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Les Frères Jacques—A French cabaret troupe, performing songs, dances, and sketches. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, May 15, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Folk singer and composer Kris Kristofferson is the main performer in this uncomfortable but worthy cave every night but Tuesday, when ringers fill the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Red-and-white-checked cloths on the tables (on which soul food is served), and paintings on the walls. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, pianist Norman Simmons performs with a bassist. Thursday through Sunday, May 13-16, violinist John Blair will cooperate with piano and bass, and Thursday through Sunday, May 20-23, pianist Cedar Walton will lead a trio. Music nightly except Mondays from nine-thirty to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—The jazz in this congenial spot can be in the foreground or background, depending on how you listen. Guitarist Charlie Brown heads a trio through Saturday, May 15. Pianist Jan Hammer and bassist Gene Perla come in on Tuesday, May 18. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass violist substitute for the regulars. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Music in welcome surroundings. The folk songs of Susan Reed and the piano of Sammy Price can be considered from dinnertime until late every night except Sunday. But Sundays are not wasted: from seven to twelve, Dill Jones is on piano.

Gaslight au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580—The recent opening, or reopening, of this coffeehouse that was once known as the Café au Go Go is a cause for celebration in folk-blues-jazz-rock circles. The walls are brick, the benches wooden, and the entertainment policy enlightened. The current bill, through Monday, May 17, includes drummer Tony Williams—who is leading his high-intensity, high-volume Lifetime—and singer Nico, who attended the Warhol school of dramatic arts. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

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Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—A small, friendly sort of place where the jazz guitar has been getting its best exposure in New York. Through Sunday, May 16, Ted Dunbar will be playing the instrument while Larry Ridley handles a bass. On Wednesday, May 19, the brothers Atkinson—guitarist Leon and bassist Lisle—will move in. Activity from nine-thirty to three or four. The Deep South kitchen has affinities with Mother Hubbard's.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Come on down, if the spirit moves you, to hear some solid, mainstream jazz produced by tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims, pianist Ross Tompkins, bassist Victor Sproles, and drummer Mousey Alexander. Fridays through Sundays, old-time blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Energetic and smooth—sometimes simultaneously—jazz pianist Eddie Thompson plays solo on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. His accomplished aide, Fridays through Sundays, is bassist Dr. Lyn Christie. Tuesdays, another competent pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Some like it straight, which is the way the band in this Dixieland headquarters hands it out. The bandsmen: Jimmy McPartland, Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, and Chuck Folds. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Peewee's 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A plus for the community, despite its dreary location and its bare-bones interior. Cool cats fill the house, and small wonder, when some of the sounds are considered. Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, the Monty Waters trio and vocalist Rita da Costa will be on the bandstand. Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, the Eddie Gale quartet will be on it. Sundays and Mondays, the Quartet Noire performs. Soul-food dinners. (For experienced jazz buffs only.)

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where Now people can play at being Then people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More of the same—two banjos and a piano six nights a week from nine to three or four. Whoops and hollers are permitted, and fake straw hats and frilly garters are for sale, as are beer and peanuts. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Good listening in an improbable, lonesome part of town. Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers will be going at it until Tuesday, May 18, when Circle (consisting of Chick Corea, Barry Altschul, David Holland, and Anthony Braxton) takes over. Music from nine until three or four. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: The Mose Allison trio does blues-oriented jazz nightly except Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: All quiet except on Saturdays and Mondays, when Symphony Sid presents Latin bands. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Facile in the best sense of the word, Freddie Hubbard plays creative trumpet and flugelhorn, assisted by the other members of his quintet. On Tuesday, May 18, the Mongo Santamaría septet will arrive, cha-cha. Mondays are reserved for the big, dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The evening entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave. at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere west of the moon—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from five-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with skill and vigor. On Sunday, May 16, trombonist Conrad Janis will sit in. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a banjo band. The place is known for its fabricated nostalgia.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

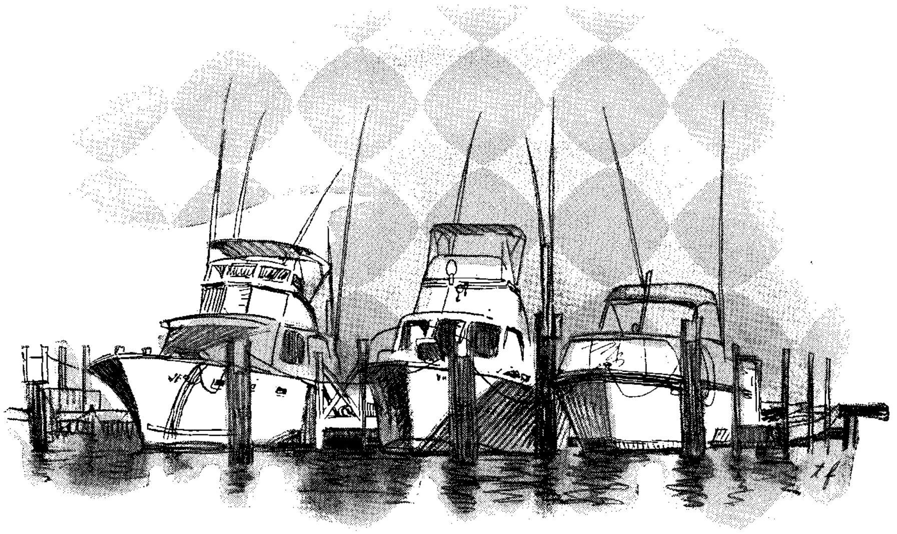
(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide—now you see them, now you don't. The disc jockey switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—French history made easy, the setting being from that period when nothing—except maybe the furniture—seemed to go right. Pin-striped elegance, dining, and dancing to records (from ten to three or four). Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A little glitter, a little glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only couscous is available. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Long ago and far away, some pharaoh's palace might have borne a resemblance to this ornate restaurant. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by five people known as the Crystal Staircase, who sing the kind of songs you hear on TV variety shows, or—beginning Monday, May 17—by Cody Marshall, who also sings. Dining. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between Floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Basic rock, in a shiny room where nobody cares what you wear or how you move, the whole scene being a groovily appointed dancing-and-listening arena. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with Emmis. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—*Savoir faire, savoir danser*—this pulsating downstairs den is marked by civility and contemporaneity, but on fewer nights than in the past, for the doors are open only Thursdays through Saturdays. Large drinks and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—Prince Charming the Second of Würtemberg is getting married, and all the merry villagers are singing, dancing, oompahing in his honor. Act II, later in the evening, is practically the same thing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Antonio Santaella's flamencan troupe is small indeed, but the manner in which this young man's feet fly out from under him makes up for everything. This castle keep is in session every night of the week. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO ROOM,** a minute theatre in the round, Ramon y Barra and guitar ponder in sensuous detail the music of Spain.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The Four Tops go twisting, chanting, and turning offstage on Wednesday, May 12. Next evening's arrival is Bobby Vinton, a mildly haughty singer on behalf of the younger generation, but worth studying in action all the same. No silent nights. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion, night after night.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The Keep America Beautiful movement attains a climax in **LA FORÊT,** a Forest of Arden, among whose bosky dells maidens and their swains glide to the sound of music. Phil Wayne's quartet, which has the appropriate Pipes of Pan flavor, and a brace of other small bands make sure that there is dancing from eight until two, after which the tunes come by pipeline. Only Tuesday through Saturday, or not quite enough of a good thing. . . . ¶ The adjacent **CAFÉ** goes its calm way *every* night, always with dancing plus (except on Sundays and Mondays) those old Vienna cronies Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty (food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina).

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The grand old **PERSIAN ROOM** is host to Charlie Manna, purveyor of jokes that are hardly ever shortweight, and the Burgundy Street Singers. At ten-fifteen on Wednesday, May 12, and during dinner and supper thenceforward. The band run by Burt Farber, which is full of light and air, takes breezy turns with the posse run by Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A bowing acquaintance, busy plucking and bowing a modest fiddle, is on duty, seven to ten-thirty every night but Sunday, in the placid but noble **EDWARDIAN ROOM.** . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** from four-thirty until six-thirty every afternoon, the same sort of musicale takes place, and it is repeated, every evening but Sunday, from nine to one. Wednesdays through Saturdays, the nightingale is the violin of Gunnar Hansen, and a better man for the job would be hard to find.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—A hasty change of plan brings Hazel Scott to the piano as soloist and songster. Additionally, Sy Oliver, proud father of a band that looks over its shoulder at a wonderful past, is providing that past with a series of beautiful sunsets. The enterprise is in service every night but Sunday.

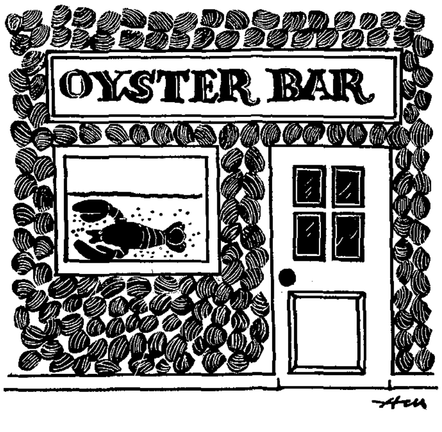
ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE,** the capital of this domain, goes on almost as usual. The dance music is no longer nonstop, but it's there, all right, and as live as ever. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In **LA BOITE,** which is designed for non-levitating diners, there is sedate piano from around nine right through to suppertime. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The **OAK ROOM** likewise has a piano background for its buffet from five-thirty to nine every night. . . . ¶ In the **ST. REGIS ROOM,** after ten the prepossessing twosome of Jason & Maryhazel lightly turn their thoughts to ballads of much more than saving grace. On Monday, May 17, the George Barnes-Bucky Pizzarelli guitar duo and singer Peter Dean will replace J. & M. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Tony Bennett, a hard act to follow, removes his bonhomie and his ballads from the **EMPIRE ROOM** on Saturday, May 15. But Paul Anka, composer, troubadour, and conferencier, is not at all a bad choice to succeed him. Dinner and supper sets for both of these players. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): In this seat of the mighty, the songs of Bobby Short lead rewardingly down one well-appointed primrose path after another. Following in his merry footsteps are his two great sidemen—Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, and Athenian glee. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens, the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): A house of cards (Avram Grobard is the joker in the pack, and the house never falls flat) that is sturdy, Mediterranean, cheerful, and continual. The instrumentation is wild but not woolly, the dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour (suppertime, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody gets into the act (usually Act I of "Tosca," or some such), and everybody means *ev-every*body, right down to the busboys. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): No one can build a bigger syndrome than Shelley Berman, yet no one can make it more habitable. Nine-thirty is his earliest, and Wednesday, May 12, is his very last. On Thursday, May 13, Joan Rivers, garrulous and gamine as the night is long, will begin doing her one-girl *Kaffeeklatsch*. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): Undoubtedly for their own amazement, two entrepreneurs, Hassan Berrada (Marrakesh) and Arthur Kettler (Manhattan), have made the old Whaler Bar over into a restaurant and bar-lounge that would look great in absolutely any medina. Couscous, yes, and such, and piano in the bar after five-thirty (after ten, it's Jacques Kayal, a French-singing, non-Bogart Casablancan). Closed Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, looking its very best, and kept vibrant during the evening by a threesome that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays. . . . **PETER RUMSEY'S PLACE,** 140 W. 51st St. (246-8731): There is no Peter, either Saint or Sinner, but there is lots of to-do (to be expected in a theatre-district bar-and-grill), as well as Dan Ruskin on piano from five-thirty to midnight. Closed Sundays.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is

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come remarkably close.'

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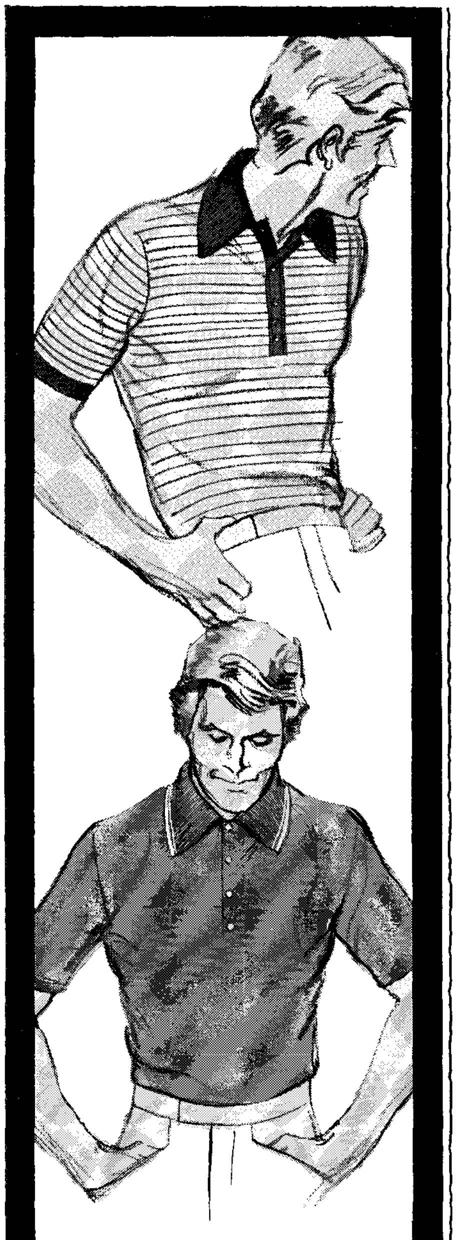

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audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody, whose course runs from six until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The piano of this exemplary restaurant is plied in Hapsburg fashion by George Feyer, who now and again anoints his études with words of his own making. He can be heard until long after the theatre. No music Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. Dining until ten. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, play from seven until a late bedtime. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until one every evening but Monday. . . . **GERALDINE'S,** 36 W. 48th St. (247-3070): A trimmed but not at all tattered account of "The Boys from Syracuse," that stalwart Rodgers and Hart musical, is in the hands of a good little parcel of actor-singers, set right in the middle of dining-room tables. Tuesdays through Saturdays at seven-thirty and nine-thirty, and again at eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, a casual pianist (Dan Edwards) from eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . . **MARYMARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Mary McCarty, fun-loving Rover Girl from the time when nobody went home until dawn, shows up (not before ten-thirty) on the top level of her duplex to bring her good nature to bear on good songs, many of them from that memorable time. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

YAACOV AGAM—Sculptures and paintings by a well-known Israeli Op artist who works in Paris; through May 31. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

PETER BARDAZZI—The artist's first one-man show in New York of abstract canvases incorporating acrylics and charcoal; through June 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARIANE R. BERMAN—Figurative paintings; through May 29. (Lesnick-Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEE BONTECOU—Sculptures, drawings, and lithographs by this prominent constructionist; starting Tuesday, May 18. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

CHECK BOTERF—Seven shaped canvases; through May 29. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOE BRAINARD AND YVONNE JACQUETTE—Cutouts of fields by the former and paintings of skies by the latter; through Saturday, May 22. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERMAN BRAUN—Paintings that speculate about characters depicted by Velázquez, Manet, Cézanne, and Picasso; through May 29. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

POL BURY—Recent works by a prominent European kinetic sculptor in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim; through Saturday, May 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

RAY CIARROCHI—The first one-man show in New York of the artist's realistic landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; starting Saturday, May 15. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS COUTURE—Drawings by a mid-nineteenth-century artist who taught many Americans; through June 30. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

RALSTON CRAWFORD—Drawings, watercolors, and lithographs of scenes in many parts of the world; through Saturday, May 15. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

ROBERTO CRIPPA—Abstract landscapes in collage and paint on wood; through Saturday, May 22. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

VIEIRA DA SILVA—Paintings by this prize-winning post-Cubist who works in Paris; through June 5. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

JAN DIBBETS—The first one-man show in New York of photographic reports by a Dutch conceptualist widely known in Europe; through Saturday, May 15. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

CHARLES DUFRESNE (1876-1936)—Paintings by a contemporary of Matisse and Picasso; through Friday, May 21. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRIEDEL DZUBAS—Long, narrow, horizontal paintings by a follower of the color-field movement; through May 25. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AUGUSTIN FILIPOVIC—Highly polished bronzes of humanoid forms by a Yugoslav artist now living in Canada; through Saturday, May 15. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

ANTONIO FRASCONI—Boxes containing pictures and objects related to Venice; through May 28. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID GIBBS—Soft horizontal and vertical stripes; through June 9. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.)

PETER GOLFINOPOULOS—Huge abstractions; through Saturday, May 15. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday morning.)

MORRIS GRAVES—A retrospective exhibit of drawings by this West Coast veteran; through Saturday, May 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT HARVEY—Groups of figures reminiscent of the twenties and thirties, against geometric backgrounds; through May 29. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

CHILDE HASSAM (1859-1935) **AND ERNEST LAWSON** (1873-1939)—Paintings by the well-known American Impressionists; starting Monday, May 17. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MILTON HEBALD—Figurative bronze sculptures and low reliefs; through June 8. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HELD, JR.—Golf in the twenties in watercolor; through June 12. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD HUNT—Welded-steel and cast-bronze and cast-aluminum abstract sculptures, plus related drawings and graphics in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art; through June 7. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

INGRES (1780-1867)—A benefit showing of a hundred and fifty drawings done by Ingres in Rome; through Saturday, May 22. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

ROBERT IRWIN—Two twelve-foot cast-acrylic shafts; through May 29. (101 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUIS LE BROCQUY—Paintings of heads and hands by an Irish artist; through Saturday, May 15. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

NICHOLAS MARSICANO—Abstractly conceived figurative paintings; through Saturday, May 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AGNES MARTIN—Six-foot-square paintings divided into rectangles by ruled lines in pencil or paint; through May 25. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

JAMES MCGARRELL—Paintings, drawings, and

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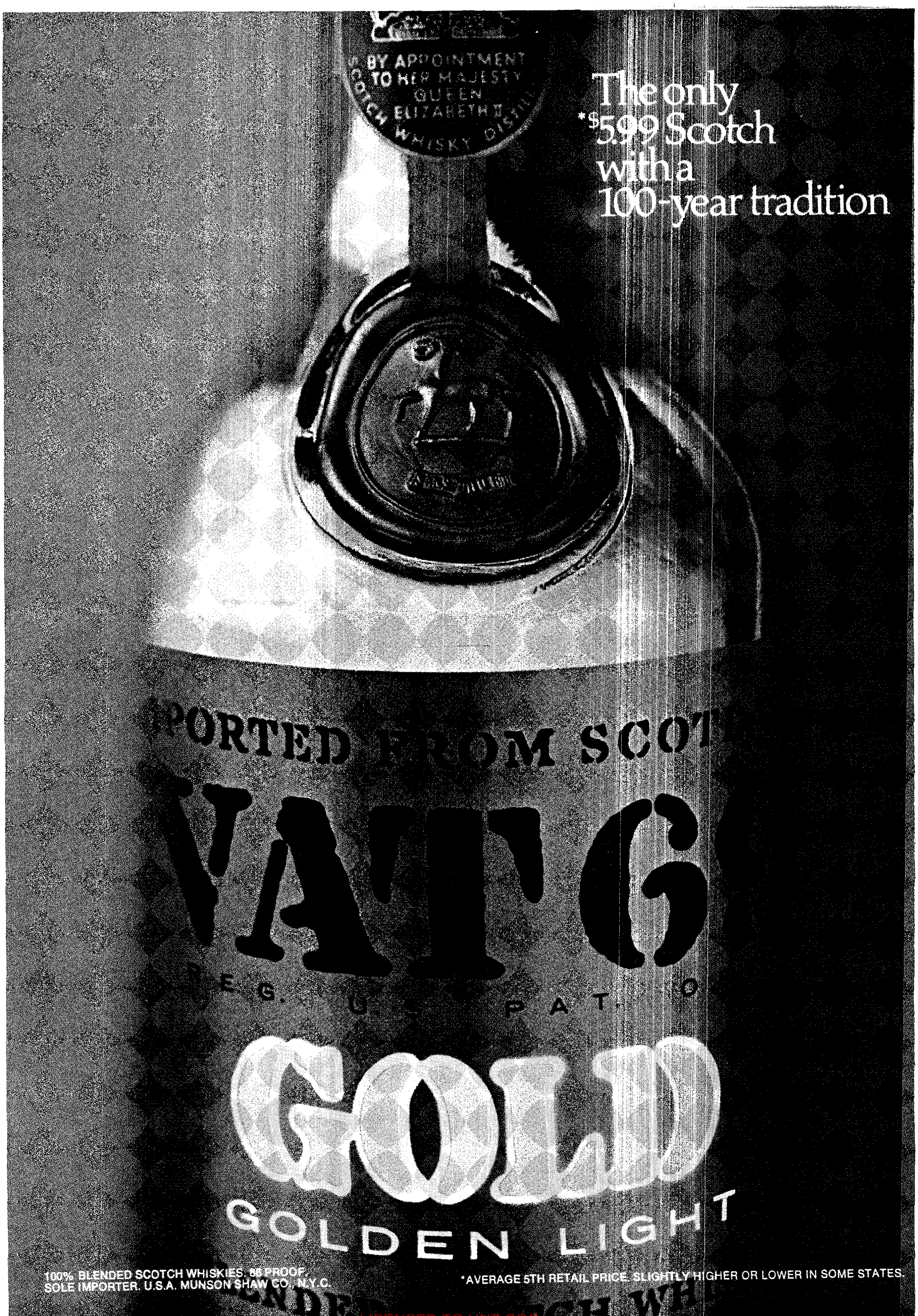
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lithographs centering on an allegorical theme; through May 29. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Frank Modell—Drawings and constructions; through May 31. (Zingale, 1057 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Jan Müller (1922-58)—Watercolors, pastels, and two oils by an American Expressionist; through Saturday, May 15. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Louise Nevelson—Welded painted aluminum sculptures, also graphics; through June 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso, Braque, and Gris—Works presented in connection with "The Cubist Epoch" exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum and the coinciding Cubist exhibit at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through June 4. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gio Pomodoro—Sculptures by a leading Milanese contemporary; through June 12. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Renouf—Paintings with a diamond motif by a former sculptor; through May 26. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

George Rickey—Constructions by a leading kinetic sculptor; through Saturday, May 22. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maynard Sandol—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through May 29. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Miriam Schapiro—Paintings completed with the aid of a computer, by a former Abstract Expressionist and hard-edge painter; through Wednesday, May 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Segal—Plaster-cast figures doing ordinary things in realistic settings; through Saturday, May 15. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

William Sellers—Sculptures based on simple geometrical forms; through Saturday, May 22. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucy Steig—Landscapes, figures, and fantasies in oil; through May 30. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

William Talbot—Abstract sculptures in concrete with electronically activated lights; through Saturday, May 22. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Marie Taylor and Toko Shinoda—Stone sculptures of animals by the first and sumi ink drawings by the second; through Saturday, May 22. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joyce Treiman—Oil paintings of figures in interiors; through May 28. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Pastels, gouaches, and watercolors done between 1909 and 1917 by this American Cubist; through Saturday, May 15. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

David Weinrib—Abstract wall reliefs in glass painted on the reverse side; through June 5. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Wilson—Ingratiating still-lifes; through Saturday, May 22. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isaac Witkin—Sculptures, including three large works in raw steel for outdoors; through June 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Woodward—Paintings of rural subjects; through Saturday, May 22. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mario Yrisarry and Paul von Ringelheim—Geometric paintings and drawings by the former and abstract monumental sculptures by the latter; through May 29. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

National Association of Women Artists—The 1971 annual exhibition, comprising more than three hundred paintings, graphics, and sculptures, by members of this organization of professional artists, numbering over seven hundred; starting Thursday, May 13. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, except Saturday, May 15, from 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At **la boetie**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, watercolors, drawings, posters, and prints by Schiele, Klimt, Kokoschka, and others; through June 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **french & co.**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Drawings by about thirty-five contemporary Americans—de Kooning, di Suvero, Goodnough, Gottlieb, Guston, Johns, Liberman, Newman, and Oldenburg (to name several); starting Saturday, May 15. . . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American watercolors and drawings; through May 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **marlborough**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by about sixty-five major artists of the twentieth century, including Picasso, Lipchitz, Modigliani, Arp, and Kokoschka; through May 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Watercolors and drawings by gallery artists, among them Bishop, Cadmus, Mayhew, Thon, and Vickrey; through June 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through May 28. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **saidenberg**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Sculptures from Greece and the Near East, Asia, Africa, Oceania, and pre-Columbian America; through Saturday, May 22. (Closed Mondays.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until sundown, starting Friday, May 21, and continuing through Sunday, June 6.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than three hundred works covering the Cubist period (1906-21) by fifty-four artists of Europe and the United States; through June 8. Complements to this show are the exhibits of Cubist painters at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum and the Picasso/Braque/Gris exhibit at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . ¶ A major exhibition presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five-hundred outstanding items from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection. Through June 1. . . . ¶ Three hundred objects—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—dating from the second millennium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through June 1. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Work from the past thirty years by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist, whose emphasis in the past decade has been on collage and photomontage; through June 7. . . . ¶ A retrospective of metal sculptures by Richard Hunt, black Chicago artist; through June 7. A complement to this showing is his exhibition at the Dorsky Gallery, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **note:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About forty pieces done between 1953 and 1969 by Pol Bury, an inventive kinetic sculptor who features slow motion; through June 6. A complement to this showing is his exhibit (ending Saturday) at the Lefebre Gallery, 47 E. 77th St. . . . ¶ Thirty-six Cubist paintings from the Museum's permanent collection; through June 6. Complements to this show are "The Cubist Epoch" show at the Metropolitan Museum and the Picasso/Braque/Gris exhibit at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Works by over fifty black artists from different parts of the United States, among

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

them, if they don't drop out, Jacob Lawrence, Romare Bearden, Tom Lloyd, and Thomas Sills; through Sunday, May 16. . . . ¶ A large exhibit of Brillo boxes, flower images, and paintings of soup-can labels and film stars by Andy Warhol; through June 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Caricatures, landscapes, and figure studies in oil and watercolor by David Levine, and portraits, including White House studies, and figures in oil, charcoal, and pastel by Aaron Shikler; through May 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"A Rainbow of East African Butterflies" recently acquired by the Museum and enhancing its collection of over fourteen million insects; through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Chinese gold, silver, and white porcelain figures, animals, inlaid boxes, jewelry, bowls, and vases done between the fourth century B.C. and 1600 A.D.; through June 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan exhibition of tapestries in silk and metal thread dating back to the seventh century; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Ecclesiastical vestments dating from the twelfth century to the early sixteenth, along with sculptures, enamels, ivories, and paintings related to them; through July 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—"Ancient Mayan Calligraphy," a display of about eighty-five examples of Mayan art, most of them funerary vases; through June 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Symbolic sculptural interpretations, in different mediums, of dramas and dramatis personae by Angela Conner; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An assembly of nineteenth-century toys designed by George W. Brown, accompanied by reproductions of the watercolors from his sketchbook. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective consisting of a hundred and fifty sculptures, prints, and drawings by Gerhard Marcks, German Expressionist, who taught at the Bauhaus; through May 30. . . . ¶ More than fifty posters executed in connection with protest marches in Washington and San Francisco by, among others, Andre, Calder, di Suvero, Huebler, Judd, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Smithson, and Youngerman; through June 27. . . . ¶ Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; through June 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York, 1654-1970," an amalgam that includes photographs (a hundred of them portraits), ritual silver, and paintings. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of woodcuts, engravings, drawings, and books by Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528) in commemoration of the five-hundredth anniversary of his birth; through July 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—One large collage presenting symbols of the situation of blacks and of America, also sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Benny Andrews; through June 6. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Pierre Boulez conducting the final concerts of the regular season on Thursday, May 13, at 8:30; Friday, May 14, at 2; and Saturday, May 15, at 8:30 (all with Stanley Drucker, clarinet). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a four-week season that will run through Saturday, June 12. "Venice Promenade" on Wednesday and Thursday, May 19-20, at 8:30 (with Anna Moffo, soprano, and Aaron Rosand, violin); and "Salute to Spring Promenade" on Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, at 8:30 (with Raymond Lewenthal, piano).

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Viorica Cortez, mezzo-soprano; William Cochran, tenor; Boris Carmeli, bass; and the Westminster Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 12, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Alvaro Cassuto conducting, with Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, May 18, at 8:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus and Mannes Orchestra—A joint concert, directed by Daniel Paget and Carl Bamberger. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, May 13, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

"The Creation"—Johannes Somary directing an orchestra in a performance of Haydn's oratorio, with the Horace Mann and Kathleen Laycock Glee Clubs and soloists. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Friday, May 14, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Kohon String Quartet—Chamber music. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, May 15, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

Itzhak Perlman and Joseph Kalichstein—Violin and piano, in an all-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, May 15, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Juilliard String Quartet—A benefit concert. (Ethical Culture Society Auditorium, 2 W. 64th St. Monday, May 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Abbott Ruskin—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 19, at 8.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, May 22, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Don Shirley—With two cellos and a bass, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 13, at 8:30.)

Cecil Taylor—With an orchestra, in a program of his own compositions. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, May 13, at 8:40 and 11.)

Bill Evans Trio—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Friday, May 14, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

The Carpenters and Mark Lindsay—Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 14, at 7 and 11.

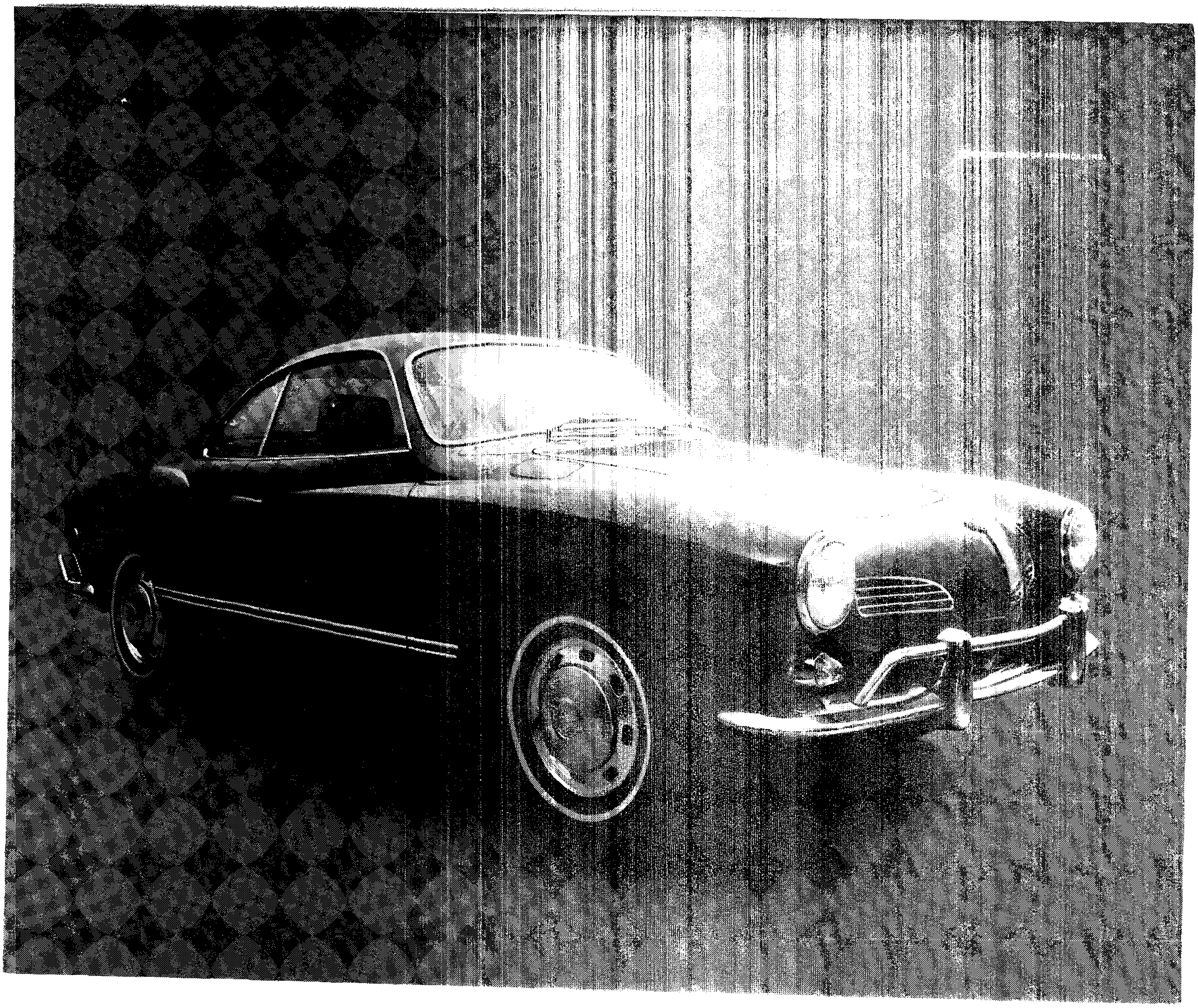
Free, Mott the Hoople, and Mandrill—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, at 8 and 11:30.

The James Gang—With Plum Nelly. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 15, at 8:30.)

Duke Ellington Society—A program of music by Johnny Hodges, Billy Strayhorn, and the Duke, played by Cannonball Adderley, Budd Johnson, Zoot Sims, Hank Jones, and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, May 16, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Taj Mahal—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, at 8 and 11:30.

Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons—With Morty



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Samuel F. B. Morse, 1791-1872

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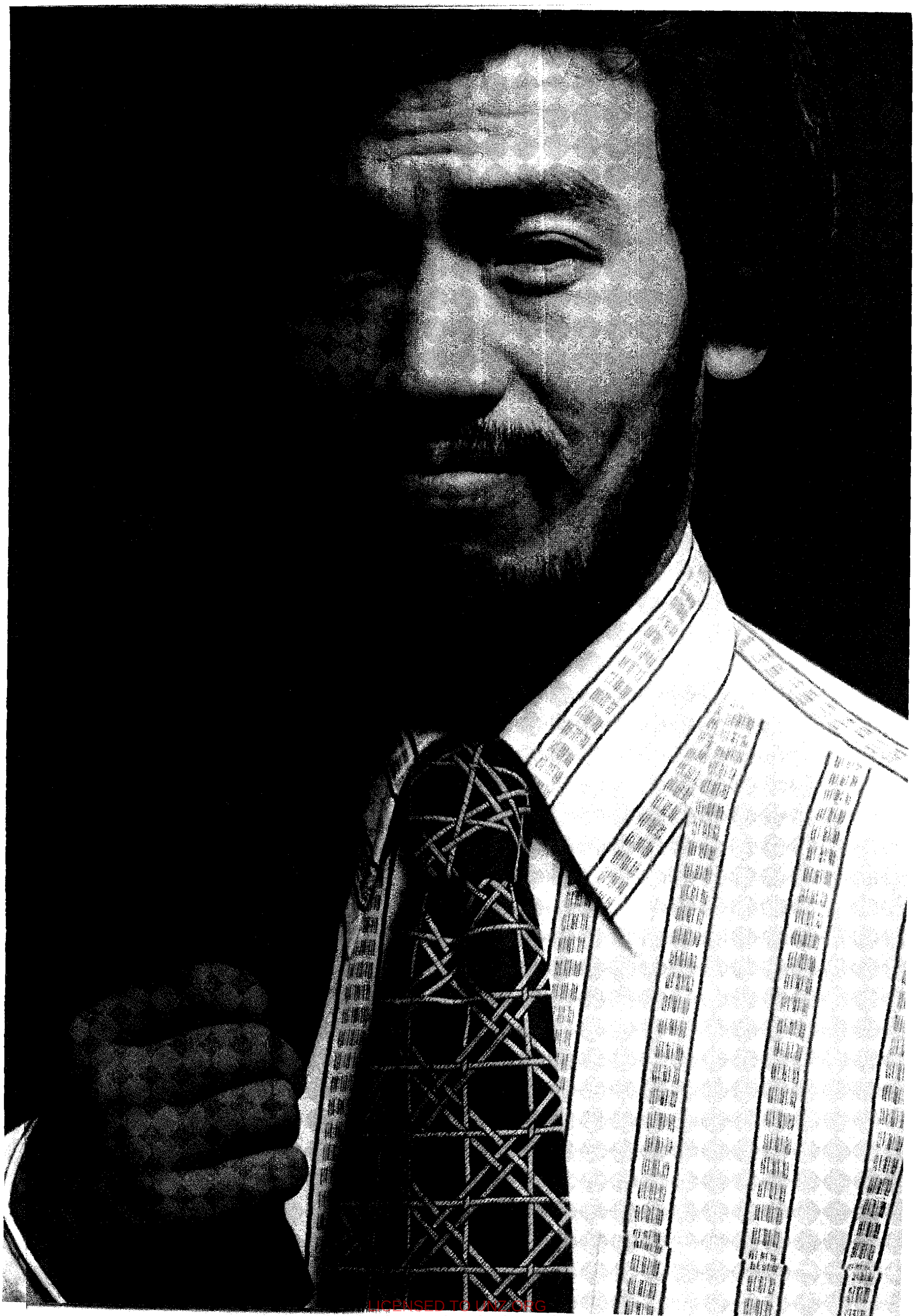

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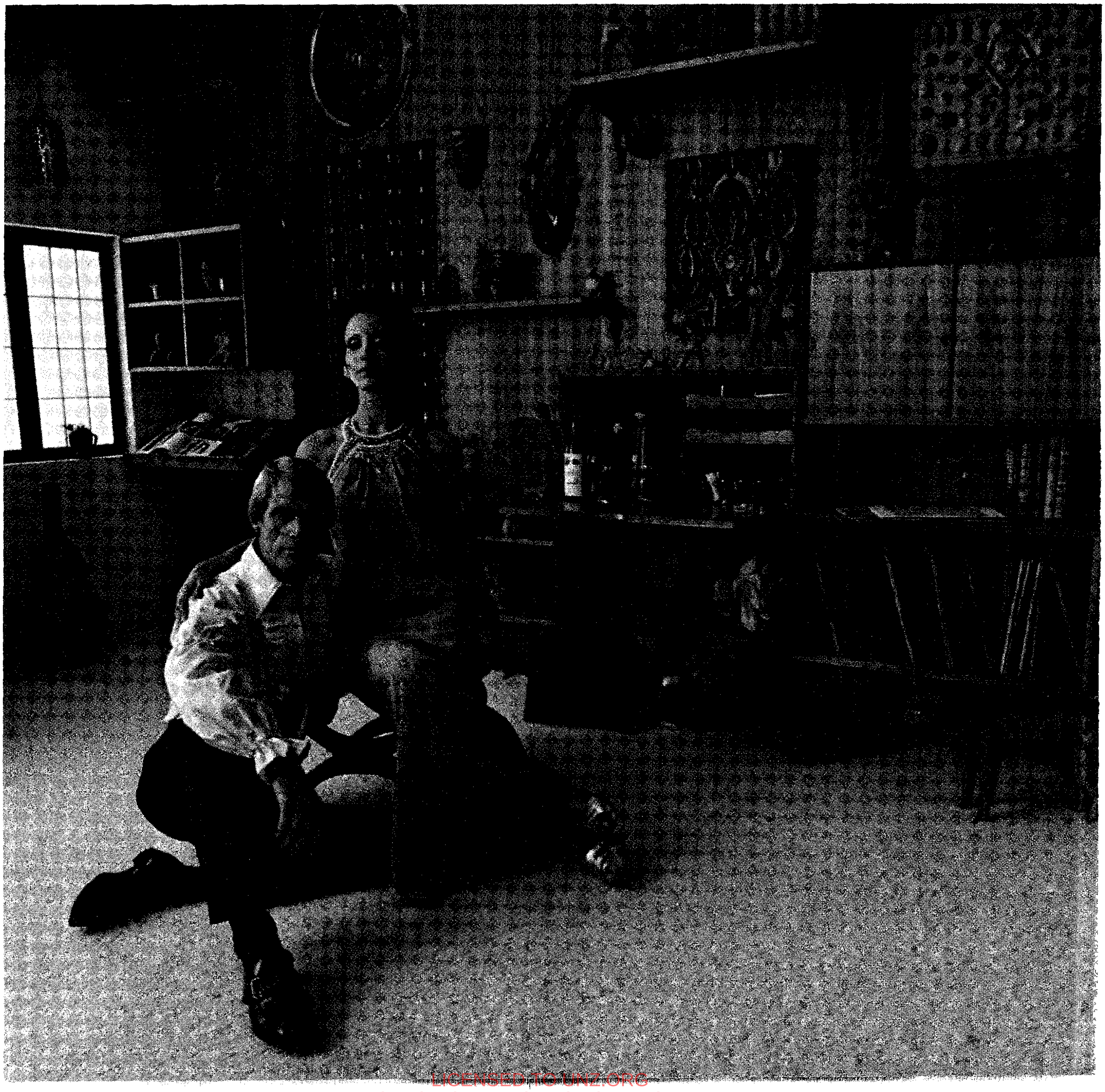

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Storm III. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, May 21, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Houston, Wednesday, May 12, at 2:05....¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday, May 21, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 22, at 2:15....YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, May 14, at 8; Saturday, May 15, at 2; and Sunday, May 16, at 1 (doubleheader)....¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Monday and Tuesday, May 17-18, at 8.

Dog Show—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Hempstead, Saturday, May 22.)

Hunt Racing—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Wednesday, May 19, and Saturday, May 22.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 22. The Youthful, Wednesday, May 12; the Acorn, Saturday, May 15; the Roseben Handicap, Monday, May 17; and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 22....GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, May 31....PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 15.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 22. ...SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Winnie the Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday and Sunday, May 15-16, at 1 and 3:30.)...SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturdays at 2:30....¶ "Bravo, the Clown," Sunday, May 16, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.)...ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1....¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)...MERI MINI PLAYERS: "On Behalf of the Laugh." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturday, May 22, at 2:30.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—Fifty paintings by children of Italy; starting Thursday, May 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "On the Shoulders of Giants." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In CENTRAL PARK: A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include monkeys, deer, rabbits, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)...¶ At the BRONX ZOO: In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a bevy of small animals, among them lambs, ducks, rabbits, and a calf. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Economic and Social Council (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn on Friday, May 21), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Joseph Ceravolo, Clark Coolidge, and John Koethe reading from their own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, May 16, at 3. Tickets at the box office on the afternoon of the readings.)

Armed Forces Day Parade—Ten thousand representatives of the Armed Forces will march down Fifth Avenue, from 95th Street to 62nd Street, starting at 2:30 on Saturday, May 15.

Flower Show—The May Garden Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, May 19, from 12 to 4.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday and Thursday, May 12-13, at 10:15 and 2: Prints by such artists as Whistler, Rembrandt, Dürer, and Toulouse-Lautrec; from many owners....¶ Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, at 2: French furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors....¶ Tuesday, May 18, at 10:15 and 2: English and American first editions, from several sources....¶ Tuesday, May 18, at 2: English silver, including a William III tankard, a George II coffee pot, and three sets of George III dinner plates; from various collectors....¶ Thursday, May 20, at 2: Old-master and English paintings by Gainsborough, Rubens, and others; from numerous collections. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 15.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 12 at 2 and 5:30: "Portrait of Jason" (1967), directed by Shirley Clarke, with Jason Holliday....¶ May 13 at 2: "Zéro de Conduite" (1933), in French, directed by Jean Vigo....¶ May 13 at 5:30: "The Green Heart" (1966), in French, directed by Edouard Luntz....¶ May 13 at 8: "Bronco Bullfrog" (1970), directed by Barney Platts-Mills....¶ May 14 at 2 and 5:30: "Innocence Unprotected" (1068), in Serbo-Croatian, directed by Dusan Makavejev....¶ May 15 at 11:30: "The Phantom Chariot" (1920), a Swedish film, directed by and with Victor Sjöström....¶ May 15 at 3 and 5:30: "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson....¶ May 16 at 2 and 5:30: "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot. ...¶ May 17 at 12:30: "The Man with a Movie Camera" (1929), a Russian film, directed by Dziga Vertov; no English titles....¶ May 17 at 6 and May 18 at 2: "The Crazy Ray" (1923), a French film, directed by René Clair....¶ May 18 at 5:30: "The Tragic Diary of Zero the Fool" (1970), directed by Morley Markson....¶ May 19 at 2 and 5:30: "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" (1969), directed by Ken Jacobs....¶ May 20 at 2: "I Am Curious—Blue" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Vilgot Sjöman....¶ May 20 at 5:30: "I Am Curious—Yellow" (1967) and "I Am Curious—Blue" (1967), both in Swedish, directed by Vilgot Sjöman. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)...NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle (LT 1-2311)—May 12: "The Love Parade" (1929), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald....¶ May 13-14: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Kay Francis and Herbert Marshall....¶ May 15-16: "Desire" (1036), directed by Frank Borzage, with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper....¶ Starting May 19: Two short films by Barry Flanagan. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)...¶ "The film as art" is the announced raison d'être of the ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly....¶ At the WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2 and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Friday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

Note—On Tuesday evenings, from seven to ten, Madison Avenue is open as a pedestrian mall between 61st and 72nd Streets; most shops and art galleries remain open during this period.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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16	17	18	19	20		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Trash" and "Flesh."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 18: "The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."
From May 19: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 18: "Airport."
From May 19: "The Music Lovers" and "Women in Love."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through May 18: "Jules and Jim" and "Black Orpheus."
From May 19: "The Lady Vanishes" and "The 39 Steps."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through May 13: "Derby."
May 14-18: "Queen Christina" and "As You Desire Me."
From May 19: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" and "Romance."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Music Lovers" and "Women in Love."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Night Digger."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Summer of '42."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Taking Off."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"10 Rillington Place."

Coronet, *3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)*
"Bananas."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through May 18: "The House That Dripped Blood."
From May 19: "Dirtymouth."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Trash" and "Flesh."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Andromeda Strain."

Cinema II, *3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)*
"Gimme Shelter."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Red Sky at Morning."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 15: "Claire's Knee."
From May 16: "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"La Collectionneuse."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Bed and Board."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Gold Diggers of 1935" and "Footlight Parade."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 13: "Mad Dogs and Englishmen."
From May 14: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Little Murders."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 18: "Joe" and "Z."
From May 19: To be announced.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Nana."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Mrs. Pollifax–Spy."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
May 12: "Johnny Minotaur."
May 13-15: "King of Hearts" and "Benjamin."
May 16-19: "Tropic of Cancer" and "The Italian Job."
From May 20: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Bed and Board" and "Stolen Kisses."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 18: "Dead of Night" and "The Most Dangerous Game."
From May 19: "THX 1138."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Z" and "Putney Swope."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 18: "Mad Dogs and Englishmen."
From May 19: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
May 12: "My Little Chickadee" and "Tillie and Gus."
May 13-16: "The Bank Dick" and "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break."
May 17-19: "Poppy" and "The Old-Fashioned Way."
From May 20: W. C. Fields shorts.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through May 18: "The House That Dripped Blood."
From May 19: "The Beguiled."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Waterloo."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through May 15: "Onibaba."
May 16: A program of Greek films.
May 17-19: "The Saga of the Taira Clan" and "Chikamatzu Monogatari."
May 20: "Woman in the Dunes."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Lawrence of Arabia."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Tristana."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
May 12: "A New Leaf."
From May 13: "Plaza Suite."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Blue Water, White Death."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Derby."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Conformist."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through May 18: "Jules and Jim" and "Black Orpheus."
From May 19: "The Lady Vanishes" and "The 39 Steps."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through May 18: "Bed and Board."
From May 19 (tentative): "Claire's Knee."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Friends."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Red Sky at Morning."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 18: "Mrs. Pollifax–Spy."
From May 19: "Pretty Maids All in a Row."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 18: "Bed and Board."
From May 19: "Cactus Flower" and "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 19: "Report from China" and three short films.
May 20: "Little Caesar" and "Strawberry Blonde."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 18: "The Revolutionary" and "Fellini Satyricon."
From May 19: "The McKenzie Break" and "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 13: "That Man from Rio" and "The Thief of Paris."
May 14-17: "A Hard Day's Night" and "Help!"
May 18-20: "The Horse's Mouth" and "The Battle of the Sexes."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 18: "Mad Dogs and Englishmen."
From May 19: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Airport (1970)—The publicity aura of the film makes you think that it might be a good dopey film-to-read-on-a-plane, so to speak, but it's dull stuff. (Gramercy; through May 18.)

The Andromeda Strain—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is not unlike the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but it isn't a very pleasurable kind of suspense; the movie lacks humor. (Cinema I.)

As You Desire Me (1932)—With Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas, directed by George Fitzmaurice. (Murray Hill; May 14-18.)

Bananas—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some *reason, and runs into a traffic* problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. Woody Allen maybe needs to watch that he doesn't milk his distraught and henpecked personality at the expense of his superior and reckless lunacy. (Coronet.)

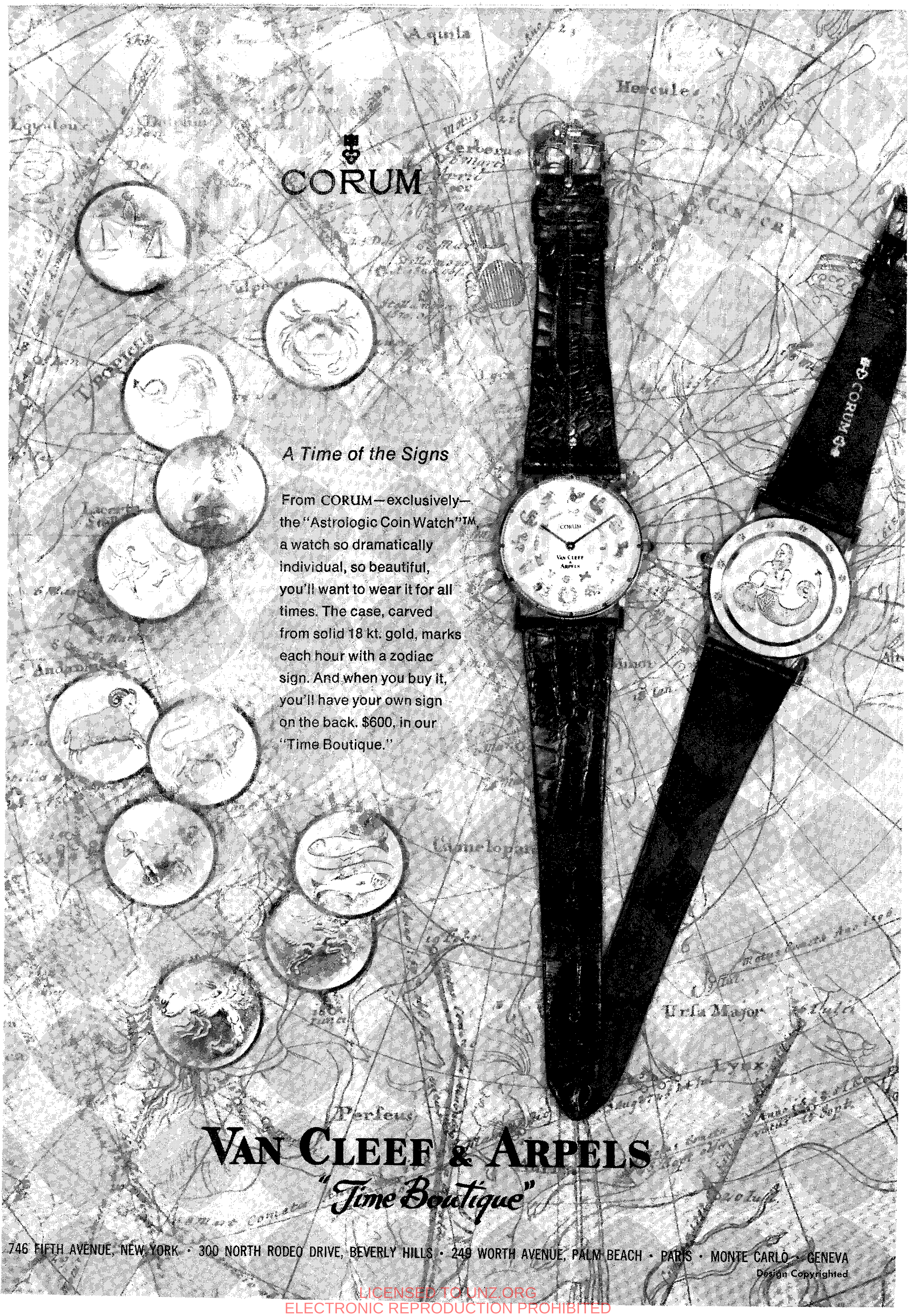
The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields in one of his rudest. Terrific. (Elgin; May 13-16.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, based on James Thurber's "The Catbird Seat." (Thalia; May 18-20.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "endearing." (In French at Juliet 1 and Waverly. . . . ¶ In French at the Lincoln Art; through May 18. . . . ¶ In English at the Embassy 72nd St.; through May 18.)

The Beguiled—Clint Eastwood in a Civil War story as a wounded Union soldier recuperating in a school for Southern belles run by Geraldine Page. A peculiar sort of late-Gothic picture, and pretty misogynistic, but the performances are O.K. With Elizabeth Hartman and Mae Mercer. Directed by Don Siegel. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting May 19.)

Benjamin (1968)—Pierre Clémenti and Catherine Deneuve are the virgins who eventually get deflowered, while Michel Piccoli and Michèle Morgan have their mature love problems. Fine for people who like Gallic romps and aphorisms about the relations of the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sexes. Directed by Michel Deville. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 13-15.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. Worth going. In Portuguese. (Kips Bay and Carnegie Hall Cinema; through May 18.)

Blue Water, White Death—Peter Gimbel's film about sharks. (Festival.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice (1969)—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Dyan Cannon and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage; Robert Culp and Natalie Wood are the other couple. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 19.)

Cactus Flower (1969)—Broadway quips delivered by Ingrid Bergman, who looks majestic; Walter Matthau, who looks a little weary (he has every right to); and Goldie Hawn, whom God must have sent to us. But why didn't He provide her with better material? Directed by Gene Saks. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 19.)

Chikamatzu Monogatari (1954)—A sensitive psychological study of a woman's passions and adultery in seventeenth-century Japan, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, a master of the nuances of women's emotions. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; May 17-19.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman-novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; through May 15. . . . ¶ Lincoln Art; starting May 19, tentative.)

La Collectionneuse—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales," readying for "My Night at Maud's" and "Claire's Knee." This one is full of summer, dazed with sun, bored: a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. Never were so many brown limbs unengaged with each other. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger-woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Dead of Night (1946)—A series of eerie episodes that includes everything from Death disguised as a bus driver to a ventriloquist's dummy that succeeds in dominating its master. (8th St. Playhouse; through May 18.)

Derby—Slow-pulsed documentary about a young Midwesterner who dreams of making the Roller Derby a way of life. O.K., but pretty sentimental about a puny form of athleticism. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through May 13.)

Dirtymouth—Bernie Travis as Lenny Bruce. Directed by Herbert Altman. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas; starting May 19.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a theatrically staged panorama, set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Symphony; through May 18.)

W. C. Fields Shorts—The great man in "Pool Sharks," "The Golf Specialist," "The Dentist," "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Elgin; starting May 20.)

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Flesh (1968)—With Joe Dellesandro. Directed by Paul Morrissey, one of the Warhol group. (Cinema Village and Ciné Malibu.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—One of those "classic" early Warner Brothers musicals—silly but from time to time irresistibly wonderful in a way that will never come back. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes, Joan Blondell is tough and honest. Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (Juliet 2.)

Friends—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-age couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Paris.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Cinema II.)

Gold Diggers of 1935 (1935)—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuffboxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible—in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the direction, too, and he wasn't too skillful. (Juliet 2.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Thalia; May 14-17.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. In color, and good, but not quite so wonderful. (Thalia; May 14-17.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as Joyce Cary's fabulous painter-hero—the lewd, scrounging Gulley Jimson (whose antic self-destructiveness is based on Dylan Thomas). With Kay Walsh as Coker, the barmaid; Renée Houston as Sarah; and Ernest Thesiger as Hickson. Ronald Neame is a literal-minded director, and so this comedy isn't as free as it should be—it turns out to be a conformist movie about non-conformity—but the characters manage to bust through, and it is highly entertaining. (Thalia; May 18-20.)

The House That Dripped Blood—Five stories of the supernatural that take place in the dripping house. All directed by Peter Duffel. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through May 18.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. (Guild.)

The Italian Job (1969)—With Michael Caine and Noël Coward, directed by Peter Collinson. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 16-19.)

Joe—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Orpheum; through May 18.)

Johnny Minotaur—Directed by Charles Henri Ford. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 12.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Kips Bay and Carnegie Hall Cinema; through May 18.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 13-15.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Kips Bay and Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting May 19.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Rivoli.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (New Yorker; May 20.)

Little Murders—Jules Feiffer's wisp of a satirical comedy about living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould plays another of the new catatonic heroes. (U. A. East.)

Love Story—The weeper. (Tower East.)

Mad Dogs and Englishmen—Directed by Pierre Adidge. Noisy but jolly film about the American tour of Joe Cocker, the English rock star, accompanied by hordes of family, friends, and a dog. Lots of split-screen stuff and some amiable *cinéma vérité* of the dog eating hamburgers on a jet. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through May 13. . . . ¶ Greenwich and Midtown; through May 18.)

The McKenzie Break—Brian Keith in an entertaining adventure film about a group of German U-boat men trying to break out of a prisoner-of-war camp in Scotland. Directed by Lamont Johnson. (Symphony; starting May 19.)

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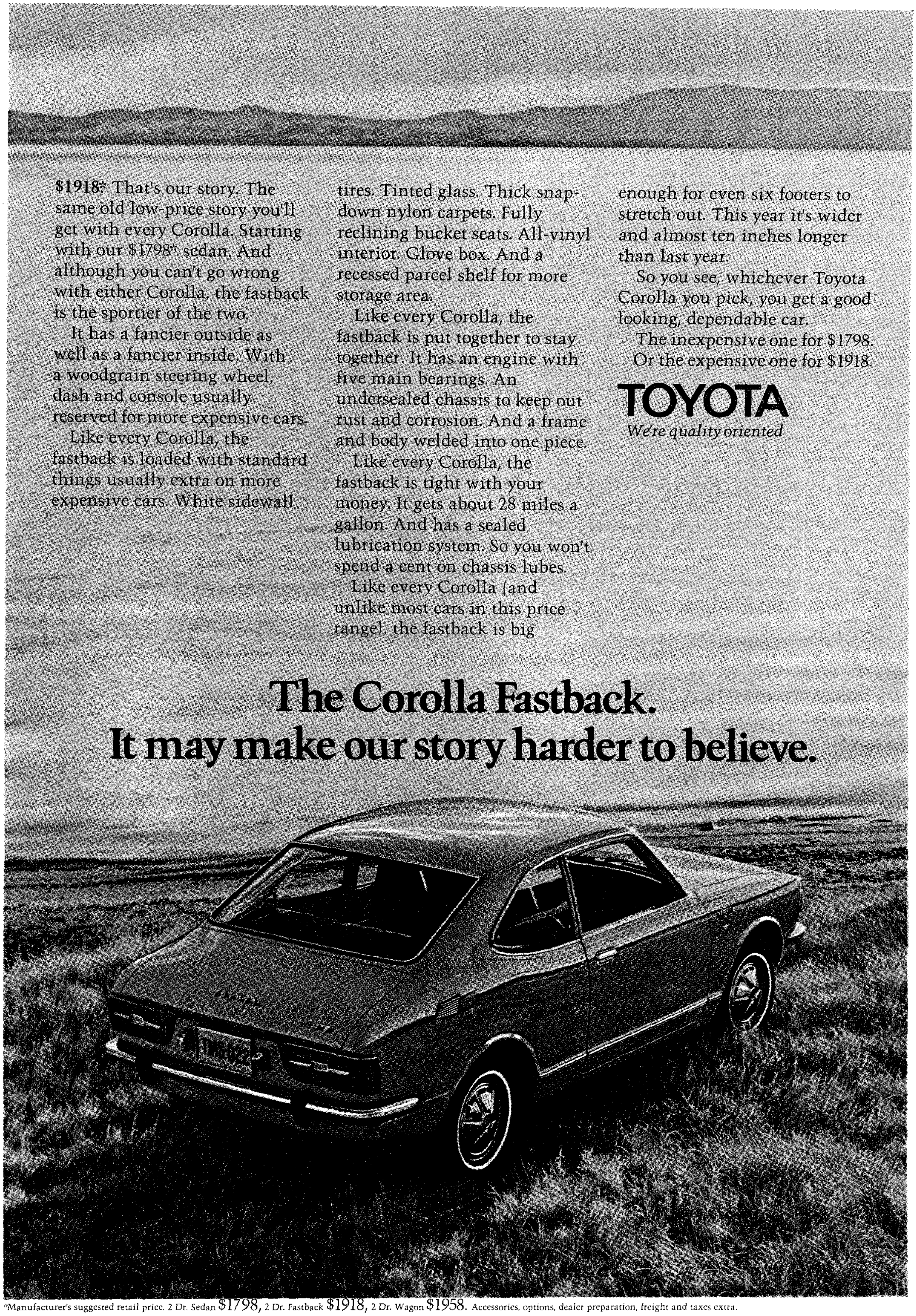

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*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. 2 Dr. Sedan $1798, 2 Dr. Fastback $1918, 2 Dr. Wagon $1958. Accessories, options, dealer preparation, freight and taxes extra.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tron spy from New Jersey. The born masochist has to ride a mule in Albania and take the bullet out of a more sophisticated spy's leg with an unsterilized knife. Mild fun for Rosalind Russell collectors. Directed by Leslie Martinson. (86th St. East. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through May 18.)

The Most Dangerous Game (1932)—A suspense story, with Joel McCrea and Leslie Banks, directed by Irving Pichel and Ernest Schoedsack. (8th St. Playhouse; through May 18.)

The Music Lovers—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of porno-biography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting May 10.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West respectively muttering and wambling in a most unusual Western. (Elgin; May 12.)

Nana—A Swedish film, dubbed into English, with Anna Gael, directed by Mac Ahlberg. (Loew's Ciné.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields doing his, er, best as a kindly uncle. (Elgin; May 13-16.)

A New Leaf—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau*?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks, and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Music Hall; May 12.)

The Night Digger—With Patricia Neal, directed by Alastair Reid. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Old-Fashioned Way (1934)—W. C. Fields and (Lord preserve us) Baby Le Roy. (Elgin; May 17-19.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich—From the Alexander Solzhenitsyn novel. With Tom Courtenay, directed by Casper Wrede. (68th St. Playhouse; starting May 16.)

Onibaba (1963)—With Nobuko Otowa, directed by Kaneto Shindo. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; through May 15.)

The Passion of Anna—The powerful theology of this Ingmar Bergman film is conveyed simply through the intensity of its watch on behavior. Its clear sight of characters in predicaments irremediably their own—in the uttering of lies for anxious reasons, in reenactments of past crises that make them unable to move and to renew their lives—is expressive about Bergman's wish that people should extend charity to themselves. Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, and Bibi Andersson are all at their best, seen in continual closeups that are like the stare of conscience. In Swedish. (Charles; through May 18.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon's continuing parish-pump Manhattan comedy—the one thing about the island that no one seems to want to pull down—is here further propped up as a horribly malevolent and unfunny three-part thing about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Music Hall; starting May 13.)

Poppy (1936)—W. C. Fields did not write this script on the back of an envelope. It was a play first and then some ladies and gentlemen adapted it and wrote it all out, and Fields was given sticky-sweet cow-eyed Rochelle Hudson for a daughter, and she was given sticky-sweet cow-eyed Richard Cromwell for a sweetheart, and really they're not the sort of people Fields should be mucking around with. Still, he has his moments as con man Eustace McGargle. Eddie Sutherland directed. (Elgin; May 17-19.)

Pretty Maids All in a Row—Roger Vadim, working with Rock Hudson as a football coach and Angie Dickinson as a teacher in a school improbably crammed with beauties and sexpots. Bad, silly film. Vadim is flippant about everything, including himself. (Cinema Studio; starting May 19.)

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes—Handsome Victorian décor and some clever dialogue, but Billy Wilder's detective picture fails to get much suspense going. With Robert Stephens as Holmes, and Geneviève Page as the lady who outwits him. (Symphony; starting May 19.)

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Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's obstreperous film about a black who gets heaved into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Queen Christina (1934)—With Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. (Murray Hill; May 14-18.)

Red Sky at Morning—With Richard Thomas and Catherine Burns, directed by James Goldstone. (Beekman and Paramount.)

Report from China (1967)—Red China, seen with precision by a Japanese woman documentary filmmaker called Toshie Tokieda. The commentary is crass and doesn't match the wit or the exactness of her eye. (New Yorker; through May 19.)

The Revolutionary—A good film by Paul Williams, aged twenty-five, about the progression of a middle-class student from a bookish left-winger into a radical agitator. The film is set vaguely in present-day America, but there is also a tang of Europe and the Old Left, and the casting mixes yippies with people who look authentically like the C.P. members of the thirties. (Symphony; through May 18.)

Romance (1930)—With Greta Garbo and Gavin Gordon, directed by Clarence Brown. (Murray Hill; starting May 19.)

Ryan's Daughter—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Ziegfeld.)

The Saga of the Taira Clan (1954)—Directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; May 17-19.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Waverly.)

Strawberry Blonde (1941)—Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney in a screen version of "One Sunday Afternoon," that play of life at the turn of the century. Directed by Raoul Walsh. (New Yorker; May 20.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly fatuous, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Fine Arts.)

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise (1931)—With Greta Garbo and Clark Gable, directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Murray Hill; starting May 19.)

Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song—Directed by Melvin Van Peebles. (Art.)

Taking Off—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding both sides in the generation war old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Plaza.)

10 Rillington Place—A re-creation of the Christie-Evans case, with Richard Attenborough and John Hurt, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Baronet.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure film. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Thalia; through May 13.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in a very fine account by Louis Malle of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. Photographed by the great Henri Decaë. In French. (Thalia; through May 13.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love. Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Kips Bay and Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting May 19.)

THX 1138—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century (which turns out to be an abstract version of "1984"). The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking up the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (8th St. Playhouse; starting May 19.)

Tillie and Gus (1933)—W. C. Fields and his great mate Alison Skipworth as con artists who outsmart a skinflint crook. A genial comedy. With Baby Le Roy. (Elgin; May 12.)

Trash—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. The high points in this torpid Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey, are when people are bizarrely alive rather than just vacuous. (Cinema Village and Ciné Malibu.)

Tristana—Made by a master now at the easy height of his powers. Buñuel's story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian played by Fernando Rey is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. (Guild.)

Tropic of Cancer (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 16-19.)

Waterloo—Sergei Bondarchuk, who directed the Russian "War and Peace," makes an Italian-Russian version of the following battle in Napoleon's history. Napoleon (Rod Steiger) comes back from Elba to resume the fight almost with the motives of the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier"—as though he were urged and saddened by intimations of middle age. Christopher Plummer is Wellington, in an Anglophobe and rather unconvincing version that serves mostly to make the point that the Prussian von Blücher really won the war. O.K. as spectacle, except that the topography of the battle isn't much fun to follow. (Criterion.)

The Wild Child—In his own film, Truffaut plays a late-eighteenth-century doctor who tries to educate a boy of eleven or twelve who had spent his life abandoned in the woods. The relationship between this august, inquiring, clever man and his marauding charge is wonderfully delicate. Among other things, this remarkable picture gives a finely characterized account of the research mind, and living expression to the new Romantic Age's fascination with Rousseau's Natural Man. In French. (Charles; through May 18.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—A very fine Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, as long as your sympathies hold firm enough not to be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand, sand, sand, sand-covered bodies, and an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; May 20.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting May 19.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema. . . . ¶ Orpheum; through May 18.)

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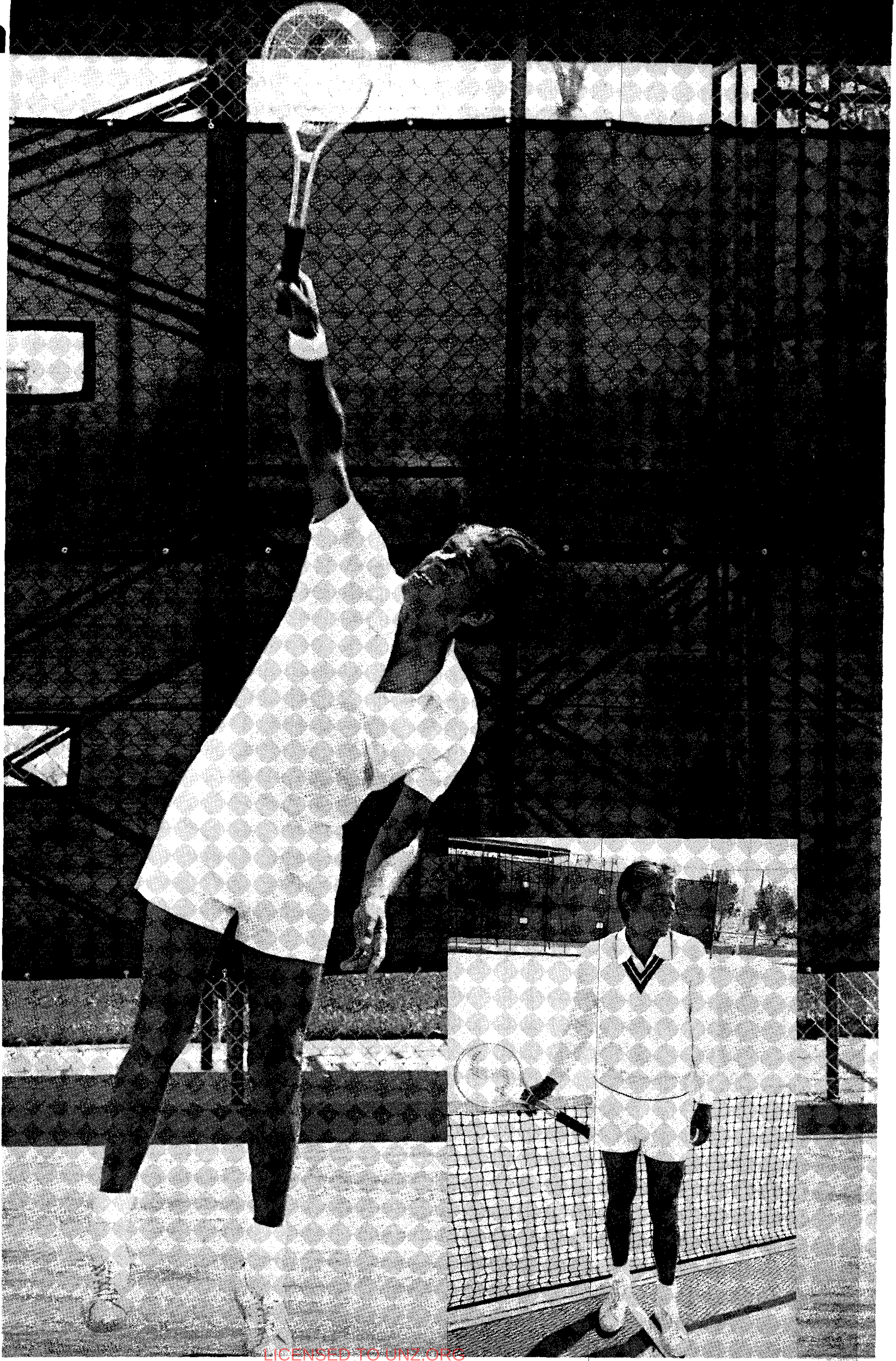

AL KRAMER

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE *NEW YORKER* herewith announces the first in a series of plans to save the taxpayers billions of dollars a year. But let's begin with a fact or two. A writer for the *Times* has revealed that the Central Intelligence Agency costs six hundred million dollars annually. We're sure it's much more, but we'll accept the figure. He further reports that fifteen per cent of its information comes from "agents"—that is, people seeking to overthrow other governments or prop them up, whichever the case may be. That part of it is fine—some governments need overthrowing; some need uppropping. Sometimes it's a little hard to decide which, but we'll leave that to Henry Kissinger. Thirty-five per cent of its information is gathered by electronic snoopers. We don't know how this works. Now, here's where we come in. Fifty per cent of the C.I.A.'s daily "input" is received from "overt sources, such as periodicals." We're a periodical, and we can help. Because of the way our business works, we have people reading all the time—reading everything: newspapers, magazines, books, unsolicited manuscripts (none of these even get to the C.I.A.), pamphlets. Our readers are intelligent, patriotic people, always thinking of their government. It's amazing how much duplication there is in this country. So the C.I.A. can close down this half of its operation, and we will take over at no cost. Probable net saving: three hundred million dollars. It should never have cost that much just to have people read. Anyway, any time any of us finds anything worthwhile, it'll be Xeroxed and mailed to Washington. If it seems really urgent, we'll phone it in.

WE turn now to the Taiwan problem. Peking says it doesn't want to be in the United Nations unless Taiwan is expelled or returned to its control. Naturally, the Generalissimo doesn't want that. He wants China returned to Taiwan. As friends of both parties, our government is in a bind. Various solutions have been suggested—two Chinas, one big China, one fairly big China and an independent Taiwan. No takers. But here's a thought: Make Taiwan the fifty-first state. Now that it has smiled, Peking shouldn't mind. At least, Taiwan would be out of the U.N. The Generalissimo wouldn't like it too much, but he could be commissioned in our Army, given a lot more medals, and keep on drilling his troops. It would be just a formality, because, as everyone knows but hasn't been willing to say, Taiwan has been a state since 1949. It always pays to face up to formalities.

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IN the case of the eight people who are charged with planning to kidnap Dr. Kissinger, the Department of Justice has just released letters purportedly written by two of the defendants, Father Philip F. Berrigan and Sister Elizabeth McAlister, to each other. J. Thomas Menaker, one of the defense attorneys, said of the Department's action, "It is highly irregular and potentially very prejudicial that the government is attempting to publicize evidence that may not be admissible at trial." He is undoubtedly correct in this assessment. More important, though, the letters suggest that while there may have been the kind of conspiracy the government alleges, there may also be another kind of conspiracy involved. If indeed there is, it is a conspiracy on the part of the government, for the "evidence" released by Attorney General John N. Mitchell's department could be taken as seriously, and acted on as drastically, as it apparently has been only by someone with limited understanding of who the nation's true enemies are or with unlimited determination to create false enemies. Sister Elizabeth was said to have proposed, in the words of the letter attributed to her, "to kidnap—in our terminology make a citizen's arrest of—someone like Henry Kissinger." The letter continued:

> Hold him for about a week during which time bigwigs of the liberal ilk would be brought to him—also kidnapped if necessary (which for the most part it would be)—& hold a trial or grand jury affair out of which an indictment would be brought. There is no pretense of these demands being met & he would be released after this time.... The liberals would also be released as would a film of the whole proceedings in which, hopefully, he would be far more honest than he is on his own territory. The impact of such a thing would be phenomenal.

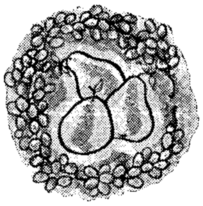
According to the letter attributed to him, Father Berrigan replied, "The project as you outlined it is brilliant." At the same time, the writer found it rather "grandiose," and "to weave elements of modesty into it" he pointed out that "grabbing the gentleman will take a force of perhaps ten of your best people—guarding him—getting communications out, perhaps moving him two or three times within a week." Then the reply went on:

> Why not grab the Brain Child, treat him decently, but tell him nothing of his fate—or tell him his fate hinges on release of pol. people or cessation of air strikes in Laos? Then have batteries of movement people—Brain Child blindfolded—engage him on policy. After he has been taught (the consideration of his safety will make him more and more human in his answers) get it filmed and recorded.... Taken along these lines,

> you have both a material and personal confrontation with the warmakers. The *trick to pull off is to hit them very, very* hard without giving them violence to react to, or justify themselves with. He can be kept blindfolded, the participants can wear stocking masks and disguise their voices. It can be done brilliantly.

Assuming that the "plotters" could pull off this ingenuous scenario (a wild assumption, if the letters are any indication of conspiratorial competence), Kissinger would probably treat the affair as a congenial rest from his oppressive duties and—assuming the jury was made up of liberals, as allegedly suggested by Sister Elizabeth—a perfect opportunity to best his gentle adversaries in intellectual combat. Then, assuming that the liberal jury would be made up of twelve people who have most strongly and effectively opposed the war in Vietnam, it would have to include such men as Senators Edward M. Kennedy, George McGovern, Birch Bayh, J. William Fulbright, Mark O. Hatfield, and Frank Church; Representatives William Anderson and Paul McCloskey; Ramsey Clark; John Lindsay; and at least a couple of the generals who have long spoken out against the war, like James Gavin and David Shoup. Which side would they be most eager to question—Kissinger's or the kidnappers'? And what would the questions concern—war or anarchy? If they ever got down to the agenda that was supposed to be discussed, who would be able to stop them within a week? Threats might inhibit Kissinger, but what would inhibit half a dozen Presidential candidates? As for the conspirators themselves, what have they to ask about the war that hasn't been asked a thousand times?

All this is not to say that a conspiratorial plan, however silly it may appear, should not be investigated and dealt with by the authorities. But if the Republic is to survive, official response to private acts must in some way be commensurate with the threat, imagined or real. What threat to a nation of two hundred million people did the Chicago Seven, or a few hundred Black Panthers, or a thousand Weathermen, actually pose? Is their potential for harm anywhere near as great as the government's responses—wiretapping and bugging in defiance of the law, widespread and virtually uncontrolled physical surveillance, and the harshest possible use of repressive laws that were supported or sponsored by the leaders of this Administration? Or is this latest charge against these bumbling dreamers merely another bit of evidence that the government must have a conspiracy—any kind of conspiracy—to silence the opposition?



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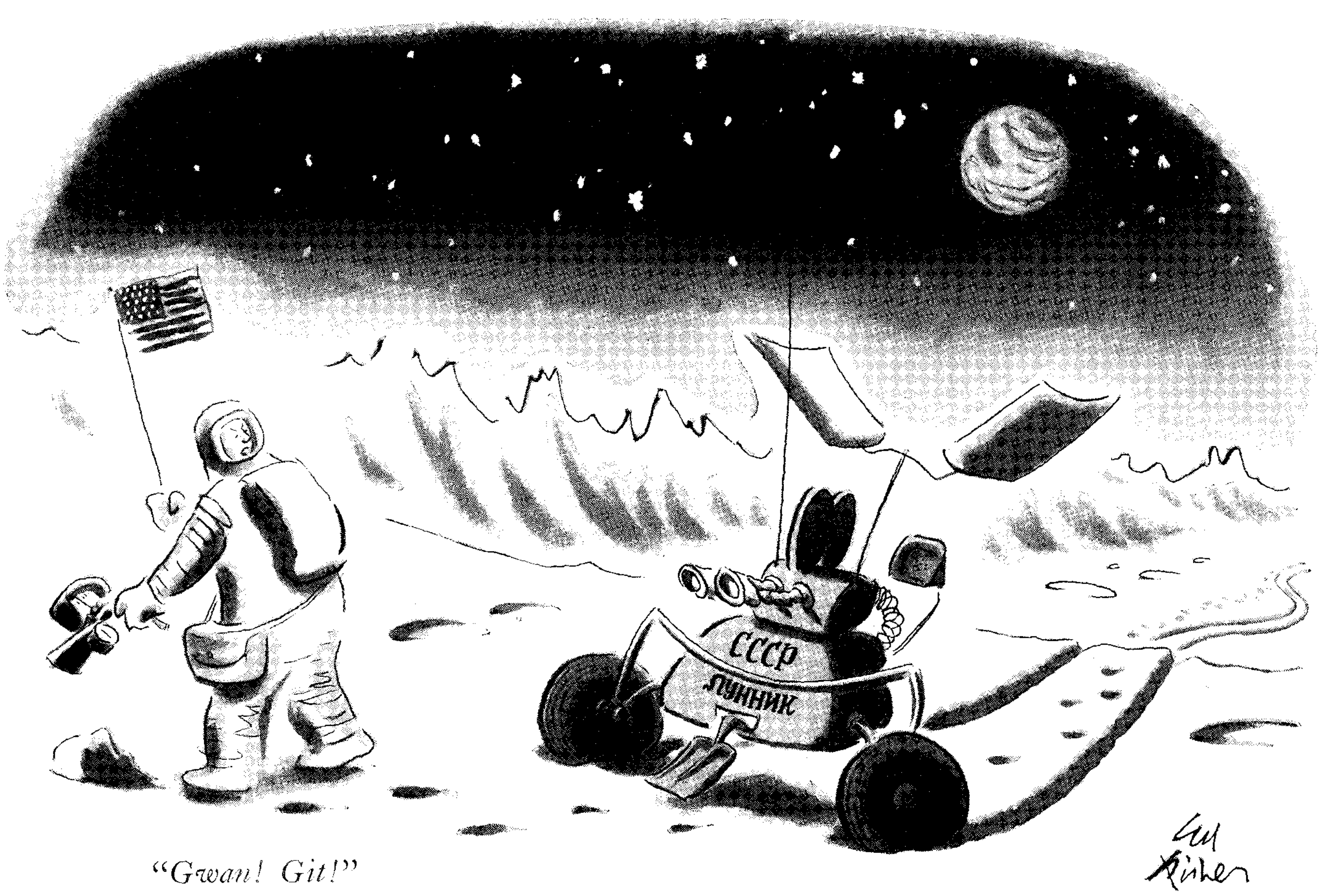
THERE have certainly been many wars as brutal as the Indo-China war, but there have probably been only a few wars as senseless. This senselessness manifests itself at every level—from the decisions made by each unit in the field on up to the decisions made by the politicians in Washington. It is impossible to examine any aspect of this war closely without very shortly finding oneself staring into a frightening emptiness in which all human purposes—even debased human purposes—have dissolved. It is as though, in the Indo-China war, we have discovered the secret of taking stupendous, devastating action without any thought or feeling whatever. Perhaps crimes in other ages were inspired by debased thoughts and debased feelings, but the worst crimes of our period seem to occur in the wake of the death of *all* thought and *all* feeling. We have learned to fear the fanatic who will commit any crime in the name of his cause. We have yet to learn how to fear his first cousin, the man who is utterly indifferent and who has no cause at all but will nevertheless commit any crime. The massacre at My Lai teaches us what this kind of crime looks like. The Nazis' massacre of the people of Oradour was in many ways similar. But one difference is that whereas the Nazis thought they had a purpose and were killing people defined by their government's policies as enemies, our troops had little or no sense of purpose and were killing people defined by our government's policies as allies. Many armies have dealt harshly with enemy populations, but ours is certainly one of the first to deal so harshly with its allies. Indeed, the Vietnamese civilians are something more than our allies; their well-being is supposed to be the whole raison d'être for our presence in Vietnam. Of course, many people have argued that neither the villagers of My Lai nor any other villagers can really be regarded as our allies, since any one of them is likely to suddenly turn around and throw a hand grenade at our men. But if they are not our allies, then we have no allies in South Vietnam, and therefore no cause, either. The My Lai massacre was not committed in a moment of ideological frenzy. The men who went into My Lai did not particularly picture themselves as crusaders for the American way of life, or for freedom, or for the free-enterprise system, or for anything else. They were confused, frustrated, frightened men who were sent into the countryside to kill but had no cause to kill for. This kind of killing is different from the killing done by crusaders and fanatics. The soldiers did not rush into the village shouting the name of their leader or the motto of a messianic cause. Instead, it appears that they acted in a spirit of either total indifference or licentious brutality. On the one hand, you have a My Lai veteran's word that everyone was "having a good time," and on the other hand you have evidence that men gave in to an unrestrained blood lust and proceeded, after raping and shooting, to horribly mutilate corpses. Some men acted like robots; others acted like animals.

In a recent article in *Life*, General Telford Taylor made an important point that bears strongly on the question of the relation between the degree of purpose and the degree of brutality in an army. In his discussion of the rules of war, he wrote, "Quite apart from the human benefits of limiting, so far as possible, the carnage of war, military efficiency requires a disciplined awareness that soldiers are not licensed to kill indiscriminately, but only as a part of a military operation. A reign of terror against civilians will turn the population against the occupation troops and make their task the more difficult. Soldiers allowed to plunder and murder will become the less useful for military purposes, and if they lose respect for human life, will be the more ready to assault each other or their officers—as is currently reported to be happening in Vietnam. An army that shows no consideration for the prisoners of war must expect that its own men will be mistreated if taken by the enemy." In other words, the way an army treats civilians and prisoners can lower or raise the level of brutality in the entire war. If an army forgets what it is supposed to be doing and lets its men begin to kill indiscriminately, then eventually even the distinctions between "gooks" and Americans, between friend and foe, will disappear and the whole mission will sink into a savage chaos. But something more happens as well. The collapse of standards doesn't stop with the army and is not confined to the war zone. The nation that maintains such an army in the field and forces that army to continue fighting in such a war also suffers brain damage and brutalization. A sense of purpose is just as important for a people at war as it is for an army. A sense of purpose allows a people to maintain certain standards. A leader who is fighting a war



"*Gwan! Git!*"

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that his people understand acknowledges that the country faces an emergency and calls for support. In America today, something different is happening. The people do not understand the war, and the leaders are asking not so much for support of the war as for *tolerance* of the war. They speak of an "indefinite" American presence in Indo-China and seem to want the people to accept the war as part of business as usual, to regard it as just another "issue," like inflation or the reorganization of the Cabinet. They seem to want to wage war in a low key—almost casually. In 1940, Simone Weil wrote a passage on how a war can come to dominate the men who are waging it. In a few succinct words, she seemed to sum up the entire matter, and what she said then seems premonitory of our entire trouble today:

"Once the experience of war makes visible the possibility of death that lies locked up in each moment, our thoughts cannot travel from one day to the next without meeting death's face. The mind is then strung up to a pitch it can stand for only a short time; but each new dawn reintroduces the same necessity; and days piled on days make years. On each one of these days the soul suffers violence. Regularly, every morning, the soul castrates itself of aspiration, for thought cannot journey through time without meeting death on the way. Thus war effaces all conceptions of purpose or goal, including even its own 'war aims.' It effaces the very notion of war's being brought to an end. To be outside a situation so violent as this is to find it inconceivable; to be inside it is to be unable to conceive its end. Consequently, nobody does anything to bring this end about. In the presence of an armed enemy, what hand can relinquish its weapon? The mind ought to find a way out, but the mind has lost all capacity to so much as look outward. The mind is completely absorbed in doing itself violence. Always in human life, whether war or slavery is in question, intolerable sufferings continue, as it were, by the force of their own specific gravity, and so look to the outsider as though they were easy to bear; actually, they continue because they have deprived the sufferer of the resources which might serve to extricate him."

Captain Spry's Boat

"THERE'S an absolutely entrancing little boat in the East River," a friend of ours, a woman who lives near Gracie Square, called recently to tell us. "I've been watching it for three weeks. Evidently, its job is to warn other boats about the tunnel construction for the new subway line, because there's a big sign on it that reads 'Danger—Tunnel Construction Ahead.' I guess you'd say it's built like a tug, but there's a kind of jaunty independence about the way it moves that's fascinating. It's always chasing off after other boats—chugging upstream, or skittering across the river sort of sidewise, or hanging motionless in the current, which is often quite swift there, and if it isn't doing those things it's doing something else, just like a water bug. Its flight patterns are so unpredictable, and the boat itself is so charming and audacious and funny, that I spend *far* too much time watching it. All the other boats in the river here are very serious, but this one has real style. The captain never comes out of his cabin, so I don't even know what he looks like, but I *like* him. He has a friend and admirer on the fourteenth floor here, and I wish you'd find out who he is and tell him so."

We have done just that. The little boat, we have learned, is one of two picket boats that operate north and south of a big placing barge that is tied up just above the Queensboro Bridge, where it obstructs about a third of the river's West Channel. Construction workers on the barge, which has been there since March 16th, have nearly finished work on an underwater trench into which they will lower, around June 1st, the first of four tubes of the

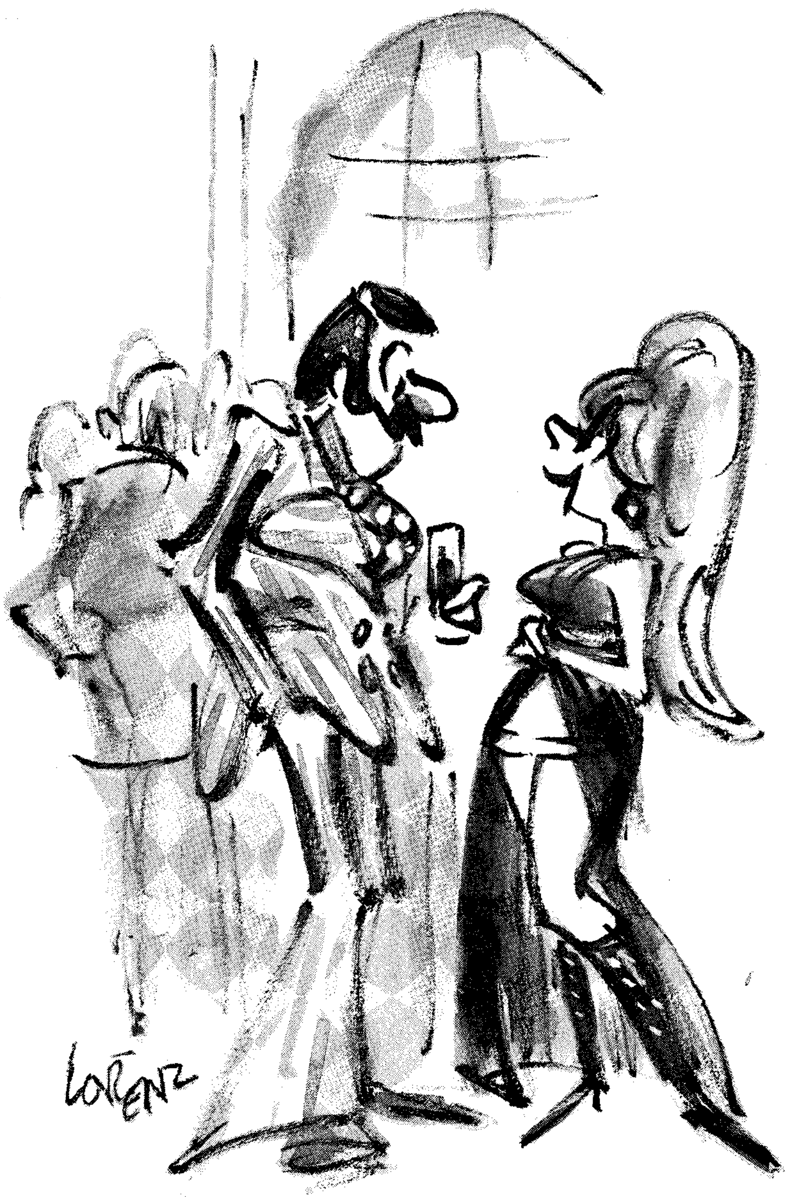
East Sixty-third Street tunnel between Manhattan and Queens, via Welfare Island. The picket boats are under contract to Peter Kiewit Sons, of Omaha, Nebraska, the firm that is building the tunnel for the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, in association with Morrison-Knudsen, Inc., of Boise, Idaho, and Slattery Associates, Inc., of Maspeth, Queens. The boats are on duty twenty-four hours a day, with each crew working an eight-hour shift. We arranged to spend an hour on board the Eric Rolf, which operates north of the barge, and we are pleased to report that the craft and her captain, Fred Spry, now also have a friend and admirer in us.

Captain Spry, who is tall and friendly, has been a commercial pilot for twenty years. He started out working on a dredge, in Florida, and since then he has handled just about every other kind of boat you could name. He is a member of Local 25 of the Operating Engineers Union, which has sent him all over the place—Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Maine, Chesapeake Bay; for the last two years, until his present assignment, he was captain of a dredge anchored at Port Elizabeth, New Jersey, which meant that he could get home every night to his family in Avenel. He has two boys, one fifteen and the other thirteen, and at these ages, he says, kids need a lot of watching.

Churning upriver with the current, the Eric Rolf did not *feel* much like a water bug. Captain Spry told us that she was thirty-five feet long and twelve feet wide, and that her hundred-and-twenty-horsepower engine did not really deliver much speed. "She's a workboat," he said. "Before we took her over, she was being used to carry wet concrete for a job on the Absecon Inlet Bridge, near Atlantic City, and you should have seen her—concrete everywhere." He excused himself to answer a radio call from an oil tanker that was approaching Hell Gate from the Sound. Most of the commercial boats that come through the East River know about the barge obstruction, he said, and often they will call in on the marine radio channel to report their position even before they sight the picket boat. Captain Spry acknowledged the tanker's call and set a course for Hell Gate.

"This is one of our trickier spots of water," the Captain said. "A boat coming through the Gate can't see around that point of land over there, and if another boat is coming up on the inside they could get into trouble." The tanker hove in sight, under the high, rounded arch of Hell Gate Bridge. Captain Spry maintained radio contact and guided her safely through the passage, then made a note in his log. He is required to list every boat that comes through, and to note whether or not each one replies to his radio. If a boat has no sending radio, he communicates with it by a public-address loudspeaker mounted atop the cabin.

We were plowing downstream now, going against the current and making only moderately jaunty headway. Gracie Mansion lay dead ahead, its green lawn spilling almost to the water's edge. "We keep waving, but Lindsay doesn't wave back," said Captain Spry. A few moments later, we looked up and saw, in an open window of a fourteenth-floor apartment, a large white cloth in agitated motion. It was our friend, waving a bath towel. We pointed her out to the Captain. Then we went on deck and began waving back. Arnold Perret, the Eric Rolf's crewman, also waved. A considerable amount of waving took place, until the Eric Rolf left the apartment building too far astern. We went back inside the cabin, where we told Captain Spry how our friend had been watching him for three weeks and what she had said about his seamanship. He seemed quite surprised. "Well," he said, "I really like it out here. This is about the best job we've had, wouldn't you say, Arnold?" Mr. Perret nodded in agreement. A coal barge reported in on the marine radio, and the Eric Rolf headed back upstream.



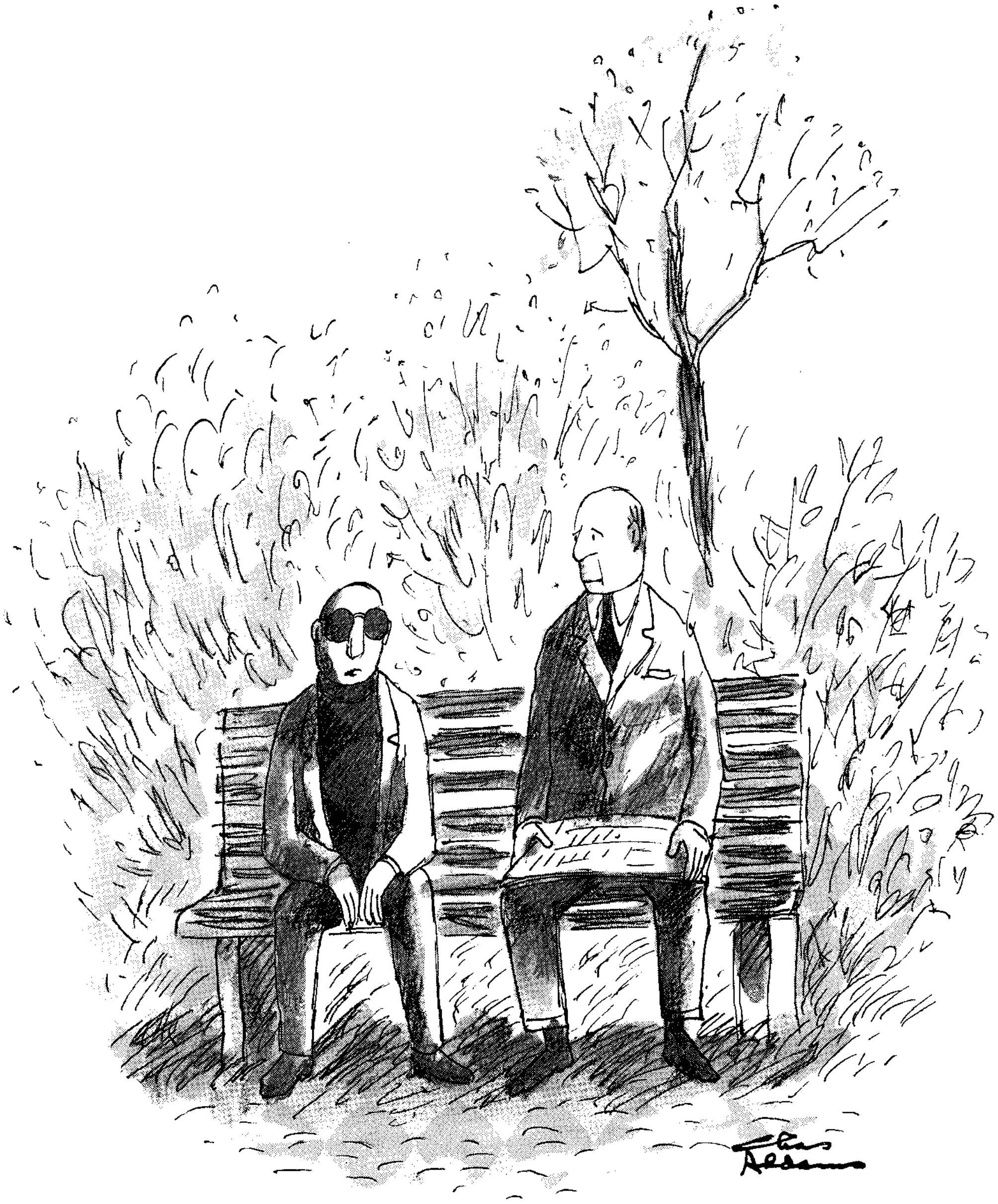
"How about that? You're a consumer advocate and I'm a consumer."

Butterfly Show

WE paid, and we strongly recommend, a visit to the American Museum of Natural History's Exhibit of the Month, "A Rainbow of East African Butterflies," which consists of a fluorescent-tube-lit display of eighteen glass-paned, wooden insect boxes containing recently acquired specimens from the Papilionidae, Acreidae, Nymphalidae, Pieridae, and Lycaenidae families. Are butterflies ecumenical? Yes. The Papilionidae of Kenya, Ethiopia, Somalia, Tanzania, Uganda, and the eastern Congo are cousins of our Swallowtails; the Acreidae are remotely related to our Monarchs; the Pieridae and Lycaenidae come from the same stock, respectively, as our Whites and our Blues, Coppers, and Hairstreaks; the Nymphalidae, an enormous clan, include, in the U.S.A., Red Admirals, Painted Ladies, and Banded Purples that often resemble their African relatives. Colorful hues on these wings from across the sea predominated; we were especially struck by a violet-tipped White, *Colotis regina*, and by a bright blood-red Nymphalid, *Cymothoe sangaris*.

The Month's featured attractions are a tiny sample—less than one per cent—of twenty-two thousand butterflies presented to the Museum by Dr. V. G. L. van Someren, former director of the Coryndon Museum, now the Nairobi Museum, in Kenya. They were repinned, *in situ*, in five hundred boxes built and sent over by the American Museum, by Dr. Frederick H. Rindge, the Museum's curator of Lepidoptera, assisted by his wife, a Museum volunteer. We called on him for background information.

"Dr. van Someren, who is eighty-four, has been collecting butterflies for sixty years," Dr. Rindge said. "He started out as an ornithologist in the early nineteen-hundreds, but, realizing that this field was small and soon covered, he turned to butterflies. He raised them as well as caught them—which accounts for the fact that so many of them are in such beautiful condition. He has thoughtfully arranged, while he is still alive, for the future of his collection to be properly taken care of; such collections often go to pot while an estate is being settled—dermestid beetles may take over during the probate period. The Nairobi Museum is small but strong in 'leps;' this strength, in fact, is one reason this collection came to us, since Nairobi didn't need it: it duplicated what was already there. Dr. van Someren gave half of his specimens to the British Museum ten years ago. His gift to our museum is the largest single African-butterfly collection ever to come here at one time; we were strong in *West* African material—from collections made by Dr. James Chapin around 1912—but we had only a smattering from East Africa. Its butterflies reflect a complete range of life zones from hot, tropical areas to snow-clad peaks, from a terrific assortment of elevations and ecological niches; hence, many variations. We now have one of the best collections of African butterflies in the world."



"Do you have any idea what my obscene telephone calls are costing me a month?"

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Dr. Rindge and his wife flew to East Africa to arrange the packing and shipping of the van Someren gift. "It took us ten days to do the packing," Dr. Rindge said. "We used huge crates—so heavy that they had to be handled by machinery; otherwise, there'd be a danger of their being 'tumbled' en route, with resultant breakage. Dr. van Someren, whom I met for the first time, after much correspondence, is a delightful man—a short widower with a long beard. A real joy."

So far, Dr. R. has incorporated a hundred and fifty of the boxes into the Museum's general-study cabinets. "All in all," he said, "we have close to two million butterflies and moths—which is three times as many as we had when I came here, in 1949. But we have none on permanent display today. There used to be some in cases on the balcony around the old whale, and in a New York State exhibit, but they got bumped by the Centennial. Our department has suggested installing a Hall of Insects, but the trustees haven't given an O.K."

We asked him whether he collected during his African stay, and he said, "I picked up a few moths in cyanide vials. I'm primarily a moth man, you know. Geometrids. I did see some Painted Ladies—*Vanessa cardui*. The same kind that fly here. They're in world-wide distribution, so it wasn't a surprise. Still, lo and behold, there was old *cardui* sitting on some strawflowers in a suburb of Nairobi."

On our way out, lo and behold, we ran into old Gardner Stout, the Museum's president, getting out of his car at the Museum entrance. "Be fair to Lepidoptera," we said, and he smiled.

THE SPANISH HOUSE

URSULA HAPWORTH said the style was popular in Florida thirty-five or forty years ago: one story; corbiesteps; phony vigas sticking out; stucco doing for adobe; flat, tiled roof. They were called Spanish houses. She wore her red hair in an ape cut and had an English accent. "The awnings belong to a much later period," she added. Andrew Sully, whom she was addressing, peered at these; they were aluminum and brought to mind huge, reptilian eyelids. After a moment's reflection, he said the house seemed to have an air of desuetude. Ursula said what it needed was a good coat of paint. "The rain marks led you astray," she said. "Actually, it's very cozy."

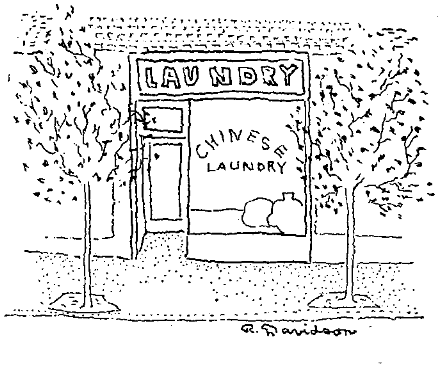
They looked at the house from several other angles. Sully was dazed by the evidence of sunlight, the implication of heat. "Where does the street lead?" he asked. "To the river," she said. "It's extremely wide. You can just see the other bank." In front of the house, by the street, were two lofty royal palms, in back a grove of live oaks. Any number of things grew round about. Sully recognized eucalyptus, sea grape, hydrangea. He told Ursula he envied authors who knew their taxonomy—for example, told you what the protagonist was tramping across or under. "Peeping through," she added. Sully was aware of a momentary sadness or longing caused by something deeper than an inability to classify plants; he felt as though all that could be seen of him were unsatisfactory glimpses. By the same token, these seemed to be all *he* was afforded—of himself, of others, of life as a whole, for that matter. He imagined naked women, along the lines of Fragonard's *baigneuses*, asleep in a glade, aroused by his heavy-footed approach, scattering into clumps of—what? Mountain laurel? Rhododendron? "I'm forty-one and I really don't know anything," Sully told Ursula.

She enumerated the other plantings: areca, date, and traveller's palm; Florida birch; three varieties of pine; almond, fig, peach, lemon, orange, grapefruit, and papaya trees; jasmine, bougainvillaea, hibiscus, poinsettia, crotons; roses, tiger lilies, marigolds. . . . Sully thought the garden a *locus amoenus*; Noah's ark also sprang to mind—a refuge for every kind of plant. Without the din and the terrific stench, of course. He had an impulse to leave his wife and children and hide out there, have the—"What do they call the paper down there?" he asked Ursula. "The Fort Myers *News-Press*," she said—have the *News-Press* delivered. But that would only get him through his second cup of coffee; in his reverie, the house was his and he was living alone. "There's also the Gulf edition of the Miami *Herald*," she said. "And these are bathing-beauty pictures."

Sully was sitting on the other side of her desk, in New York, looking through a viewer at slides of the house she was buying. They worked in the same office, but this was their first conversation. The slides she now handed him showed a redhead in a bikini posing on an empty pool deck. The pool was empty, too, except for a pair of drifting water wings. The woman in the photograph was evidently Ursula; her face was mostly hidden by a pair of enormous sunglasses, and Sully had never taken note of her figure.

"Did you ever stop to think why swimming pools look bigger in brochures than in real life?" Sully said. "Camera angle, you say? Not the case. Consider the 'vacationers' grouped in and about the pool. Ever look at them closely? If, as I have done, you had spread out a number of brochures before you, you would have discovered that the same people appear in every one. That is, members of the same cast, so to speak; their number varies from brochure to brochure. From my sampling, I have determined that there may be as few as five and as many as seventeen.

"Their identity is not so readily arrived at. Each model (for that, obviously, is what they are) has at least four changes of costume—bathing suits, cover-ups, cabaña sets, etc.—as well as any number of sunglasses, wigs, bathing caps, hats, bandannas, and snoods. Moreover, the figures who appear at the far end of the pool are often so minute as to be nearly indistinguishable. But, you ask, what has all this to do with the disparity in size between the pools in the brochures and in actuality? Just this: all the models are midgets.



"Although, for the picture-taking, the chaise longues and other pool furniture are removed and replaced by children's chairs, tables, and umbrellas, once in a great while, because of carelessness or as a joke to relieve the tedium of gaily posing at poolside after poolside or to get even with a motel owner who chiselled on the price, one of the midgets stands too close to a pool ladder and his true size is given away.

"These midgets belong to a troupe that hires itself out for this specialized line of work. The troupe travels about from motel to motel in a VW bus or stretch limo or similar conveyance, packed with wardrobe trunks, children's furniture, and photographic equipment. This busload of midgets never attracts notice. Because of the occupants' size, the bus appears empty. But if you could peer in you would see them—five, six, even seven to a seat—sleeping on one another's shoulder or reflectively supporting their chins in their tiny hands.

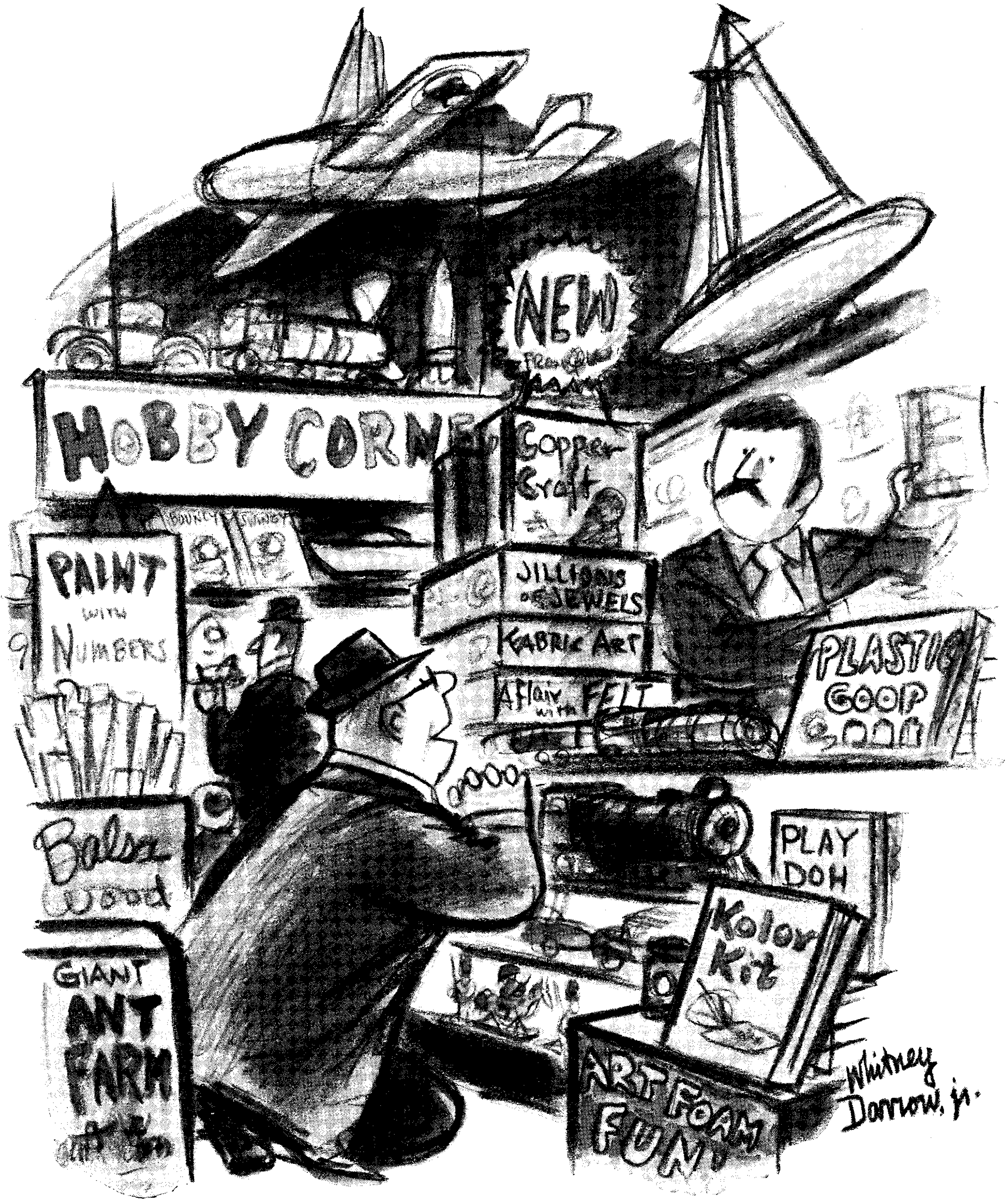
"The scenery flashes by unseen except by the driver, who is raised on cushions. As, huddled in their bus, the midgets crisscross the country, night and day make as little impression upon them as the passage of years. Every so often, however, the remark is made that So-and-So has got too old-looking to pose; motels stress youth at poolside. The midgets' way of saying this is 'Nix on the pix, Gramps' (or 'Granny'); many of them have theatrical backgrounds. I haven't been able to learn the fate of these old-timers."

Sully elevated the viewer to get the benefit of the light from the ceiling fixture; his attitude suggested that of St. Francis renouncing his earthly possessions in the fresco in the upper church at Assisi, hands, eyes raised presumably to Heaven—a naked man whose depiction always struck Sully as being more representative of our essential plight than of reverence. Sully had grown weary of his tale, as he did of so much. "The bus crashes on a secondary road," he said. "Little bodies, little wigs, little chaise longues lie strewn about . . ."

Ursula had begun to weep. I know how to make people cry, Sully conceded.

A POLICEMAN materialized in Sully's lane and held up his hand. Sully stopped and the policeman came over and looked in the car window.

"Do you know," he said, "that you


NEW
HOBBY CORN
Copper Craft
BOUNCY
SLINKY
PAINT with NUMBERS
JILLIONS of JEWELS
FABRIC ART
A Flair with FELT
PLASTIC GOOP
Balsa Wood
PLAY DOH
Kolor Kit
GIANT ANT FARM
ART FOAM FUN
Whitney Darrow, jr.

"Please, sir, you must help me! I'll be sixty-five next week and I have no one else to turn to."

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were travelling in a fifteen-mile-per-hour zone?"

"I know," Sully said, "but I was gently braking."

"Do you know," the policeman said, "that you were travelling in excess of fifteen miles per hour?"

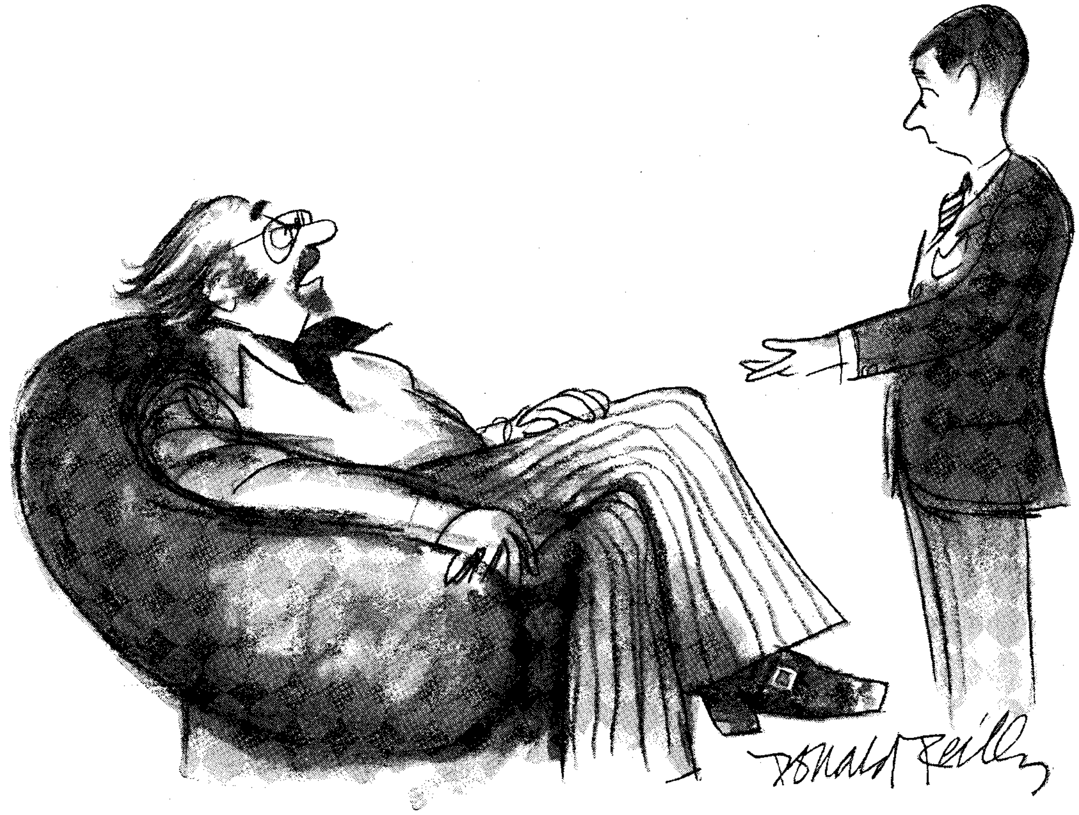
"I know," Sully said, "but given time I would have been within the speed limit."

"Do you know," the policeman said, "that you have come to rest in a school zone in which there is a schoolhouse full of itty-bitty children?"

Sully recognized a school across the highway. It seemed deserted, its windows blank; grackles, he noted, were walking very stately on the lawn.

"Do you know," the policeman said, "that *I* would have been a whole lot happier and *you* would have been a whole lot happier if *you* had been travelling within the posted limit?"

While Sully was framing a reply,



"It so happens, Son, that the New York Supreme Court has recently ruled that a father is under no obligation to support an offspring who insists on a life style repugnant to the parent."

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the policeman waved him on. He turned down a side street and came to the river for—what was it, he wondered, the fiftieth time? He was in Tampa on business and had driven to Fort Myers to see if he could find the Spanish house. He had thought of calling Ursula in New York to get the address, but it had been two months since he had looked at her slides, and they hadn't talked again. Besides, he felt it would be more rewarding if he stumbled upon the house. However, as he came to realize, he couldn't recall what it looked like; he had passed several Spanish houses with royal palms out front and a great many rank, diverse, and haphazard plantings but was unable to tell which, if any, was the one he sought. None, certainly, aroused in him the sentiments he had experienced looking at the slides.

Industrial chimneys rose beyond the far bank. No smoke issued from them, and the buildings to which they belonged were screened from view by foliage. The chimneys put Sully in mind of columnar necks of dinosaurs looking up from their feeding. He half expected the chimneys to sway, and felt a sense of foreboding. But everything was still. Only the slow, glittering flood betrayed that great forces were imperceptibly at work. Sully reviewed his life in the hot car and tried to project it over the years that remained to him. He gathered he was probably incapable of change and that it was his portion to be denied access to the Spanish house. For one thing, he loved his family; for another, he couldn't find it.

On the way back, he saw the policeman sitting in his cruiser off the road, the door open to allow air to circulate. Sully pulled alongside. Tears were streaming down his cheeks. "Not a whole lot," he told him.

"As I said on the phone, I went looking for your house," Sully told Ursula when she admitted him to her apartment. He followed her down the hall. Cats twined about his legs. "It's really a pity you didn't find it," she said. She was moving toward a source of light—a window—so she was made insubstantial. Sully noticed a mirror, but so low on the wall no one could have seen his face in it except the cats jumping. The living room was dominated by a concert grand, with great claw-and-ball feet. The Chinese, Sully recalled reading, attached religious significance to this motif, which typified a dragon's foot holding a pearl withdrawn from the bottom of the sea. Sully went over to the piano; a sonata for four hands by Mozart lay open on the rack. He wondered who had interposed his hands between hers. Who took the bathing-beauty pictures, for that matter? He glanced at her books. Pots of mysterious plants were arrayed on the windowsills. How long it's been since I've been in anyone else's apartment, Sully thought; too, he had forgotten the strong, venereal impression one gets among a strange woman's things. "I may have but I couldn't remember what it looked like," Sully said. Ursula took down prints from one wall—Klees mostly. Sully regarded the paler oblongs where they'd been. She set up a projector and put in a stack of slides. "These will refresh your memory," she said. The projector advanced the slides automatically at intervals. They were sitting on the floor. "Bother," she said, "the bathing-beauty pictures got mixed in," and made as though to remove them, but Sully took hold of her hand and drew her toward him. Looking up at one point, he saw that their heaving, mingled shadows were projected against the base of the stucco walls, like the unimaginable shapes that lie ahead.

—Gilbert Rogin

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THE WALKING-MORT

Call her walking-mort; say where she goes
She squalls her bush with blood. I slam a gate.
Report her axis bone it gigs the rose.
What say of mine? It turns a grinning grate.
Impugn her that she baits time with an awl.
What do my sessions then? They task a grave.
So, shall we stand, or shall we tread and wait
The mantled lumber of the buzzard's fall
(That maiden resurrection and the freight),
Or shall we freeze and wrangle by the wall?

—Djuna Barnes

THE NEW BASEBALL

If it were merely a sport, baseball would enjoy the permanence and stability of ballet or checkers, but businessmen know that baseball must keep up with the times. Such innovations as artificial turf and the Astrodome were thought up by treasurers and have almost brought the game up to date. (To be precise, they have brought it up to June 11, 1951, according to the latest figures.) The next decade will see even more radical changes, and one can only wonder whether baseball's farseeing executives are aware of what lies just ahead.

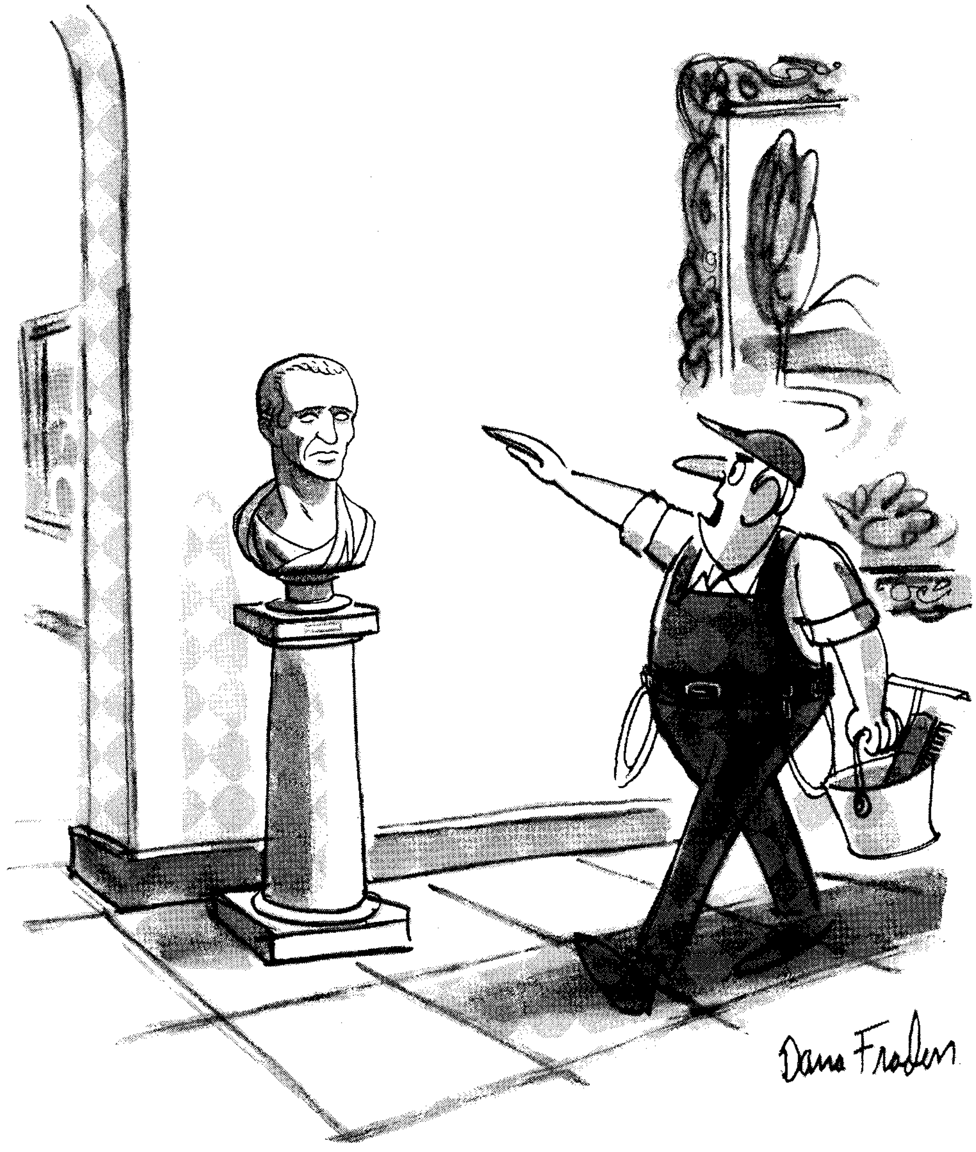
Baseball flourished at a time when most people accepted the doctrine of predestination. Later, during the Depression and in the Second World War, baseball offered certitude to a confused nation. Since then, however, the writings of Sartre and Camus have made untenable our comfortable assumptions about "safe" and "out," the excitement of observing players at a distance has diminished with the development of wide-screen movies, and a new time-space consciousness, ushered in by the Apollo moon shots, has rendered "power hitters" pathetically obsolete. Alas, a home run no longer rates as a "blast" even if it is "hit a mile."

In a simpler era, Ty Cobb came up to the plate in a mood of fierce determination, but today's players, aware of the diminishing importance of hitting the ball, are more content to *experience* at-batness. In the dugout, the athletes no longer discuss batting averages, girls, and the stock market but the swiftly changing dynamics and dialectics of the onetime "national pastime." In contemporary baseball, they agree, cause-and-effect sequentiality is giving way to simple concurrence of phenomena as the crisis in baseball's system of linear reaction brings on a new "system" of concentric and reflexive response, and the old stately inwardness of the game is losing out to, or giving in to, outwardness, or rather *awayness*; the static balance of baseball—pitcher vs. batter, base runner vs. infielder—will shortly slither into flow, and the crowd, not content to cheer the artifice of great hitters and pitchers, will rise in tribute to the natural organic unity of a scoreless game.

In a few years, the ultra-lively ball will be introduced, ending the game as we know it. Baseball fans will quickly tire of seeing thirty home runs in one game and will demand a complete restructuring. The first barrier to fall will be the outfield fence. The outfield will be extended up to ten or twelve miles, depending on local zoning. Baseball, which has always concentrated on the pitcher, will look outward to the horizon, and a period of exploration will occur as players wander over the hill to search for the ball. The "home-base" concept will be scrapped next, of course, along with the ball-and-strike construct, and the infield will become a mere appendix—a staging area or on-deck circle, as it were. Infielders will wait there for their turn, which, as often as not, will never come. Outfielders, on the other hand, will be free as antelope, roaming the farther regions for fly balls or, as the case may be, not for fly balls, the ball itself having changed. Its flight will be erratic and mysterious; a player will no longer be said to be "on the ball" or even "under" the ball but rather "near" the ball—in sight of it, perhaps circling it or viewing it curiously. The time scheme of baseball—three outs to a side, two sides to an inning, nine innings to a game—will be simplified by eliminating outs, sides, and innings, thus leaving the idea of the game itself whole and round, and people will play until the sun goes down or the cows come home.

In time, of course, the entire stadium setup will become useless as spectators are drawn into the playing area, and free participation will evolve as tasks become less specialized. This will lead to the disappearance of ballplayers as a performing élite. Players and spectators alike will wonder, "What is happening?" and "Will it happen?" and "What do I do in either eventuality?" The umpires, who will have disappeared along with home plate, will return to baseball as friendly advisers, suggesting alternative courses of action, turns of phrase, avenues of thought. People will enjoy great freedom of opportunity, and some real-estate speculation will take place in deep center, most likely multiple-family housing and light commercial development.

—Garrison Keillor



"Hail, Caesar! We who are about to wash the windows salute thee!"

THE ENCLAVE

LOVE BLEMISHED BUT ABIDING

SOON after we moved to Whittier, California, in 1912, my little sister Anne and I climbed onto the high back seat of the Model T on a fine summer evening and drove with Father and Mother down Philadelphia, past the place where Greenleaf intersected it, and on toward the State School for bad boys. We turned to the left farther down a street I forget the name of, although I could still go to it, and finally stopped in front of a shabby cottage under old eucalyptus trees. There were no sidewalks, but lush bushes of oleander grew taller than a man, and I know now that all the houses there were ones built hastily by the less privileged camp followers of the first Quaker settlers, in a kind of slum. The air was probably sweet and cool.

Out from the cottage and then down to us in the car came a tall young woman, and it seems to me that my heart opened at that first view of her, as did my sister Anne's. It was our Aunt Gwen, related by love alone.

My parents *were*—the way the sky is, or a great tree. My trust in them was unquestioning. I never thought about things like love or hatred or insecurity. I was almost twelve before I said a flat and unsuccessful "No" to them. I was much older, perhaps into the comparative senility of seventeen or so, before I heard them have a real row. They were young and tall and beautiful and intelligent when I was first aware of them, and I accepted them as my father and mother without the slightest need to question their being so.

I early knew some of their moods, as when Mother felt a little nervous during the Sunday-afternoon drives Father would take us on, to let Grandmother Holbrook have a quiet house for her weekly letters to Pittsburgh and Ireland. Mother would turn her face from the cliff edge we were skirting jauntily in Turnbull Canyon—Father's favorite place to practice high curves—and press a handkerchief to her lips, and I would feel my breathing chopped off in sympathy, although the wild road really did not scare me at all. Sometimes in downtown Whittier, when we were allowed to sit in the back seat while Father drove Mother here and there—I am sure proudly—she would push her foot frantically against the floorboard when he nudged the back of a farm wagon or another car, and I remember hearing him ask sarcastically, "If you can't drive, why use the brake?"

That was as near to bickering as they got, as far as I know. Now and then Edith would weep, but never as much as she would have enjoyed doing, when Rex was sharp-tongued. "Your father is like his mother—very quick-tempered," she would say. "But have you noticed that his eyes turn absolutely *black* when he is a little put out? *So* handsome!" (He had the kind of eyes that are normally gray-green, and I do, too, but I no more inherited this flashing change of coloration than I did his splendid big beak of a nose, to my lifelong regret.)

So I lived wrapped in the unquestioned love of those two people. They *were*, and I was their pup, taking everything they gave me because it was mine. Aunt Gwen was a different matter. She flowed through my life, all our lives, like a gusty river bringing food and excitement and adventure. She was strong. She was loving, but no nonsense there. She was English, and it was strictly stiff-upper-lip, with strong doses of "Uncle Remus" and "Stalky & Co." and, of course, the "Jungle Books": "Go down without a whimper. Never be a tattletale. Protect the weak. Do what you are asked to do and a bit more. Be polite. Don't lie, or cheat at Parcheesi. Don't grouse." All this sounds awful, but it was not, for she accepted the rules she taught us as part of herself, and we wanted only to be part of her, too.

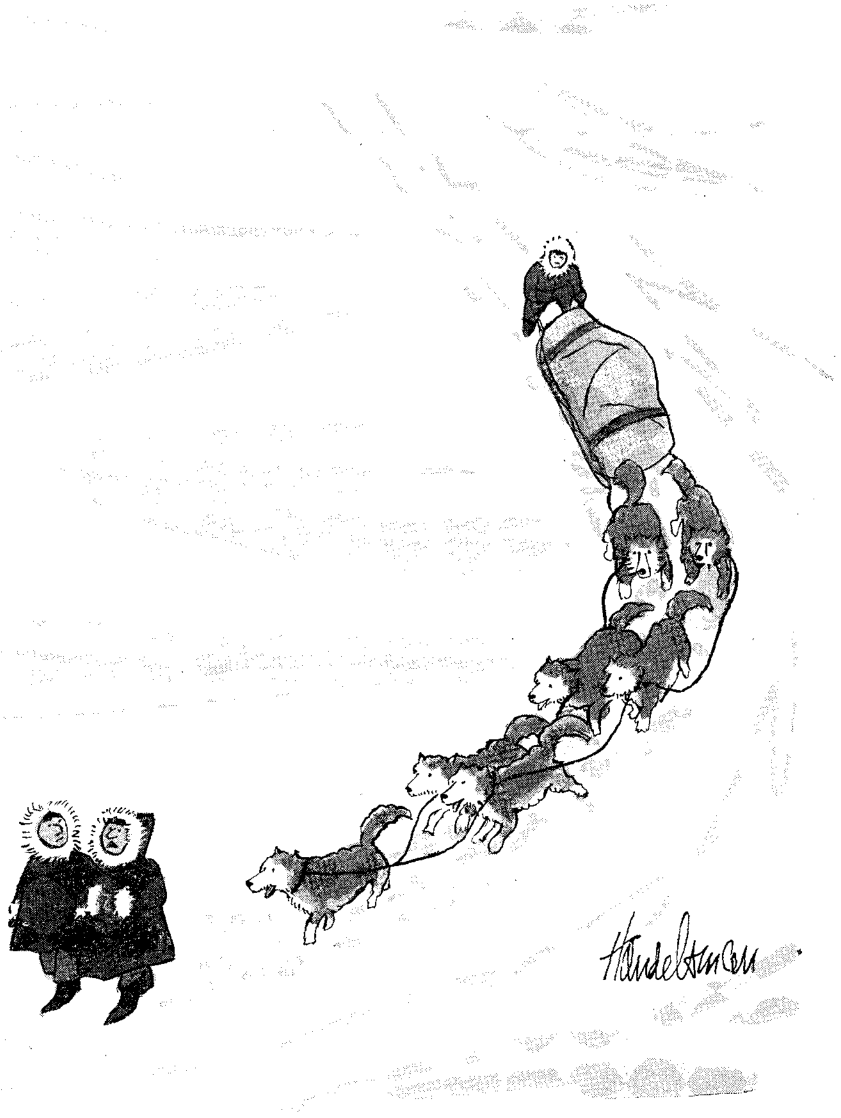
Anne loved her without cavil or jealousy, which even at an early age was plainly not intrinsic to her developing nature. My mother leaned upon her. Edith needed security above all but perhaps love, it now seems clear to me, and the English girl was even taller than she, and more firmly if not as heavily built. Aunt Gwen possessed an enormous energy in her strong body, and gave of it eagerly to anyone who would accept it: her dog Pat, her parents and brothers, the choir and refreshment committees of St. Matthias, around which we clustered, an Episcopal enclave in Quaker Whittier—*us*. For a long time *we* were the lake into which most of her flowed from all her generous springs and sources. It was an awesome gift, and we accepted it as our due, much as dry ground accepts fresh water. We *used* her.

Aunt Gwen spoke with a weirdly British accent, thanks to her missionary beginnings in the New Zealand bush, and then the most isolated northern islands of Japan, and finally adolescence in a kind of asylum-orphanage run by the Church of England for its more hapless dependents—somewhere near Brighton, I think. Mother would put up with any reasonable facsimile of British linguistics, which to her automatically meant noble-cultured-educated-charming, as long as all the aitches were in place. It is by the grace of God that the few people in Whittier who said "cahn't" and pronounced "aunt" as if it were not an insect were members of the Episcopal Church and therefore available to us as friends—people like Uncle Mac and his tiny quiet wife, Barnie, their girl Isobel, Gwendolyn Nettleship. If Aunt Gwen had been a Quaker, we would never have known her—an impossible thought.

Her accent in Whittier was firmly enunciated, unchanging, and almost unintelligible to many of our displaced Midwesterners, and I think the greatest tribute to it is that while I still slip now and then and say "been" instead of "bin," and even "agayn" for "agen," and occasionally "tomahto" instead of "tomayto," I listened for years to her when she read Uncle Remus's tall tales and never once laughed at her peculiar interpretation of that equally strange dialect spelled out by Joel Chandler Harris. It all seemed fine to me, and I can still smile when I think of Aunt Gwen repeating Br'er Fox's insistence that "it *is* sparrer-grass." Ah, yes. "*Looks* lahk sparrer-grass, *tase* lahk sparrer-grass . . ." and off I go chuckling. Much later, when I got to live with Negroes who were supposed to talk that way, it never occurred to me that there was any connection between them and Uncle Remus, and, indeed, there could not possibly have been.

Fortunately, Aunt Gwen never forgot the jungle ways of her first days. Her mother was a medical missionary, and when Aunt Gwen was only a week old she had been slung in a hammock and trotted through the bush in a long line of aborigines carrying the woman doctor to a sick village. During the years I myself trotted alongside her, with Anne only a step or two behind, she taught us a thousand things too intangible to report, as well as how to roast kelp leaves, steam mussels, tease a rattlesnake away from a frightened saddle horse, skin an eel after sundown, stay quiet while a night-blooming cereus unfolds—things like that.

I never wondered or asked how Aunt Gwen came to the same place we did, and at the same time. Perhaps it was because her father knew a great deal about bugs and such, and had some kind of job in the laboratories of the local citrus association? Her mother was often far away, or else invisibly in the shabby cottage—a frail, beautiful woman who was said to write for newspapers Down Under and "at home," which meant England, of course. There were three younger brothers, all handsome and, like their parents and many other English people who lived in America in those days, aloof and seemingly disdainful of everyone. The two older boys soon fled the nest for marriage and other adventures, but Raymond, our favorite, stayed within our worshipping reach until he had graduated from high school and enlisted—in 1917 or so.



"Certainly I'm proud to be an Eskimo! That doesn't mean I enjoy freezing my tail off."

Not long after the Nettleships moved to the little cottage in Whittier, Aunt Gwen married. This rocked the Episcopal enclave almost as violently as it must have her own family; she seemed cut out to be the spine, the provider, the classical devoted daughter, and not the flighty victim of a quick romance. And that daughter may really have been what she was meant to be, for the marriage lasted only a few hours. Lieutenant Shaw was, according to a picture I vaguely remember, a delicate young man about half the size of his bride, a lonely Englishman who had shyly presented a letter of introduction to Mr. Nettleship—something about a common interest in fruit flies. A week or so later, there was a hasty marriage ceremony, and he and Aunt Gwen spent one night in a moderately priced hotel in Los Angeles, and then she saw him off at the station and went back to Whittier on the Electric, in time for her job at the packinghouse, where she wrapped oranges. Her husband went straight to France, where he was killed immediately. How sad that they did not make a child! It might have robbed me of much of my own full happiness, but I love Aunt Gwen enough to wish it for her.

And not long after that she moved bag and baggage, complete with her parents and her brothers, to a dilapidated house on the corner of Painter and Philadelphia. Though plainly falling apart, it was better than the wreck of a cottage the Nettleships had been living in. It was probably an old farmhouse, and there was the remnant of a fruit orchard on its big lot—peaches, no-good apples, a wonderful apricot tree. Our house came next, at the southmost edge of the "nice" Quaker area.

My mother, Edith Kennedy, was a few years older than Gwen, and more polished and experienced as a female, and, in spite of her naïve respect for anything remotely connected with the Anglo-Saxon persuasion, she dominated the strange couple they made. She had a natural but imperious daintiness, her increasing bulk notwithstanding, and she did indeed need help and comfort as she dawdled through a series of dangerous pregnancies; she was largely ignored by both my father, Rex, who disliked ailing women, and Grandmother, who found every aspect of reproduction distasteful, her own Victorian brood of nine notwithstanding. Aunt Gwen seemed to love Edith without cavil, especially after Mrs. Nettleship died and Mr. Nettleship remarried and even Raymond flew off. More and more, Mother handed over large pieces of her matronly existence to the big red-faced Englishwoman, and devoted herself to herself—and, of course, to the next child. And more and more my sister Anne and I came to recognize Aunt Gwen as the core of our lives.

Part of Mother's voluptuous acceptance of all of Aunt Gwen's devotion and energy (I am sure Edith believed unquestioningly that she was rescuing her friend from a drab existence, being nothing but kind and supremely generous to her) was based on the convenient fact that while she

"I think we share the same impossible dream—to fool all of the people all of the time, right?"

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lay waiting for parturition her husband was healthily active in correct, chaste pastures—which, indeed, he was. Rex soon began to feel, in his male way, a little like my sister and me about our large, loving goddess. With lesser people this could have turned into the classical sex game, but he seemed simply to enjoy the way she was always ready to fry a mess of fresh sea bass at the cottage we shared at Laguna, or swim out with him to Mussel Rock at dangerous low tide and help him pry off a couple of bucketfuls of the delicious mussels, or make a powerful if heavy-footed fourth at tennis. She played a passable card hand, and she laughed well. Mother never seemed to question the real enjoyment Rex showed in doing things with Aunt Gwen that she herself neither could nor would attempt, and, her real affection aside, it was partly because she could not have got along without the other woman, so quickly and fully had she and all of us come to depend on her. How fortunate this was! I really think that if Aunt Gwen had been forced to leave us when I was between four and about eleven years old, I might have pined and withered into death—and Anne, too.

After we moved to the Ranch, in the second decade of life in Whittier, my mother no longer needed Aunt Gwen and there was a gradual cooling—at least, on Edith's part. It is too painful for me to discuss with myself, but one thing I remember Edith's telling me in a gabby moment, which showed that *all the time* there had been a latent resentment of the other woman—not in the children's lives, apparently, but in Father's. Mother said that before Norah was born, when she was supposed to be dying, she discussed with Father what he should do without her, and asked him to marry Aunt Gwen, to take care of the children. There was a small vicious smile on her sweet mouth when she said that he had recoiled—yes, recoiled—from the thought. "But she's not a *woman* to me," he had protested. Mother went on about how foolish and blind even the best of men can be, but I wished she would smile differently and talk about something else.

Mother's open love for everything English did not cover the rest of the Nettleship family. She saw Mrs. Nettleship now and then in the tiny parlor of the farmhouse, and reported to Grandmother that Aunt Gwen waited on the lady hand and foot, but, as far as I know, there was no kind of friendship between my parents and Aunt Gwen's. I think Mrs. Nettleship may have upstaged Edith a little, with her obvious refinement and her fluty voice, so different from her worshipping daughter in every way. Like many displaced English ladies, she hated America and made no attempt to change her views. While she was alive, Anne and I never went upstairs in the old farmhouse, where she had her "study," and we tiptoed when she might be writing or resting.

Mrs. Nettleship's sons resembled her in their fine bones and their aloofness; unlike Aunt Gwen, they were almost pretty. They were like the father in their womanizing, and there was usually a quiet buzz going on at home about their escapades, to which Anne and I paid no attention. All three were in the Army during the war, and I can remember some shocked astonishment when Raymond brought home a German wife called Hanni indecently soon after the Armistice—strange behavior in a good American doughboy! Aunt Gwen was the only person in Whittier—or, at least, the only one we knew—who could have three blue stars and a gold one for the dead husband on the red-bordered cotton flag hanging in her window. This dubious honor was only one more proof to us of her grandeur, and Anne and I looked proudly up at it as we passed her house on the way to school.

Raymond was a nice fellow, a kindly faun. When he had finished high school, he wanted to go right away into the Army, which he managed with some chronological connivance with the draft board, and to prove his virile aptness he grew a little golden mustache. It made my heart quicken, for he had the kind of skin that turns very brown in the summer, and it was almost too beautiful to see that crinkly badge on it, even though it meant that he was no longer a boy we could punch and hug and try new riddles on.

In the summers, until he went into the Army, he earned money by collecting rattlesnake venom in the Laguna hills. He wore high boots that laced tightly up his legs, and Anne and I loved to have him show us little scars on the leather where the snakes had struck at him. He killed them by jumping on them, just three or four inches back of the head, and once he missed and all the color came off his boot where the poison had sprayed into it as the snake struck. My father was strangely angered by this story, and called Raymond "a damned cub," but Aunt Gwen laughed proudly with us.

Mr. Nettleship was rarely to be seen. My mother could not stand him—a courteous, handsome man—because he wore a short grizzled beard, which Anne and I found quite lovely. (This was our first intimation that Mother was almost unhinged by the sight of hair on a man's face.) A few times, Father and Mr. Nettleship went deep-sea fishing with a group of local heathens, but that ended when the old Englishman got very sick and lost both his upper and lower sets of teeth overboard. At Christmas, Anne and I dutifully took him a small tin of his favorite pipe tobacco, and a necktie for Raymond. But never, as far as I can remember, did any of that family but Aunt Gwen come into our house. It seems impossible to me that such a warm, good place could have stayed cold when Edith wanted it that way, but such was the case.

Perhaps a couple of years after the Nettleships moved next door, the mother vanished permanently. I knew nothing about it until I came home from school and announced that on Aunt Gwen's front door there was a lavender silk scarf of Grandmother's, tied in a big bow. Mother said that Mrs. Nettleship had died, and that we would not see Aunt Gwen for a day or two and that we should not bother her if she sometimes cried. She said that Aunt Gwen had loved Mrs. Nettleship very much. This all seemed natural, and Anne and I probably thought nothing more about it, although I do remember that Grandmother sometimes wore the lavender scarf. And soon after Mrs. Nettleship's death the widower married a tall, thin spinster named something like Hutzenpiller, or Seegmiller, the town's librarian, and was summarily dismissed by my mother as a nasty old rake.

Perhaps my sister and I were a little more loving than usual with our goddess after her bereavement, but there was no difference in her straightforward, no-nonsense stiff-upper-lip wholeness to us. She went on doing odd jobs in the community, always admitted to the best non-Quaker homes, and she sang contralto in the Episcopal choir. Malicious people might have hinted it was more a low baritone, to match her rather whiskery face as she settled into an apparent spinsterdom, and it is true that she and Uncle Peter MacLaren did a very good maletrio arrangement of "On the Road to Mandalay" about once a year on a good picnic in Laguna, because he could sing both tenor and bass to her amorphous contralto.

One time before Christmas, Aunt Gwen spent days nailing layers of old newspaper to the inside of a shed behind the Nettleship house, where tools had once been stored, and she installed a borrowed sewing machine and started a little studio, as she called it. She made really dreadful things, like cotton-flannel nightgowns. But they hung against the walls, which she had pasted with magazine covers over the newspapers, on wooden hangers covered with puckered satin ribbon, and usually they had a little bow somewhere around the neck. They looked nice to us. There were also pot holders made from scraps of bright material she had got from the ladies of St. Matthias; she sewed them together zigzag, rather like a crazy quilt, and I was allowed to stitch a bone ring on one corner of each. Anne got the more infantile privilege of picking up pins and thread. The tiny room was warm and bright and stuffy, with a wonderful smell of newsprint and burning kerosene from the stove and cheap, fuzzy flannelette and ribbon, and Aunt Gwen hummed along loudly with the sewing machine, which ran with a foot pumper, like the church organ. Mother was scoffing of the venture but saw to it that all her acquaintances helped deplete the jaunty supplies by Christmas, and, as I recall it, Aunt Gwen felt successful; although no richer, she was hardly much poorer, and it had been fun.

AS time went on, Aunt Gwen devoted herself to *us*. I assume she was "helped" with this financially, but I have never known. I do know that Anne and I spent more time every day in the wretched old farmhouse with Aunt Gwen and liked nothing better than to be asked to stay to supper, although Mr. Nettleship was not too friendly about that. It became much easier, of course, as he began to court his new love and then moved to her house on the west side of town.

I have no idea how all six of the Nettleships fitted into the house when they were together in the first year or months they lived there. I would be willing to wager that it was Aunt Gwen who slept on the living-room couch, or even on the floor. Down-

TWO POEMS

THE SOUTHSIDE

From one of your patios to have looked up
at the ancient stars,
from a bench in deep shadow to have looked up
at those scattered points of light,
which my ignorance never learned to name
or to order into constellations,
to have been aware of the circle of water
in the hidden cistern,
of the odor of jasmine and honeysuckle,
the silence of the bird asleep,
the arch of the entranceway, the damp—
these things, perhaps, are the poem.

ROSE

Rose,
the unfading rose beyond my verse—
rose that's full and fragrant,
rose of the black garden in the deep of night,
rose of any garden and any night,
rose that's born again by the art of alchemy
out of tenuous ash,
rose of the Persians and Ariosto,
rose that's always by itself,
rose that's always the rose of roses,
the young Platonic flower,
the blind and burning rose beyond my verse,
unattainable rose.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.*)

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stairs to the left, there was a tiny parlor with a silk-covered love seat in it and I think a marble fireplace—neither ever used. Next to it down a dark narrow hall with a peculiar smell that I now recognize from English novels, there was a little room where Raymond slept and studied—never entered by Anne and me—and then a primitive bathroom. And opposite the tiny parlor was a dingy living room, dark and comfortable, where Mr. Nettleship sat and read and smoked his pipe, and then an even darker kitchen, where I spent many fine hours of gluttony and general escape.

Upstairs in the narrow rickety house, the best room, the only one with light and air, looked east to the hills and south into a tall tree, perhaps a magnolia. There were probably two other little rooms, but that is the one I remember. It belonged to Mrs. Nettleship. I suppose her husband slept in one of the two beds, but there was no sign of anyone there but the tall, frail lady. There were pretty white curtains billowing gently in front of the four windows, and the wallpaper was striped with wide bands of blue and ivory, different from any we had seen. (Mother went in for very British cretonnes, and lots of sprigs of things on the wallpaper—impossible flowers and leaves.) And there was a dainty dressing table made of pale bamboo bent and fixed into lacy patterns. It was unforgettable. Aunt Gwen let us look at it now and then, and told us that it had gone everywhere in the world with her mother, from long ago in Japan. It was a symbol of regal femininity to me, and later, when I knew all the queens and princesses in and around the Wonderful Wizard of Oz, I always saw just such an elegantly fastidious piece of furniture in their most intimate closets, in the palaces made of emerald, of ruby.

In the kitchen, there was a big black stove with a trash-burner, so I suppose it used wood. Certainly it was much more interesting than the gas stove at home. In the middle of the drab room, a generous table was covered with checked oilcloth, which I still have a weakness for, and on a long shelf covered with the same bright stuff there was a beautiful set of china freckled with small pink carnations that Aunt Gwen had collected by using a canned milk that gave prizes. From such cheap china, those bowls and cups and plates still as clear to my mind's eye as any Wedgwood or Sèvres I have seen, I ate happily and whenever I could for several years. I ate things we never had at home, and a few we did, but not with the pungency and savor they had in that farmhouse kitchen.

We walked a lot when we were with Aunt Gwen. We walked everywhere, because it was the way she moved best from place to place, and always for an exciting reason. We walked in the rain and in the scorching heat, to Bailey Park, to the hills behind the college, best of all to the hills back of the town reservoir, where a motor might start coughing in the little shed and make us laugh. There was a big wooden cover over the round pool of water, and we could look through the cracks and see black glints and now and then hear a rippling sound, as if perhaps a mouse had jumped in. We would walk through eucalyptus groves and in the springtime pick wild flowers, and then settle our backs against a fallen tree and look down upon the rooftops of our town, and across soft-brown plains to the occasional glint of the ocean, many miles away. On fine days, we learned to study the horizon and find the long blue line of Catalina Island. It always pleased Aunt Gwen to agree with us that indeed it was that far place, which I finally visited when I was eleven. And we knew that if the moon and stars were right, after our walk we would have deep, rich puddles of hot cocoa for supper, with buttered toast floating deliciously in them.

Aunt Gwen was a wonder with flowers. She taught me how to put them in a "garden bunch" as if they were growing, not head against head but at different levels. She taught me how to take care of them, once they were in the house and the vase. She taught us respect for growing things, so that we never pulled up the tiny garlicky buds of the brodiea, which grew in sweeps of blue in the springtime, or broke stems with our feet unless we had to. And she knew fine names, always with a reason to them, like Indian paintbrush, which *is* dipped in color, and monkey face, which does make a monkey face, especially when it is pinched gently in the right place.

Aunt Gwen never lived with us. Often after her mother died, Anne and I stayed with her overnight, and we were together for the miserable-but-marvellous-and-merry months of May-June in 1917, when Anne and I both had thoroughgoing measles and Mother had our baby sister Norah. Although we never really lived in the Net-

THOREAU-BURGERS
GRAND OPENING
WMiller

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tleship house after that blissful accident in time, we often ate there in the dark, smelly kitchen, thank God. It seems never to have been when Raymond was home from school, or Mr. Nettleship's new wife was visiting her relatives and he needed a cook. Aunt Gwen made large meals for the men, and served them deftly, and I doubt whether she often sat down while they ate. But when the coast was clear Anne and I would set three places on the glamorous checked oilcloth, and help carry the cups and bowls and plates that Aunt Gwen would fill before she joined us. Occasionally, she said grace, as much to teach us how to behave when Grandmother's missionaries were at our table at home as from any religious effort. We always ate nicely, if with unconcealed heartiness, and talked a lot, and then did the dishes together.

BY now, I wonder a lot about the inner life of this woman, the one we never were aware of. I feel sure that she was happy for several years to have us love her so much, but it is painful to know now in my own life that she was a young, vital woman cut off firmly from things she must have longed for: a world of her own, children of her own, a good man. I sigh and stretch with sadness for her position in her own family *and then ours*—the kind, cheerful drudge, adoring her fragile princess of a mother so totally unlike her, and serving her autocratic father and spoiled, handsome brothers *and then us*, like a big ruddy Cinderella, day and night for too many years. Yes, how did it happen?

It is dangerously easy for me to think that my parents, and especially Edith, kept Aunt Gwen under their thumbs as long as they really needed her. This is not quite fair to any of them. The truth is that sometime after the war they both did everything in their power to encourage her to become a nurse, and they used all the pull they had in the hierarchy of their old friend Bishop Johnson to brush aside a few rules and permit her to enter training at Good Samaritan in Los Angeles. Aunt Gwen was too old and, thanks to her church "education" in England, she was abysmally ignorant of almost every subject on the list of the pre-curriculum. But she had proved to be a brilliant student in the Red Cross classes given in Whittier at the last of the war, and everybody in the little Episcopal colony rallied loudly enough to be heard, and she was accepted at the hospital for several years of what must have been straight hell. She had to work four times as hard as any of the slim young students who brushed past her big, thick, middle-aging body—girls who knew secrets about mathematics and chemistry she had never dreamed of, girls who went out with boys.

Gradually, there was less of her in our lives, perforce. She stayed friends with Isobel MacLaren, and formed a strong and lasting relationship with—perhaps not too oddly in that town where the circles outside of Quakerdom were so restricted—the spinster companion of the town librarian who had taken Mrs. Nettleship's place in her widower's heart, if never her daughter's. Mother disdained this new friendship as unworthy, although I am not sure of what, since the two women understood and liked each other, and even indulged in a few ladylike capers, such as starting a small flower-and-gift shop, which soon went broke, and taking little trips together, which must have made Edith Kennedy's subconscious grit its teeth in frustrated rage. I think her reasoning, if such it could be called, was that if Aunt Gwen was to know any real happiness it should be with us, not with other people, even though there was obviously no room for her in our own home. Still, when Aunt Gwen left Whittier to go to Arizona to be head of a hospital for children, and then to Honolulu, to one supported by the Shriners, and later still to Molokai, where she ran a hospital for everybody but the lepers, she and Edith corresponded once a year or so until Aunt Gwen died. They wrote letters twenty pages long to each other. I have no idea what the sick, lonely woman in California said to the big, eccentric woman on Molokai. Aunt Gwen's letters are somewhere in my boxes of family detritus, but although Edith read parts of them aloud to us with less than her usual mockery, I prefer not to dig them up. I regret now that I could not ask her why, for a time, she tried to betray the wonderful woman to me.

Aunt Gwen never married again, after the legendary night with the homesick and doomed English boy. It was rumored once that she might be making something of a fool of herself over a ruthless adventurer in Pasadena. Much later, we got more rumors from the Islands that she had adopted a Chinese boy and was again being indiscreet, this time about letting him milk her of her small means and even her dignity.

How or why could I know about such adventures? I was absorbed in my own, with a temporary skin of what has been called the callousness of youth. I hope she knew and enjoyed more than any of us gave her of real and quiet bliss. I doubt it, though. I doubt that she ever had any physical lovers, for her femaleness was powerful and perhaps frightening, except to the child in all of us. She died on Molokai, full of honors, deeply loved. Perhaps she should have become some kind of nun or saint and been done with it. I cannot know.

The best thing is to think of her as I first saw her, and then during the wonderful years after. She came out of the little cottage, so unlike our own big, ugly shingled house on a "right" street in a "right" part of town, while this was plainly "wrong," with not even a sidewalk in front of it, and she strode to our car like the Nike of Samothrace, the Winged Goddess, with her full torso thrust forward and her flimsy dress flowing back from her strong, long legs. She had big pink cheeks, dark thick hair springing back from her coarse-skinned face, and fine teeth in her smile. The die had been cast. Anne and I loved her, and from that day on there was on this one sacred subject never a shadow of envy or jealousy in either of us about how much we loved Aunt Gwen and she us.

We avoided any mention later in our lives of the bad years. Indeed, we seldom talked about her. There was no need to, and it would have seemed piddling to compare notes about our feelings, for they would have been so shaped by our different natures that we might try to argue: she wore her hair this way, not that; she smelled like a bruised poppy petal, and not lavender cologne; she made the toast first, and did not butter it when we had it with hot cocoa.

This, though, is the way I firmly believe Aunt Gwen made that dish for us, when her shabby, crowded little kitchen was ours, all the people gone, just the three of us in the light of the one hanging bulb:

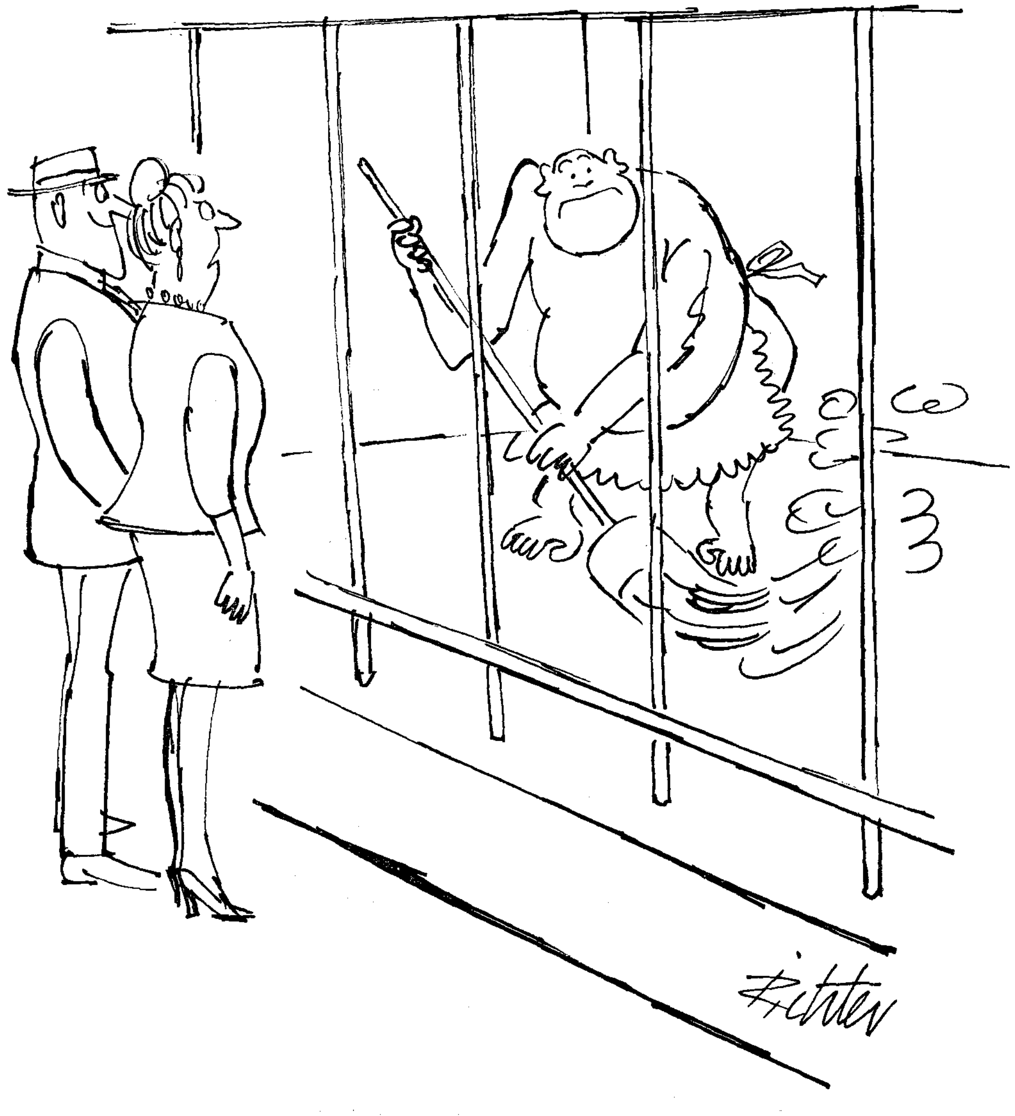
Good buttered hot toast
Rich dark cocoa

Cut the toast into one-inch squares and put into hot soup plates, about ten to a plate. Cover them carefully with hot cocoa until they are swimming. Eat with soup spoons.

For a special treat, add two or three good marshmallows to the cut-up toast and let them melt in the hot fluid.

Now that is a fine recipe, and one I have no wish to try to duplicate. I could say that the bread and the milk and the butter are mediocre today, and the marshmallows, too. I could say that there could be no kitchen like the dingy one in Whittier, and no plates like the ones Aunt Gwen had got with canned-milk labels from the Carnation Company. The truth is that there never can be—the three of us there together, so completely trusting: my little sister and me, and the mysterious goddess, sure as a great river or mighty as a ship's prow, and as beautiful, cutting through our lives.

—M. F. K. Fisher



"Well, I don't call _that_ very intelligent."

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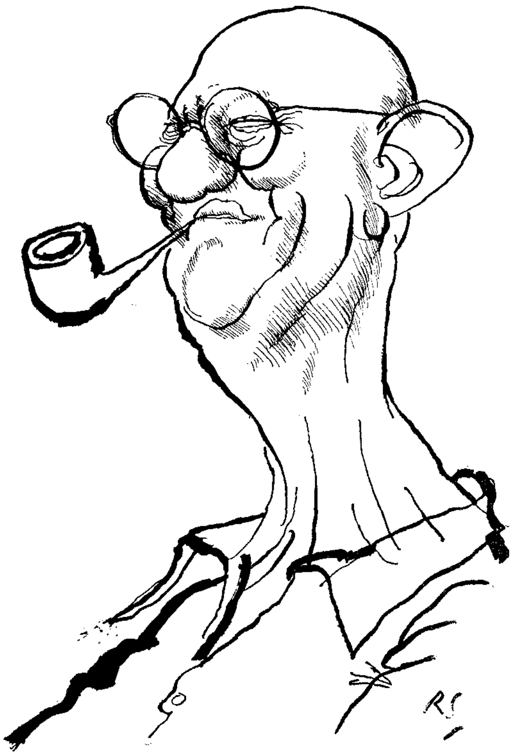
The senator said he thought Volpe acted properly in ordering the freeze and added "I condemned him for it."—*Washington Post.*

Just to be on the safe side?

PROFILES

CHAP WITH A GOOD STORY TO TELL

AT seven-thirty sharp each spring or summer morning—in fact, just about every pleasant morning the year round—a tall, broad-backed, bespectacled eighty-nine-year-old resident of the peaceful Long Island village of Remsenburg opens the front door of his rambling cottage, steps out onto the porch, and proceeds to run through a series of twelve calisthenic exercises—the famous Daily Dozen, which were introduced in the United States in 1919, and which, from that year on, he has done faithfully each day. When this task is completed, the octogenarian, his light-blue eyes and his bald head now shining perceptibly brighter, goes back inside the cottage and, since the rest of the household has yet to arise, fixes himself his regular breakfast of toast, coffeecake, and tea. He eats this at a leisurely tempo, spreading jam or marmalade or honey over the toast as he reads what he calls a "breakfast book"—either a mystery, on the order of Ngaio Marsh's "Dead Water," or something light, like Russell Maloney's "It's Still Maloney." By nine o'clock, having finished a pipeful of the shredded tobacco of a Dutch Masters cigar and taken a short walk with one or more of the family's four dogs, he moves eagerly to his study and gets down to work on the novel or short story or article he is currently writing. This busy, methodical fellow is P. (for Pelham) G. (for Grenville) Wodehouse, the English-born humorist, who, as he bears down on ninety, is still continuing to bring out at least one new book each year—a pace he has maintained since 1902, when his first novel, "The Pothunters," was published.



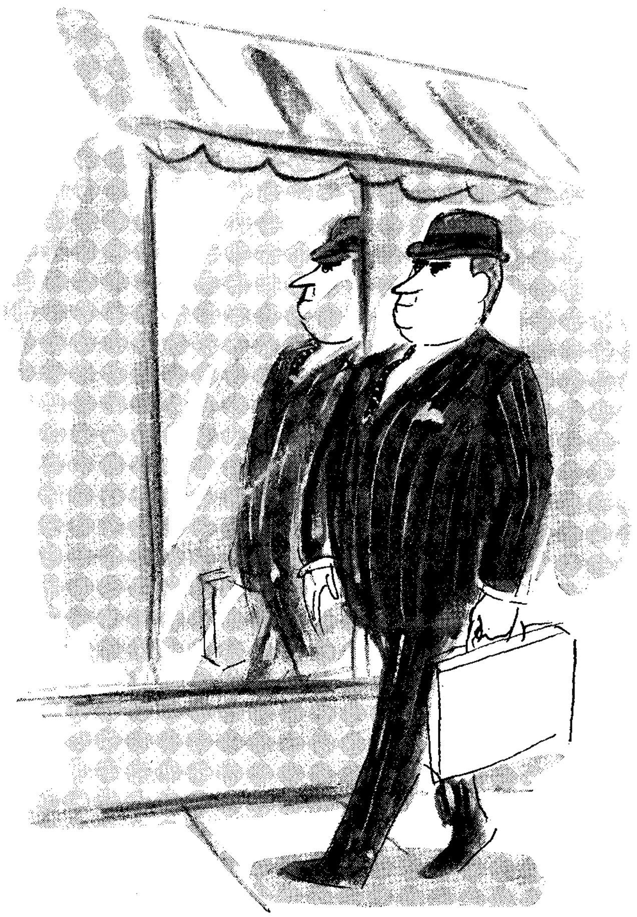
P. G. Wodehouse

One of the most prolific writers of all time, Wodehouse has now churned out seventy-odd novels, including nine about his two best-known characters, Bertie Wooster and his valet Jeeves; more than three hundred short stories, including some thirty about Wooster and Jeeves; and around five hundred sprightly essays and articles. In between, Wodehouse has found the time to work on the scenarios of half a dozen motion pictures, to write, or collaborate in the writing of, sixteen plays, and to provide the lyrics for twenty-three musical comedies. Staggering though the size of his output may be, the most impressive thing about it is its consistently high quality, and this attribute, so exceptional in the marshy field of humor, no doubt helps to explain the fervor of his large following. "Temperate admirers of his work are non-existent," James Agate, the English drama critic, said of Wodehouse. "Like O. Henry, this writer apparently divides the world into two classes—those who cannot read his books and those who can read no others." The breadth of Wodehouse's appeal is also exceptional; down through the years, his hard-core fans have ranged from Bertrand Russell to Bix Beiderbecke, the great jazz cornettist, who could quote page after page from his stories. Herbert Asquith, during the difficult weeks that followed his defeat in 1918, found solace in reading Wodehouse, and two other British Prime Ministers, Arthur Balfour and Stanley Baldwin, were also ardent Wodehousians. (Balfour was especially enchanted by Wodehouse's dedication of "The Heart of a Goof": "To my daughter Leonora, without whose never-failing sympathy and encouragement this book would have been finished in half the time.") In view of the pain it gives most writers to say a good word about other writers, perhaps the most eloquent testimonials to Wodehouse's talent are the warm compliments that have been paid him by colleagues, among them Rudyard Kipling, Agatha Christie, George Orwell, Malcolm Muggeridge, Peter Quennell, Ogden Nash, and Evelyn Waugh. Waugh, a notoriously hard man to please, happily confessed that he had grown up "in the light of his genius," and added, "I still await with an unappeasable appetite each addition to the *œuvre*." In the early nineteen-thirties, Hilaire Belloc, the poet and critic, declared in a radio talk that Wodehouse was without qualification "the best writer of English now alive." This deeply offended a number of the big guns, Hugh Walpole in particular. After sulkily protesting against Belloc's evaluation for weeks in conversations with his friends, Walpole happened to run into Wodehouse, and asked what in the world could have led Belloc to say a silly thing like that. Before Wodehouse could say a word, Walpole, answering his own question, suggested that maybe the explanation was that Belloc was getting on in years and obviously wasn't as sharp as he used to be. Wodehouse, ever the soul of courtesy, allowed that those were exactly his thoughts.

Whether or not Wodehouse deserved Belloc's tribute, he would undoubtedly receive the vote of a great many people in and around the literary world as the outstanding humorist since Mark Twain. It is also more than likely that he is the most widely read humorist since Twain. The exact figures on the sales of Wodehouse's books are not available, but people in a position to offer reliable estimates place the number between twenty and thirty million. While it is never easy to translate comic writing—and Wodehouse's heavy reliance on both English and American slang adds another dimension of difficulty—his books not only have been issued in French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Dutch, Czech, Polish, Finnish, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, Chinese, and Japanese but have done surprisingly well. Certainly few writers, comic or serious, have come close to Wodehouse's feat of maintaining an almost unbroken popularity for more than half a century. A remarkable number of the books he has had published since 1915 have remained in print, and most are now available in Great Britain in the Autograph Edition, brought out by Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., his British publisher. A couple of years ago, his American publisher, Simon & Schuster, recognizing the evergreen appeal of his earlier books, inaugurated a series called the P. G. Wodehouse Classics by reissuing "Fish Preferred" (first published in 1929), "The Code of the Woosters" (1938), and "Uncle Fred in the Springtime" (1939).

The staying power and apparent universality of Wodehouse's work are all the more confounding when one reflects that he writes about a world as special, inbred, and remote as William Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County, Thomas Hardy's Wessex, or J. R. Tolkien's Middle-Earth. A number of Wodehouse's stories are specifically set in New York or Hollywood, in the period between the two world wars, and yet wherever and whenever the action takes place his world is Edwardian England. The pace of that world is slow. The big event coming up is the performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Sorcerer" that the Choral Society will be giving in aid of the Church Organ Fund. There is occasionally a radio, but no television, and the object that the careless hand knocks off the night table is likely to be a plaster cast of the Infant Samuel at prayer. The chief denizens of this world are agreeable idle-rich young men, the scions of aristocratic families, who wear morning coats and spats, and talk about avoiding "rannygazoo" (unpleasant situations) and finding a girl who is absolutely "oojum-cum-spiff" (perfection). They make their London headquarters at the Drones Club. (Bertie Wooster is a member of the Drones, and so are Bingo Little, Pongo Twistleton, Freddie Widgeon, Gussie Fink-Nottle, and Oofy Prosser, all of whom are fairly active members of the Wodehouse stock company. Names, by the way, are important to Wodehouse, and he is very good at concocting them.) In Wodehouse's world, mothers and fathers are almost never on the scene, and instead we have a proliferation of aunts and uncles. (Bertie Wooster has two aunts, Dahlia and Agatha. Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge has an Aunt Julia. Pongo Twistleton has an Uncle Fred, who is Lord Ickenham. And so on.) When these young men are not in London, they are invariably spending long weekends at posh country houses, visiting relatives or friends. (These country houses have names like Skeldings, Tudsleigh, Barkley Towers, Totleigh Towers, and Matcham Scratchings. The poshest of them is Blandings Castle, the home of the ninth Earl of Emsworth. A nice, woolly-headed old fellow, Lord Emsworth is at or near the center of the action in twelve novels and twenty-odd short stories.) It is rare for one of Wodehouse's young men not to be deeply involved with a young lady—either he is trying to extricate himself from an entanglement with a girl he can't stand or he is trying to become permanently entangled with a girl he is mad about. (The girls he doesn't like are either too intellectual and stuffy or too flighty and "soupy," and they have names like Madeline Bassett, Hermione Bostock, and Honoria Glossop. The girls he goes for are down-to-earth, spunky, and full of fun and disrespect, and they have names like Stiffy Byng, Bobbie Wickham, and Corky Pirbright.) Among the supporting types one frequently meets in Wodehouse are ponderous butlers, dim-witted clergymen, American millionaires with inflexible wills and incurable dyspepsia, incredibly vain literary lions, assorted crooks and gold-diggers, and Hollywood producers who go around signing up young English writers named Tennyson thinking they've snagged the poet.

It is always a bright spring morning or a soft summer evening in Wodehouseland. The action, though Wodehouse's plots are extremely Byzantine, usually revolves around nothing more earthshaking than the recovery of a stolen silver cow creamer or a prize Berkshire sow. The *Sturm und Drang* of the outside, or real, world hardly ever make an indentation. In the celebrated short story called "The Clicking of Cuthbert" (1922), there are some allusions to Communist Russia (Vladimir Brusiloff, a visiting Russian novelist who turns out to be a golf fanatic, says to Cuthbert, "Let me tell you one vairy funny story about putting. It was one day I play at Nijni-Novgorod with the pro against Lenin and Trotsky, and Trotsky had a two-inch putt for the hole. But, just as he addresses the ball, someone in the crowd he tries to assassinate Lenin with a rewolwer—you know that is our great national sport, trying to assassinate Lenin with rewolwers—and the bang puts Trotsky off his stroke and he goes five yards past the hole . . . and we win the hole and match and I clean up three hundred and ninety-six thousand rubles, or fifteen shillings in your money"), and in the novel "The Code of the Woosters," written when Oswald Mossley's Fascist Blackshirts were coming to prominence in England, Roderick Spode, the "heavy," is depicted as the leader of a new political force whose adherents wear black shorts, but it is hard to think of other instances in which Wodehouse leans on current events for his laughs. In this general connection—the unrealness of Wodehouse's world—Richard Usborne, an English writer ("Clubland Heroes"), who is the ranking authority on Wodehouse, points out in his brilliant book "Wodehouse at Work" that despite the profusion of romances in the novels and short stories, only one sentence in one novel, "Jill the Reckless," offers the slightest suggestion that "a nice girl can be physically aroused." (The sentence goes, "The touch of his body against hers always gave her a



thrill, half pleasurable, half exciting," and, at that, Jill is thinking only of cab rides.) When a Wodehouse hero and heroine first gaze into each other's eyes and recognize that they are in love, they *are* likely to head for a bedroom, but it is always the bedroom of someone they both loathe, and the purpose of their expedition is to "apple-pie" (or, in American slang, to "French," or "short-sheet") that person's bed.

When you stand back and look at this never-never land, so innocent, sun-drenched, and quaint, it hardly seems the stuff that best-selling novels are made on. In Wodehouse's hands, it is. His narratives have thrust, his dialogue explodes, his characters come quickly and amusingly to life. In short, he possesses the uncommon gift of being able to tell a story that is great fun to read. The earlier writer he most closely resembles, perhaps, is Charles Dickens—the young Dickens of the "Pickwick Papers." Just as the "Pickwick Papers" is essentially a triumph of high spirits, so is the best of Wodehouse. To appreciate Wodehouse's art, one must, of course, read him at some length, but a few excerpts may serve to convey his special quality:

I turned to the Right Hon. I even went so far as to pat him on the back. It was like slapping a wet sponge.

"All is well," I said. "Jeeves is coming."

"What can he do?"

I frowned a trifle. The man's tone had been peevish, and I didn't like it.

"That," I replied with a touch of stiffness, "we cannot say until we see him in action. He may pursue one course, or he may pursue another. But on one thing you can rely with the utmost confidence—Jeeves will find a way. See, here he comes stealing through the undergrowth, his face shining with the light of pure intelligence. There are no limits to Jeeves' brain power. He virtually lives on fish."

"But, dash it, we can't stop here," said Pongo.

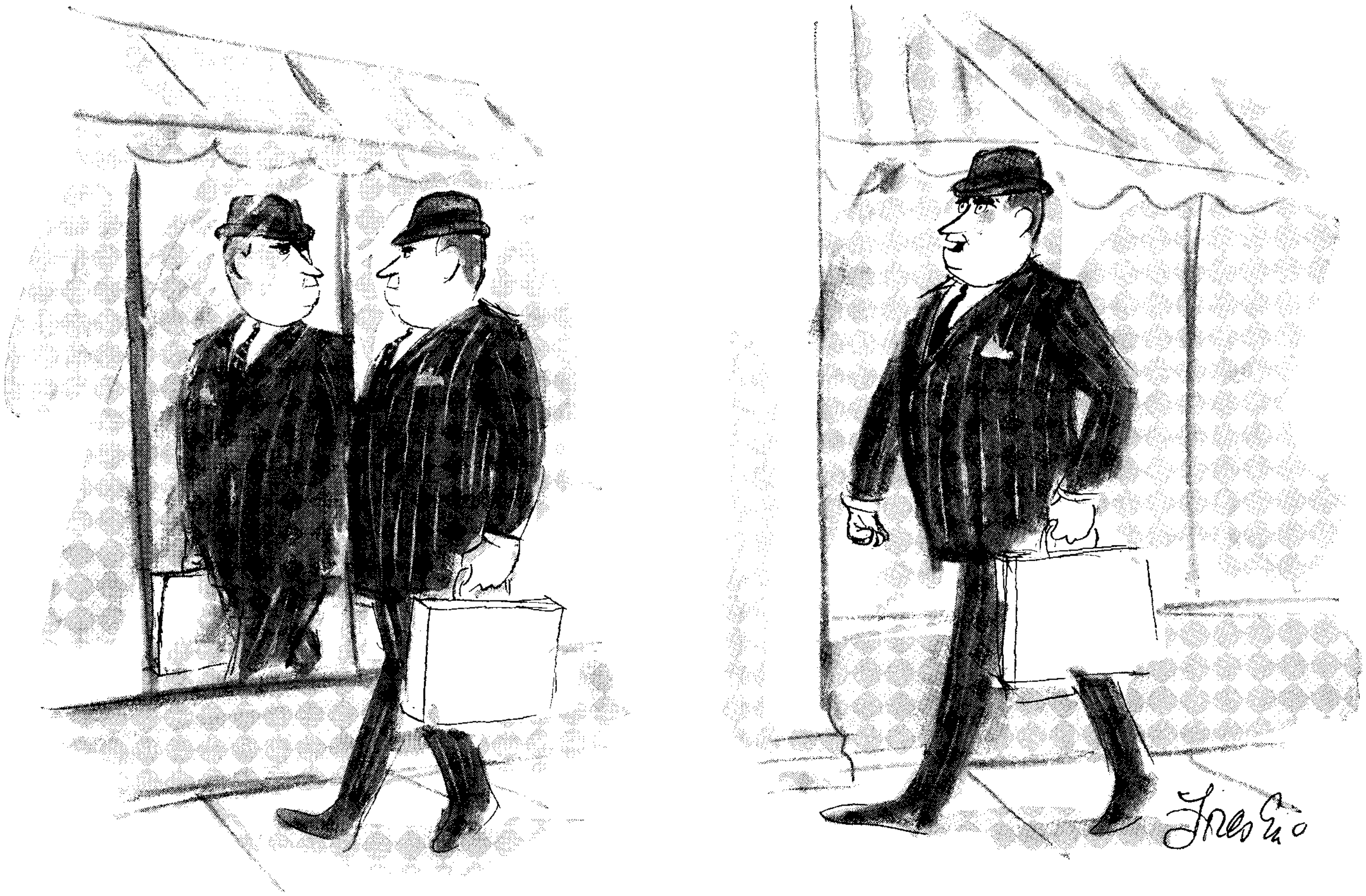
Lord Ickenham raised his eyebrows.

"Not stop here? Are you suggesting that we go out into that rain? My dear lad, you are not aware of the grave issues involved. This morning, as I was leaving home, I had a rather painful disagreement with your aunt. She said the weather was treacherous and wished me to take my woolly muffler. I replied that the weather was not treacherous and that I would be dashed if I took my woolly muffler. Eventually, by the exercise of an iron will, I had my way, and I ask you, my dear boy, to envisage what will happen if I return with a cold in my head. I shall sink to the level of a fifth-class power."

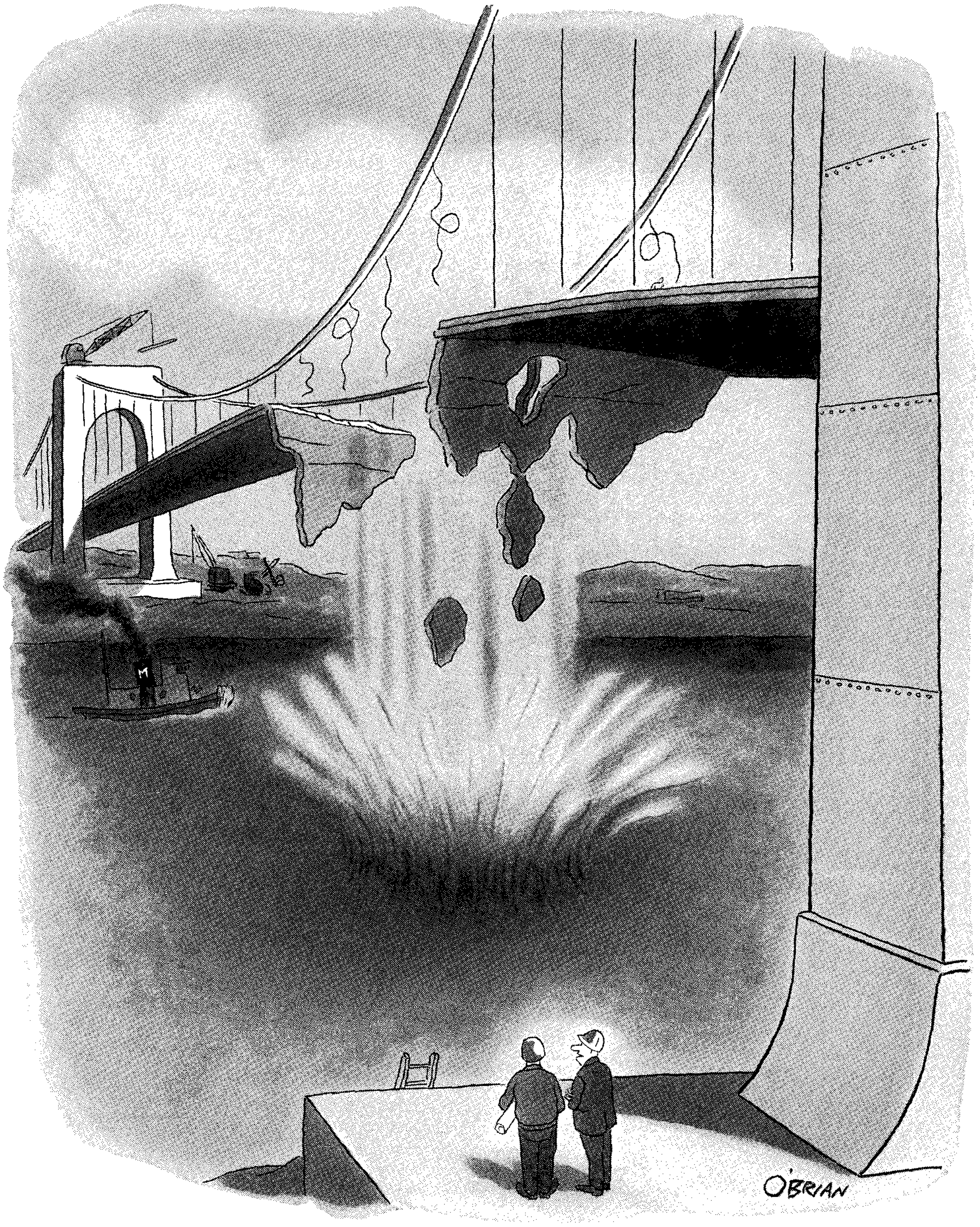
He sang as he floated along, naturally selecting his favorite melody, and he had just got as far as the line about nests of robins in the hair and was rendering it with even more than his customary *brio* when there impinged upon his ears one of the gloomier passages of "Old Man River," and he perceived coming towards him the bowed figure of the chap Weatherby. When a man singing "Trees" meets a man singing "Old Man River" something has to give. They cannot both continue to function. Lord Holbeton generously decided to be the one to yield. It gave him a slight pang not to be able to do the high, wobbly note on the "hair," but a man learns to take the rough with the smooth.

"Hullo," he said. "What ho."

Whereas Dickens' work became increasingly grim and gloomy as he grew older, Wodehouse has never written a serious book or had the least desire to do so. Unlike most humorists, he is a basically cheerful man. "Ziegfeld used to tell me that he wished he had my disposition," he recently told a friend who had commented on his sunniness. "I seem to be rather good at adjusting to things. I think that must have something to do with it." Then, too, as Wodehouse is well aware, life has been kind to him in many important ways. He has enjoyed almost uninterrupted good health. He has had an exceedingly happy marriage, to the former Ethel Newton Rowley, a crisp and energetic woman four years his junior, whom he met in the summer of 1914 and proposed to within a week. He has had a wonderful friend for over fifty years in Guy Bolton, the playwright, with whom he has worked on some twenty musical shows, Bolton writing the book and Wodehouse the lyrics. (Bolton,



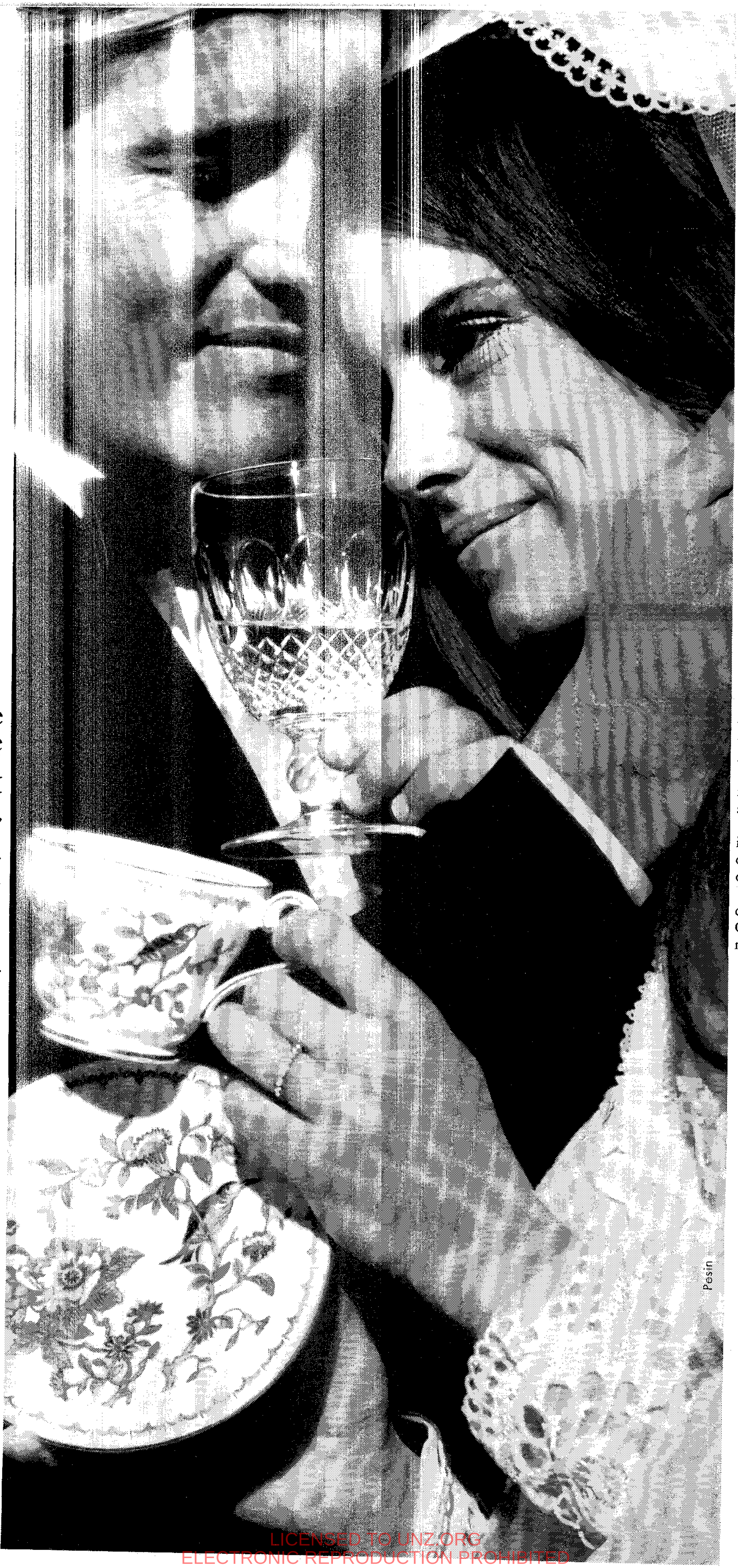
"*Wow!*"



"Well, so much for the new math."

who is eighty-six, also lives in Remsenburg, and every day except when the weather is absolutely foul he picks Wodehouse up after lunch and they go for an hour's walk.) To top things off, Wodehouse has made a good bit of money, starting relatively early in his career, and this has enabled him to live in nice houses in pleasant places and to do pretty much what he has wanted to. However, no one seems to get through life unscathed, and Wodehouse hasn't. Indeed, during the Second World War he underwent one of the cruellest experiences that can befall a man: he was unjustly charged with being a traitor to his country. And his case demonstrates that people tend to remember a person's being accused of something dreadful much more vividly than they remember his eventually receiving a clean bill of health.

THE whole tragic, complicated business began in the spring of 1940, when the German Army overran Belgium and northern France. Wodehouse was then living in the French resort town of Le Touquet, on the English Channel, with his wife and their usual houseful of dogs and cats. As an enemy alien, he was taken prisoner by the Germans, but for a couple of months this meant merely that he was confined to his house except on Saturday mornings, when he was required to report in person to the German *Kommandant* at Paris Plage, a few miles away. In midsummer, there was a change. Wodehouse and some fifty other male enemy aliens in that area were rounded up and, after varying periods in Loos Prison, Liège Barracks, and the Citadel of Huy, all in Belgium, were taken to Tost, in Upper Silesia. (Mrs. Wodehouse, meanwhile, had gone to Paris, hoping her husband would soon be released.) At Huy, there had been one stretch when the prisoners were so starved that they ate paper and matches, but at Tost, which was an internment camp and not a concentration camp, conditions were all right. Wodehouse soon resumed his old practice of starting off the morning with his Daily Dozen and then spending the bulk of the day writing. By the late winter of 1941, he had completed one novel, "Money in the Bank"—about an eccentric peer who puts all his money into diamonds and then mislays the lot—and had embarked on a second, a Blandings Castle story called "Full Moon," which he expected to have wrapped up by October. In that month, he would become sixty, the age at which enemy aliens were supposed to be released. During this period, Wodehouse's friends had been busy on his behalf. A number of people in the United States, galvanized by Guy Bolton and his wife, Virginia, had got up an im-



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"Wait, Wexler, you must pull yourself together. We can't let the staff know we've been crying."

pressive petition and presented it to the German chargé d'affaires in Washington. The petition noted that Wodehouse had never been engaged in political or ideological activities, and it emphasized the fact that in a matter of months he would be sixty years old. It had some effect: Wodehouse was released from Tost in June, 1941. He was told that he could take up residence in Berlin—where he would, of course, still be under house arrest—and he found space at the Adlon Hotel.

Wodehouse then made a terrible blunder. While he was at Tost, several correspondents from the American radio networks had asked him if he wanted to go on the air for them. He had not committed himself then, but at the Adlon, when he was again approached—this time by Harry Flannery, of the Columbia Broadcasting System—he was delighted to accept; he had received hundreds of solicitous letters at Tost and had not been able to answer them, and, as he saw it, there could hardly be a better way to assure his friends and fans of his well-being than by talking on the radio. Between June 26th and July 2nd of 1941, Wodehouse made five broadcasts, which, he thought, were intended solely to be sent by shortwave to the United States. He talked about Loos, Liège, Huy, and Tost, and he tried, in his usual way, to make light of his experiences—remarking, for instance, "There is a good deal to be said for internment. It keeps you out of the saloon and helps you to keep up with your reading." Only a person as politically naïve and as fundamentally unworldly as Wodehouse would have failed to realize that the Nazi propaganda organization would record these talks, beam them to Britain, and generally exploit them for all they were worth. Wodehouse also failed to realize that in June, 1941, Britain was fighting for its life, and that in those tense, desperate days anyone who broadcast on the German radio was considered *ipso facto* a collaborator—another Lord Haw-Haw. And certainly this was not the moment the British public wanted to hear Wodehouse or anyone else telling the world about how he had suffered no ill treatment at the hands of the Germans, or elaborating on a humanitarian credo ("Just as I am about to feel belligerent about some country, I meet a decent sort of chap. We go out together and lose any fighting thoughts or feelings"). After Alfred Duff Cooper, the Minister of Information, had given the cue, Wodehouse was flayed in the British press and on the radio as a traitor of the worst kind. It was falsely reported that he had made a deal with the Nazis to do the broadcasts in return for being released from the internment camp. As the outcry against him mounted, libraries threw out his books, and clubs and associations he had belonged to struck his name from their lists. Not until some three years later—in 1944, when the entire course of the war had changed and the Allies were well on their way to winning—did certain members of the British intelligentsia come to realize that the nation had panicked badly in its handling of the affair and had done Wodehouse a gross injustice. One of the first people to take Wodehouse's side was Muggeridge, who saw him in Paris (where Wodehouse had been allowed to go in 1943 and join his wife) at the time of the Liberation. In July of 1945, the first major article about the Wodehouse affair, Orwell's "In Defense of P. G. Wodehouse," appeared in *Windmill* magazine. Between these two dates, in December, 1944, *the* significant event had taken place. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Minister, was questioned in the House of Commons about whether the government intended to return Wodehouse to England and bring him to trial for high treason, and in his reply he exonerated Wodehouse completely. The matter had been thoroughly gone into, Eden said, and there was "no question of a trial, and no question of a charge."

Since the war, Wodehouse has never gone back to England. When he left Paris in 1947, he came to the United States, and he lived in New York City until the mid-nineteen-fifties, when he moved out to Remsenburg. In 1956, he became an American citizen. Some of Wodehouse's friends believe that the reason he hasn't chosen to return to England, even for a short visit, has been a lingering bitterness not just over the unfair way he was treated but over even being considered the kind of man who would defect to the enemy—an attitude best summed up, perhaps, in a remark he made to his American lit-

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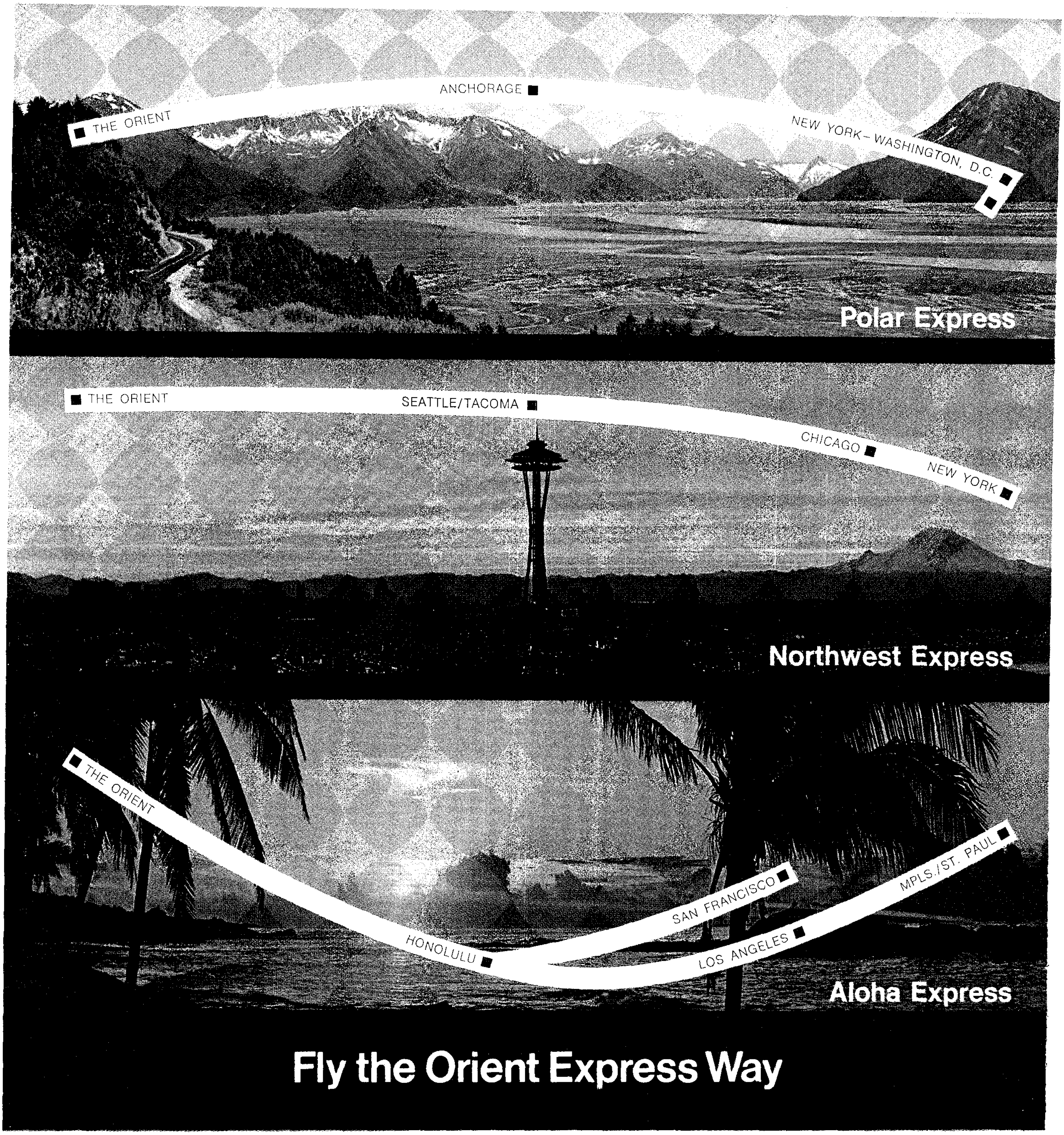
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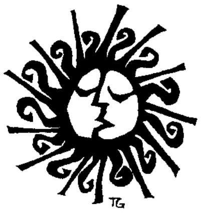
erary agent, Scott Meredith: "I may be a fool, but I am not a renegade." However, in 1961, on the eve of his eightieth birthday, Wodehouse's colleagues in Britain took the occasion to pay him, in the words of Evelyn Waugh, "homage and reparation," and this was a source of deep gratification to him. Then, in 1965, the British Broadcasting Corporation, which had paid him a wonderful eightieth-birthday tribute on the air, presented a television series about the adventures of Bertie Wooster and Jeeves. This proved to be so popular that two other series, one built around Lord Emsworth and the other around Ukridge, were also produced. Though Wodehouse has not actually put it in words, the people closest to him feel that they have detected a definite change of heart in him recently, and they now believe that he would like nothing better than to visit England again. "Today, what with these 747s, transatlantic travel is no trouble at all," Bolton observed the other day. "I must be sure to mention that to Wodehouse on one of our walks. I'd love to see him go back for his ninetieth birthday."



Wodehouse was born in Guildford, Surrey, on October 15, 1881, the third of four sons of Henry Ernest Wodehouse, a Hong Kong magistrate, and Eleanor Deane Wodehouse, daughter of a clergyman from the Bath area. Mrs. Wodehouse believed in giving her children imposing names. The eldest she called Philip Peveril John—Peveril because he was the first white child born on the Peak in Hong Kong and this brought to her mind Sir Walter Scott's "Peveril of the Peak." The second she called Ernest Armine, Armine being a family name that the Wodehouses had used for centuries. ("Wodehouse," by the way, is pronounced as if it were spelled "Woodhouse." This orthographic peculiarity is a source of family pride, for it denotes membership in the Norfolk branch of the family—the branch headed by the Earl of Kimberley. *Burke's Peerage* notes, "The name of Wodehouse first occurs in Norfolk in 1402 when John Wodehouse was made Constable of Castle Rising.") Mrs. Wodehouse named her third son Pelham Grenville after his godfather, Colonel Pelham Grenville Von Donop, who was a prominent member of the English colony in Hong Kong. Her fourth son she named Richard Lancelot Deane. From the start, Pelham was called Plum by the family. "If you say Pelham quickly, it comes out sounding something like Plum," he explains. "I rather liked it, particularly after I learned, during my boyhood, that a famous Middlesex cricketer, Pelham Warner, was called Plum. He captained England a number of times."

The Wodehouse boys, like the children of many British civil servants and military men scattered around the globe, had a minimum of home life. Pelham, for example, after spending his infancy in Hong Kong, returned to England with the family in 1885, when his father's leave came round, as it did every fourth year. The following year, when his parents went back to the Far East, Pelham was deposited with a family in Croydon that also looked after his older brothers. At eight, he was sent to a boarding school on the island of Guernsey, and after two years there he was transferred to a boarding school in Dover. In the summer of 1894, he entered Dulwich College—what the English call a public school and we call a prep school—and he stayed there for six years, until he was approaching nineteen. If his parents happened to be in England, he spent his school holidays with them. Otherwise, he was passed around among his relatives. "I suppose I had the same kind of boyhood Kipling had," he remarked recently. "The difference was that he hated his but I found mine very pleasant." One of the main reasons was that, by and large, Wodehouse enjoyed his time away from school very much. He especially liked his visits to Ham Hill, near Worcester, the estate of his paternal grandmother; a Birmingham heiress, she had married Colonel Philip Wodehouse, a veteran of the battle of Waterloo. Young Pelham also found two of his maternal aunts exceedingly agreeable—Aunt Julie, who lived in Bath and had three beautiful daughters, and Aunt Emmaline (or Nim), a portrait painter and an amusing talker, who had a house on Cheyne Walk, in Chelsea. Aunt Emmaline was a spinster, and so were three other sisters—Aunt Mary, Aunt Louisa (or Loulie), and Aunt Anne, who lived together in Cheney Court, an elegant country house in Box, near Bath. On his father's side of the family, too, there were lots of relatives to visit: Aunt Lydia, a spinster who had a little flat in London; Aunt Edith and Uncle Gussie, who lived in Dover; Aunt Constance and Uncle Philip, who was the rector of Bratton Fleming, in Devonshire; Aunt Alice and Uncle Fred,

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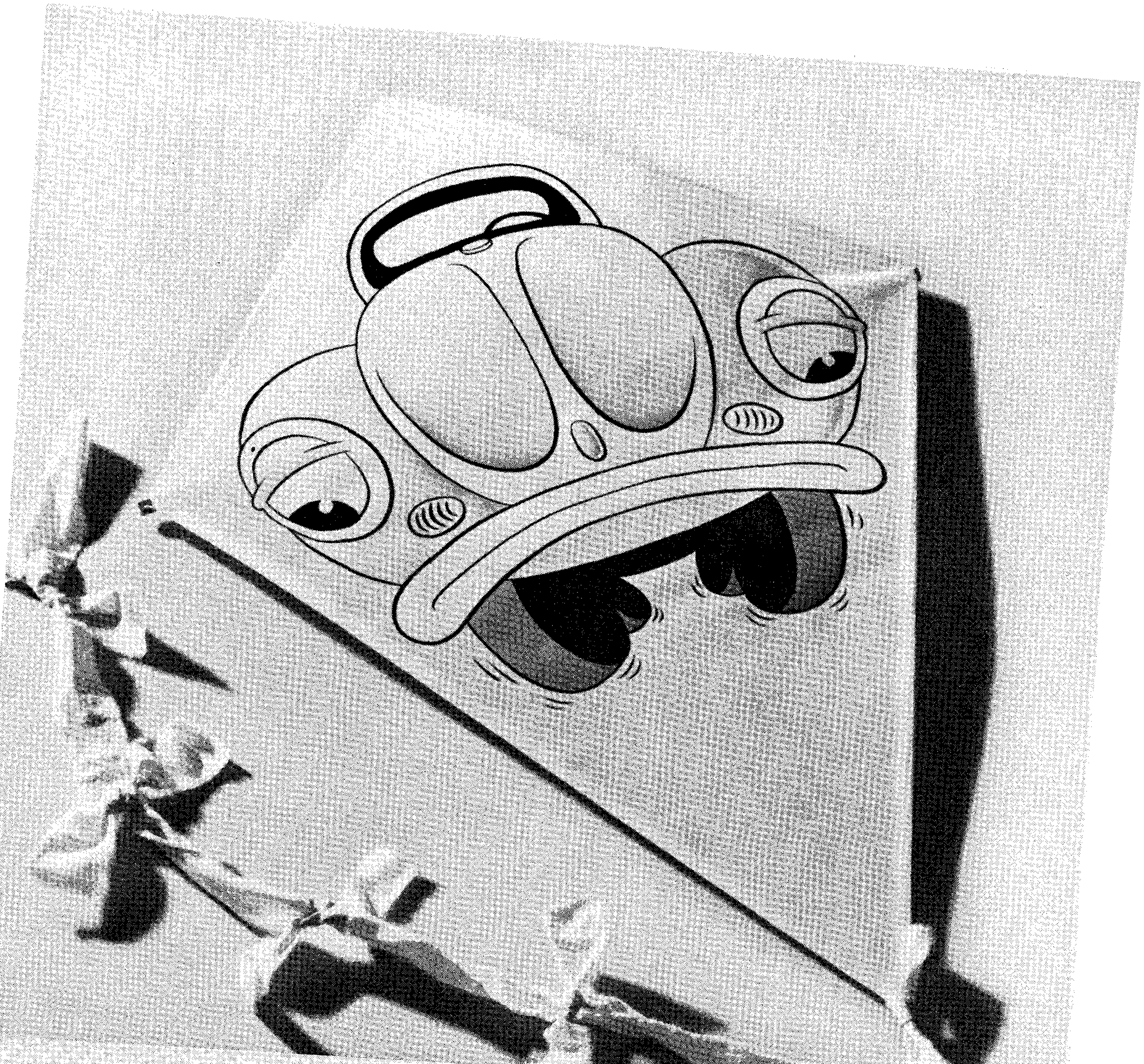

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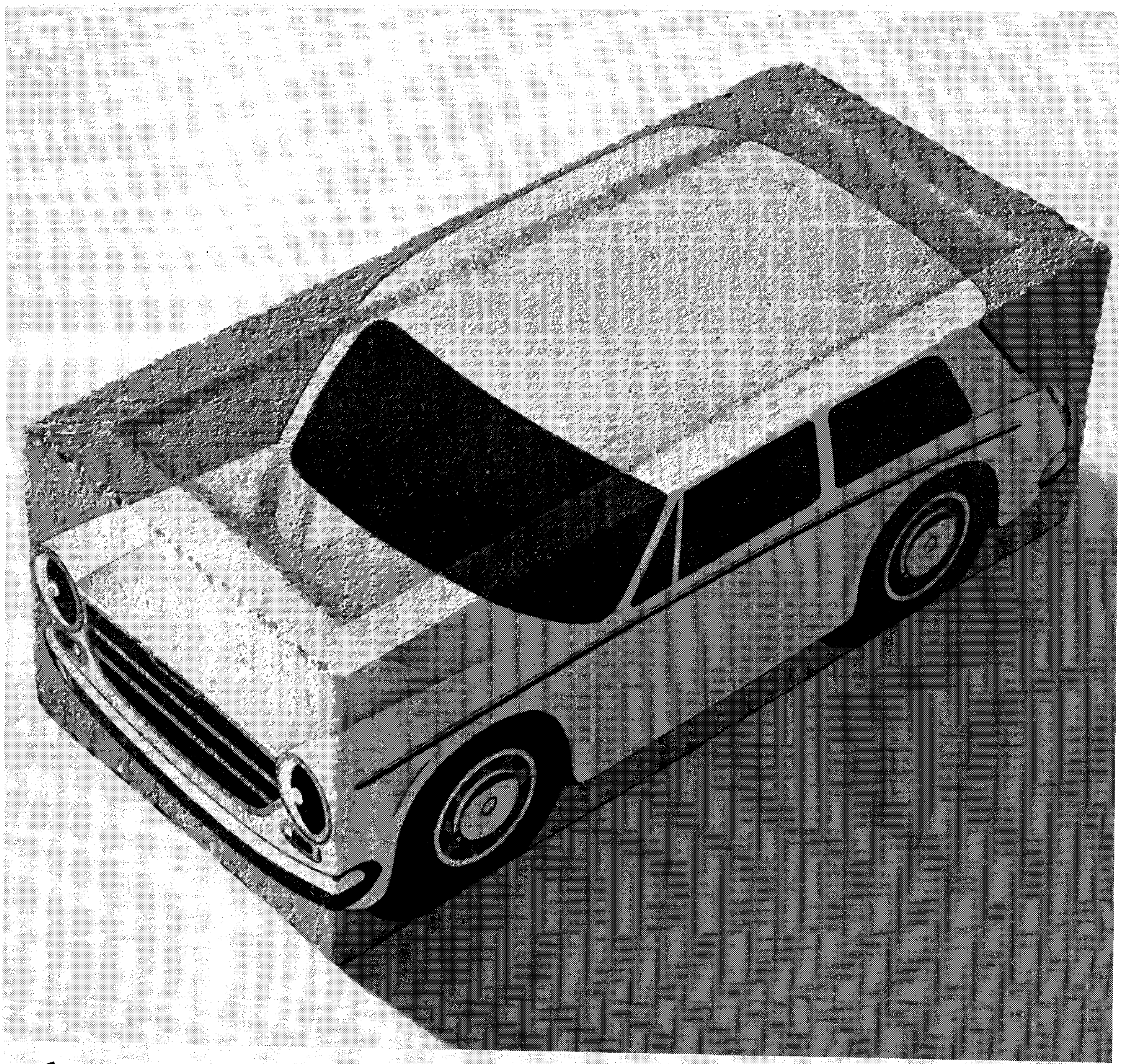

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who was the rector of Gotham, in Derbyshire; Aunt Jane and Uncle William; and Aunt Amy and Uncle Albert. Is it any wonder there is such a high incidence of aunts and uncles in Wodehouse's stories? It was also during this period of his life that Wodehouse became acquainted with the backstairs personnel who were to figure so prominently in his stories. His aunts and uncles used to take him along with them when they paid their calls at the local great houses, and he later wrote, "Even at the age of ten, I was a social bust, contributing little or nothing to the feast of reason and flow of soul. The thing generally ended in my hostess smiling one of those painful smiles and suggesting it would be nice for your little nephew to go and have tea in the Servants' Hall. And she was right. I loved it. My mind today is fragrant with memories of kindly footmen and vivacious parlormaids. In their society, I forgot to be shy and kidded back and forth with the best of them. And then . . . in would come the butler. . . . 'The young gentleman is wanted,' he would say morosely, and the young gentleman would shamble out . . ."

The chief reason Wodehouse's boyhood was a happy one, however, was Dulwich College. As the third son, he had been slated for the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth and a career in the Navy, but Armine was at Dulwich, and when Pelham went to visit his brother at school he fell in love with the place, and persuaded his father to let him go there. Dulwich, which is five miles south of London, was founded in 1619 by Edward Alleyn, who had been a leading actor in the Elizabethan theatre and then, under King James I, a master of the king's games. Though it never became as large, as socially important, or as influential as Eton, Harrow, or Winchester, Dulwich from the outset was regarded as a fine school. It is certainly a handsome one. Its principal buildings, North Italian Renaissance in style, are the work of Charles Barry, the nineteenth-century architect who designed the Houses of Parliament, and they stand in a wide expanse of beautiful green parkland. Few schools have playing fields to compare with Dulwich's, and, partly for this reason, its Rugby and cricket teams have been outstanding down through the years. In addition to a great many first-class athletes, Dulwich has produced a sizable number of graduates who gained fame in other pursuits—Ernest Shackleton, C. S. Forester, A. E. W. Mason, Leslie Howard, Hartley Shawcross, and Raymond Chandler, to name a few. (Chandler, an American, was brought up by an Irish uncle, who sent him to Dulwich because it was relatively inexpensive.) In Wodehouse's time, there were six hundred boys at the school, most of them day students, so winning a place on an athletic team or excelling in any other way took some doing. Wodehouse did extremely well along a broad front. He edited the school magazine, the *Alleynian*. His last two years, he was on both the Rugby team and the cricket team. Being a good-sized young man—he stood a little over six feet and weighed about a hundred and eighty—he was a forward, or lineman, in Rugby. In cricket, he was a fast bowler, and had his best day when he took seven wickets for forty runs against Tonbridge. He also did impressively well in his studies, and, as befitted a young man who actually enjoyed both Latin and Greek composition, he was one of four Senior Scholars in his class. (Two others were William Phelps, who became the Assistant Assayer of the Royal Mint, and J. T. Sheppard, who attained considerable celebrity both as a classical scholar and as the flamboyant Provost of King's College, Cambridge.) Wodehouse's brother Armine had gone on from Dulwich to Oxford, and Wodehouse planned to follow. He never got there. His father, who had to retire early because of poor health, simply didn't have the money to send him. "His pension, for some reason or other, was pegged to the Indian rupee," Wodehouse explains. "The rupee was forever fluctuating, and in 1900 it went *phut*. That was all there was to it. I had to go out and get a job." It is hard to tell whether or not Wodehouse's affection for his public school would have been quite as strong had he gone on to the university, but in any case Dulwich has remained extraordinarily close to his heart. When he was a mooringless young writer in London, he went back nearly every weekend to play or to watch sports and to visit old friends. Long after he had become successful—in fact, right up to the Second World War—he continued to occasionally write up the school cricket and Rugby matches for the *Alleynian*.

Wodehouse had no trouble finding a job in London. Through his father's connections, he became a member of what we would today call the training

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squad at the Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank, on Lombard Street. "The idea was that a chap would put in two years or so learning the various aspects of the business," Wodehouse recalls. "Then he received his orders and went out as an undermanager to Surabaja or someplace like that." Thanks to his ability to adjust to most situations, Wodehouse got to like the world of banking fairly well, but the prospect of spending his life in the Far East appalled him. The obvious solution was to find some other means of supporting himself, and to this end he turned to writing, which he had always liked. He wrote at night and on weekends. (Only one member of his family, his Aunt Mary—the aunt he liked least, and who was to serve as the model for Bertie Wooster's bossy, beaky Aunt Agatha—had done any professional writing. Not that anyone confused her with Jane Austen, but she was a novelist.) From the start, Wodehouse fared quite well. He sold light verse to the *Daily Chronicle*, and he sold short stories and humorous articles to minor periodicals like *Today*, *Answers*, *Tit Bits*, and the *Universal & Ludgate Magazine*. The usual payment was ten shillings for a poem and a pound or so for a story or an article. The break he needed in order to resign his bank job came in 1901, when William Beach-Thomas, a young master at Dulwich who had given up teaching for journalism, arranged for Wodehouse to be his backup man on the *Globe*, a London evening newspaper. Beach-Thomas's job was that of assistant to Harold Begbie, an author of tearjerking novels who edited a daily front-page column called "By the Way"—a potpourri of witty remarks, light verse, and sparkling comments on the news, which were supplied in part by the conductors of the column and in part by its readers. A year or two later, when Beach-Thomas took off for greener fields (he was to become a famous war correspondent during the First World War and was knighted), Wodehouse succeeded him as Begbie's assistant. In this job, he was paid three pounds a week, which was an excellent income for a young man in London at that time. For example, Wodehouse's bed-sitting room on Walpole Street, in Chelsea, cost him only twenty-one shillings a week, breakfast and dinner included.

In 1902, Wodehouse's first book, "The Pothunters," was published. This was a story for boys, about public-school life, which had previously been serialized in the *Public School Magazine*. Around this time, too, he broke into the big time: he sold a set of verses

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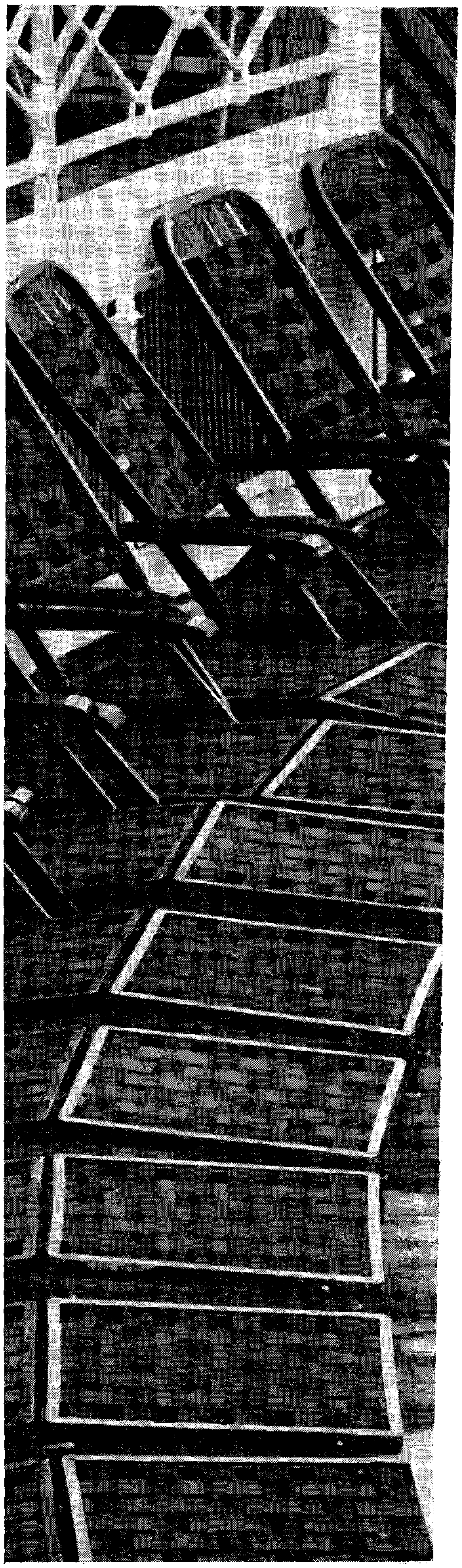
to *Punch*, and he sold a short story about an Oxford-Cambridge Rugby match to the *Strand*. (The editors of the *Strand* then decided that no one was interested in Rugby, and changed it into a story about an Oxford-Cambridge soccer match.) In 1904, when Begbie left the *Globe*, Wodehouse took over as the editor of "By the Way," at a salary of five pounds a week. He felt rich enough then to treat himself to a vacation trip to the United States. He spent almost the whole of his visit in New York City, but made one foray into Westchester to interview Kid McCoy, who was training in White Plains for the bout with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien for the world welterweight championship. "After that trip to New York, I was someone who counted," Wodehouse wrote many years later. "The manner of editors changed towards me. Where before it had been 'Throw this man out,' they now said 'Come in, my dear fellow, come in and tell us all about America.' When some intricate aspect of American politics had to be explained to the British public, it was 'Ask Wodehouse. Wodehouse will know.' My income rose like a rocketing pheasant. I made £505.1.7 in 1906 and £527.17.1 in 1907 and was living, I suppose, on about £203.4.9. In fact, if, on November 17, 1907, I had not bought a secondhand Darracq car for £450 (and smashed it up in the first week) I should soon have been one of those economic royalists who get themselves so disliked. This unfortunate venture brought my capital back to where it had started, and a long and dusty road had to be travelled before my finances were in a state sufficiently sound to justify another visit to the land of my dreams."

Wodehouse made that second visit to the States in 1909. Between the two trips, he continued to run "By the Way," but this took up only his mornings, so he had ample time to pursue various free-lance projects. Among the new jobs he took on, the one that interested him most was that of resident encore lyricist at the Aldwych Theatre. (Later, he held the same post at the Gaiety as well.) What it meant was this: After a musical comedy had settled down for a long run, if it happened to contain a hit song, or songs, featuring catchy patter lyrics in the style of W. S. Gilbert, there would inevitably come a time when the encore lyricist would have to provide fresh sets of lyrics, so that the stars could continue to titillate the audience when they were called back for encore chorus after encore chorus. Occasionally, Wodehouse was given a chance to write the lyrics for whole songs in Aldwych and Gaiety musicals. His big opportunity came in "The Beauty of Bath," the first London show for which Jerome Kern wrote the score. The show-stopper was a song called "Mr. Chamberlain," in which Wodehouse demonstrated unusual dexterity in devising lyrics that detailed with just the right humorous twist the main points of Joseph Chamberlain's protective tariff policy. He also continued to pound out novels about public-school life, at the rate of one a year. Only one of these is worth mentioning—"Mike," which was first published in 1909 and most recently republished in two volumes, "Mike at Wrykyn" (1968) and "Mike and Psmith" (1969), by Hawthorn Books, an American company. George Orwell called "Mike" one of the best "light" school stories in the English language, and countless Old Boys have shared this opinion, but it is an important book on another ground as well, for it marked the occasion in Wodehouse's career when he was able to shift into high gear and reveal himself as a writer of exceptional comic powers. He achieved this by creating his first major character, Psmith. A reedy, monocled, wealthy young man of eighteen, Psmith is a non-stop talker, but he is well worth listening to, because he has a vivid way of expressing himself and, furthermore, seems to know the ways of the world better than most men three times his age. He is a poor student, though, and when we meet him in "Mike" his father has just yanked him out of Eton and sent him to Sedleigh, an unglamorous, rather ordinary school that has a reputation for making good students out of balky material. At Sedleigh, he becomes close friends with Mike Jackson, a transfer from Wrykyn, a fictional public school that is the setting for a number of Wodehouse's early stories. Mike is a prodigy at cricket, and *his* father has sent him to Sedleigh, where there is little emphasis on that game, in the hope that he will be able to get down to his studies there. The second half of "Mike" describes how Mike arranges a cricket match with Wrykyn, which Sedleigh wins, largely because of his own sensational performance, and this is a significant victory: it means that in the years ahead Sedleigh will be able to schedule cricket matches with much better schools than in the past. In a followup novel, "Psmith in



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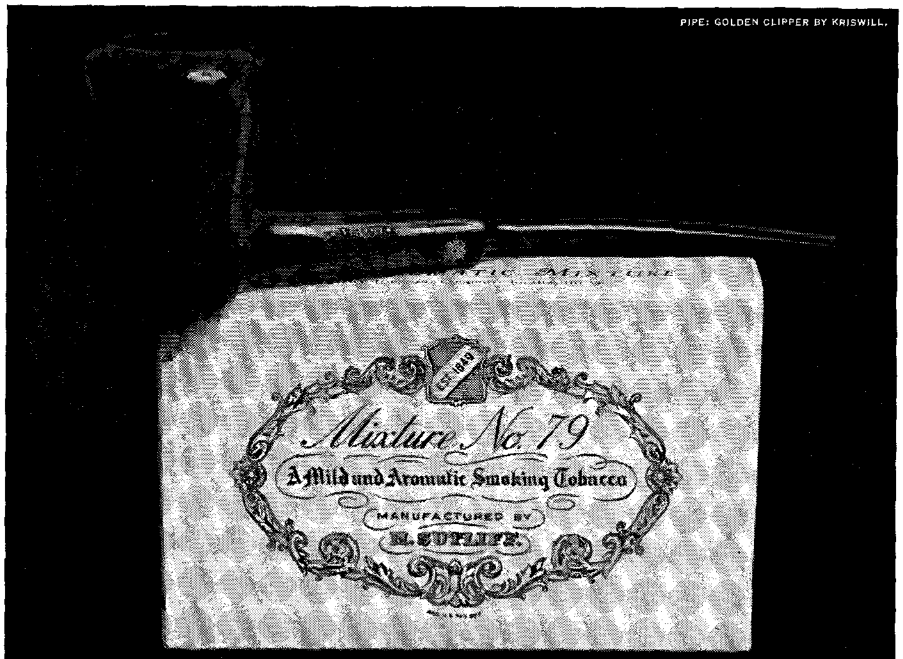

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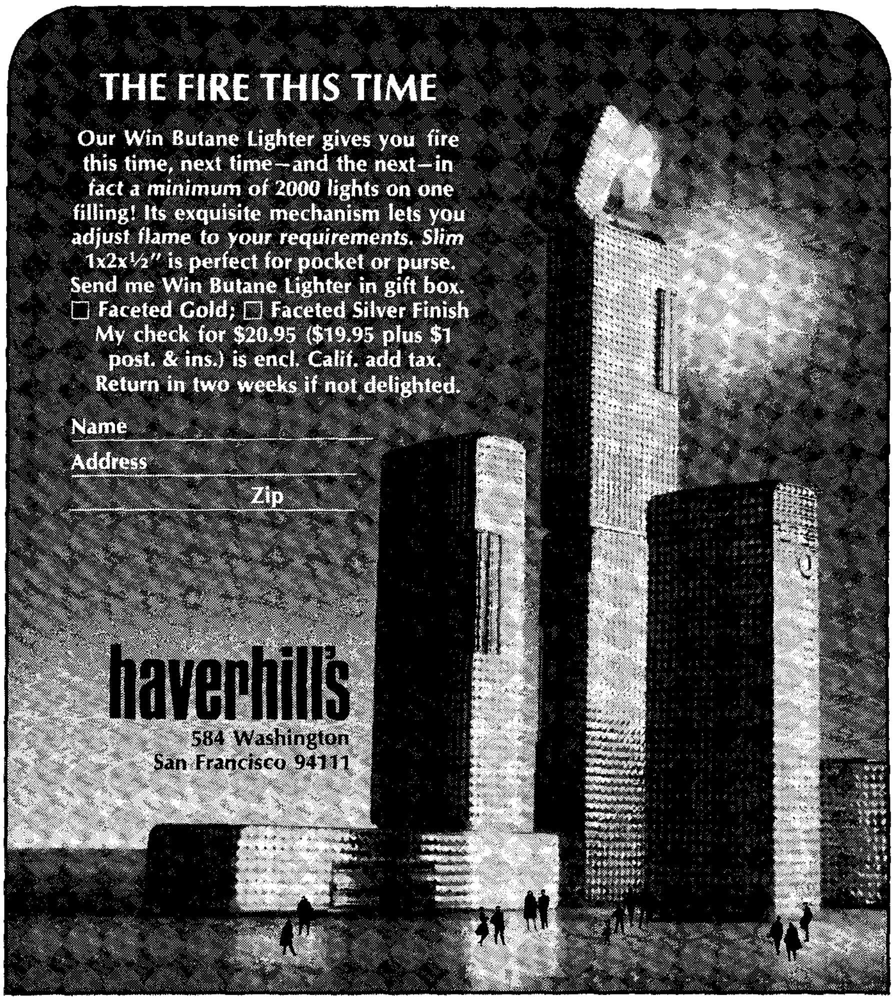
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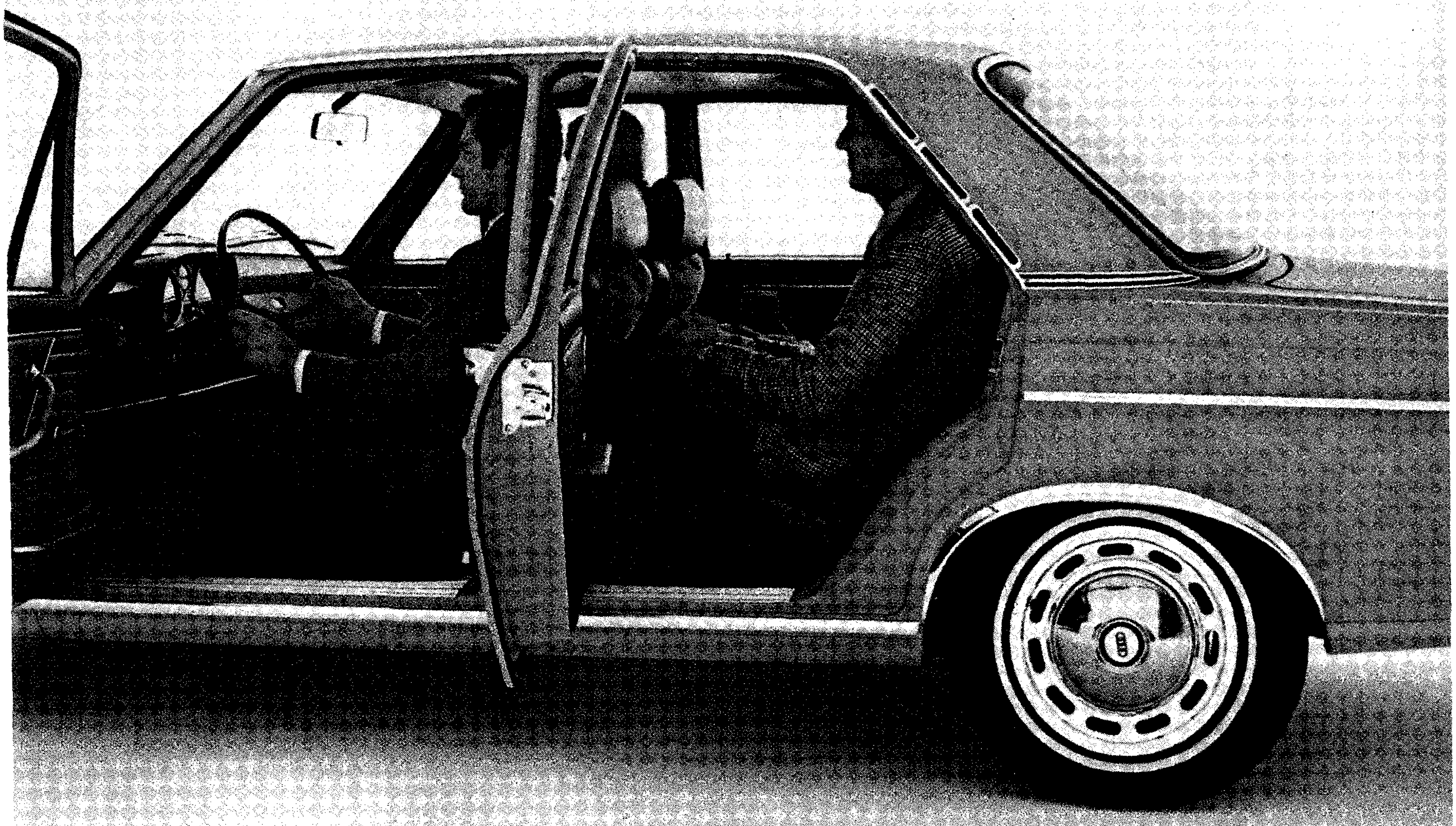
the City," published in 1910, Psmith and Mike are reunited in London. Unlike most novelists, Wodehouse rarely makes use of autobiographical material, but he does so in "Psmith in the City." We learn at the start of the story that Mike's father has suffered severe financial reverses, and Mike, instead of entering Cambridge, must go to work in a bank in London—the New Asiatic Bank, as a matter of fact. He hates every moment of it, but life becomes a good deal more palatable when Psmith, of all people, joins the staff. The climax of the story arrives when Mike receives an urgent phone call one morning from his older brother Joe, the captain of their county cricket team, asking him if he can come up to Lord's immediately and fill in in a big match against Middlesex. It seems there has been an auto accident and the team is short a man. Mike is well aware that he will lose his job at the bank if he takes time off to play in the match, but he decides to do so anyway. He is in top form, and scores a dazzling century. Everything turns out happily in the end. Psmith, a talented operator, fixes things so that his own father, who is mad about cricket, will pay Mike's way through Cambridge, after which Mike will become the estate manager of the senior Psmith's country place. Fair enough.

Psmith made two return appearances—in "Psmith Journalist," published in 1915, and "Leave It to Psmith," published in 1923. The surprising thing is that there weren't more Psmith books, for Wodehouse was very fond of Psmith and enjoyed writing about him. "I think the reason Psmith came off so well was that he was based on a real person," he said not long ago. "He was modelled on a boy named Rupert D'Oyly Carte—the son of the Gilbert and Sullivan man—who was at Winchester with a cousin of mine, Jim Deane. Jim was fascinated by him and loved telling us about him. I never did get to meet young D'Oyly Carte. Of course, that could be the best way to get a chap—to hear all about him but not to know him personally. Then you're likely to be too close." Be that as it may, Psmith emerged as the first in the long line of extraordinary talkers one encounters in Wodehouse. Straight talk bores Psmith. He rarely refers to tea as tea; it is "a cup of the steaming." For Psmith, people never end up in the soup; no, they land "with a splash in the very center of the Oxo." And so on. According to Usborne, the Wodehouse scholar, the fondness that Psmith and other Wodehouse characters show for



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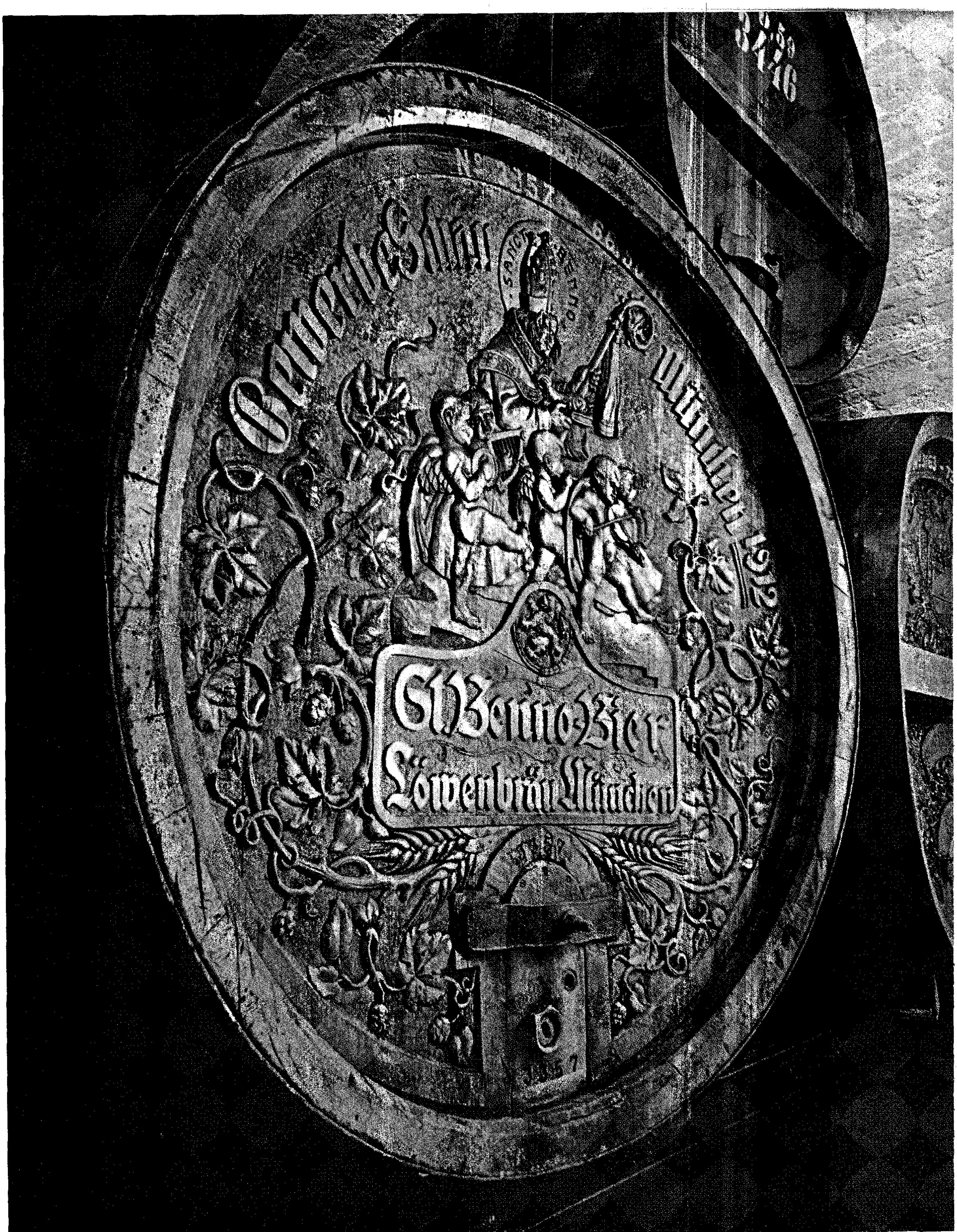
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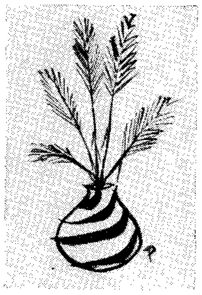
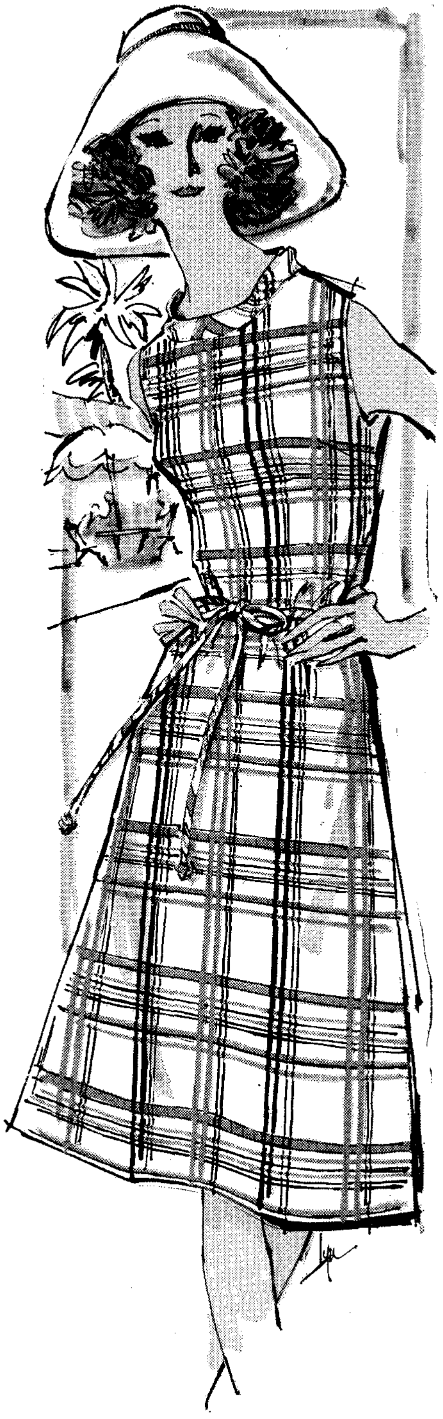
the substitute phrase—the more orotund the better—derives principally from the verbal style of the Knut, the slang Edwardian term for the good-natured, abstracted fop. By way of illustration, Usborne points out that Lord Tidmouth, a Knutty character in a 1927 play called "Good Morning, Bill," adapted by Wodehouse from a Hungarian play, uses half a dozen different substitutes for "goodbye": "bung-ho," "teuf-teuf," "toodle-oo," "tinkerty-tonk," "poo-boop-a-doop," and "honk-honk." This is the start of an astute and entertaining exercise in literary genealogy in which Usborne tries to trace the ancestors of Wodehouse's style. The formal, recitative manner employed by Psmith, and later by such talented raconteurs as Lord Ickenham and Galahad Threepwood, is an echo, Usborne believes, of Arthur Conan Doyle's narrative voice in his Sherlock Holmes stories. Closely allied with this is the parody use by Psmith—and later by Jeeves, somewhat differently—of the stilted language of "First Leaders, school sermons, toastmasters, and treaties." The "absurdly inflated phrases" and "false concords" that form such an appealing part of the speech of Bertie Wooster and other talented Wodehouse fumblers show, according to Usborne, the influence of F. Anstey's "Baboo Jabberjee," a near-classic, published in 1897, in which Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee, an over-earnest law student from India, recounts his experiences in England. Finally, there is the device whereby Psmith and other Wodehouse characters, without crediting the source or changing their tone of voice, slip from their own words into some well-known poem and then, after rattling off a number of lines, segue smoothly back into their own stuff—a routine pioneered by Dickens via Dick Swiveller, in "The Old Curiosity Shop." Wodehouse finds these observations of Usborne's very interesting. "When I was a schoolboy and a young man, Conan Doyle and Dickens were indeed two of my favorite authors, and I admired Anstey highly," he remarked recently. "If reading them had any especial effect on my manner of writing, I must say I was never aware of it. Of course, one never knows those things. I would guess that Barry Pain had as much influence on my writing as anyone. No one, I gather, reads Barry Pain today, but he was awfully good. He wrote for magazines like *Pearson's*—fifteen-hundred-word humorous sketches about, say, a waiter or a jabbering gardener. He was marvellous at creating a character in a few swift strokes. I have all of his books."



WODEHOUSE's second visit to the United States substantially changed the course of his life. He was intending to stay only a few weeks, but shortly after he arrived in New York he sold two short stories he had brought over with him—one to *Collier's*, for three hundred dollars, and the other to *Cosmopolitan*, for two hundred dollars. In England, the top price he had ever received for a short story was fifty dollars, and, his ears still ringing with the buoying assurance that both *Cosmopolitan* and *Collier's* wanted to see more of his work, he sent the *Globe* a letter of resignation and moved into the Earle Hotel, on Waverly Place. It probably comes as a shock to most Wodehouse fans to learn that he has spent by far the greater part of his adult life in this country. The picture of Wodehouse that his readers invariably conjure up has him ambling across a crisp sward in Sussex or Shropshire, swinging a knobby walking stick and humming "Roses of Picardy." They find it almost impossible to picture him living in a room in Greenwich Village or, as he did many years later, in a penthouse apartment on Park Avenue. As it turned out, Wodehouse was unable to sell another short story to either *Collier's* or *Cosmopolitan*. For the next four years, he kept himself afloat by grinding out stories and articles for *Munsey's*, *Popular*, *McClure's*, *Ainslee's*, *Argosy*, and other pulp magazines. Then, in 1914, things began to break for him. To begin with, the *Saturday Evening Post* bought the serialization rights to a novel he had just finished, "Something New," for thirty-five hundred dollars—a stupendous sum in those days. George Horace Lorimer, who was then editing the *Post*, also told Wodehouse he wanted to see more of his work, but this time the results were happier. The following year, Lorimer bought the rights to Wodehouse's next novel, "Uneasy Money," and this time paid him five thousand dollars. Wodehouse and the *Post* continued to do business together for decades. All in all, the *Post* serialized no fewer than twenty-one of his novels and steadily increased his payments until in 1938 he reached a top of forty-five thousand dollars, for "Summer Moonshine."

In 1969, in a preface that Wodehouse supplied for a new British edition



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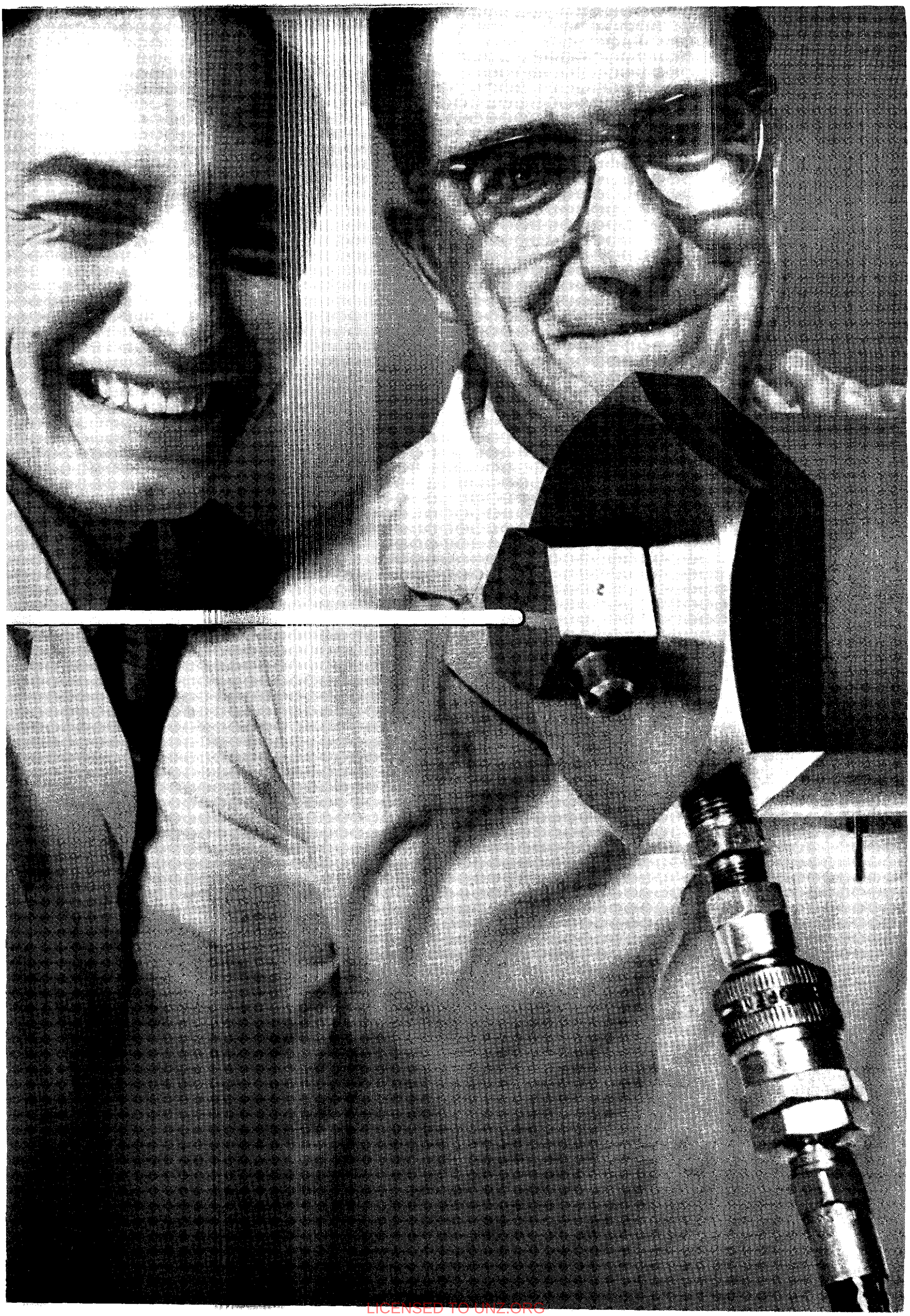
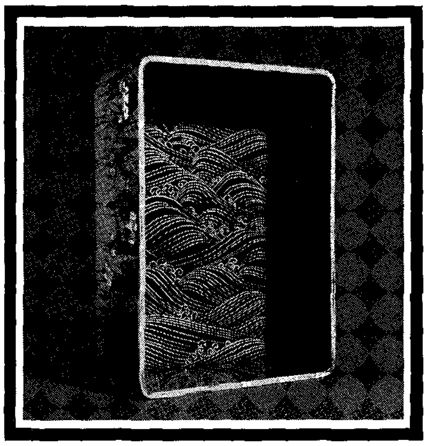


The Pacific has always had a special meaning for us.



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of "Something New" (in Britain it is called "Something Fresh"), he noted, in a typical flight of fancy, that what had probably put Lorimer in such a receptive mood toward the original manuscript back in 1914 was that on the title page he had departed from his usual practice of calling himself P. G. Wodehouse and, for the first time, cut loose with the full blast—Pelham Grenville Wodehouse. "A writer in America at that time who went about without three names was practically going around naked," he explained. "Those were the days of Richard Harding Davis, James Warner Bellah, Margaret Culkin Banning, Earl Derr Biggers, Charles Francis Coe, Norman Reilly Raine, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Clarence Budington Kelland, and Orison Swett—yes, really, I'm not kidding—Marden. Naturally, a levelheaded editor like Lorimer was not going to let a Pelham Grenville Wodehouse get away from him." What had really happened—as no one realized more clearly than Wodehouse himself—was that he had hit upon the kind of story about England and Englishmen that Americans went for. The readers of the *Post*, who had just fallen in love with "Ruggles of Red Gap," were delighted to meet up, in "Something New," with another English butler, the formidable Beach, who went about his duties with "dignified inertia" and spoke in a voice "like old tawny port made audible." "Something New" also contained a number of other ingredients that were to work well for Wodehouse. It was the first of his novels to be set in a sprawling country house—in this instance, Blandings Castle. It served to introduce Lord Emsworth, who proved to be one of his most durable characters. And it introduced Lord Emsworth's younger son, the Honourable Freddie Threepwood, who was the first of Wodehouse's doltish young "dudes"—a genus that was to reach its full flowering in Bertie Wooster. It is instructive to note that "Uneasy Money," the second novel that Wodehouse sold to the *Post*, also contained a butler, a large country house, and a dudish young hero. It should be pointed out that both novels had one other thing going for them: they were exceedingly well written. Wodehouse had found his vein of humor and had arrived at the tone and style that soon became synonymous with his name, as the superb opening paragraphs of "Uneasy Money" show:

In a day in June, at the hour when London moves abroad in quest of lunch, a young man stood at the entrance of the

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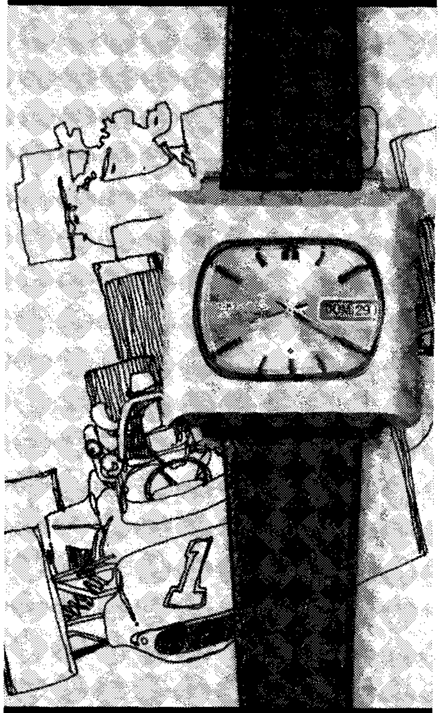

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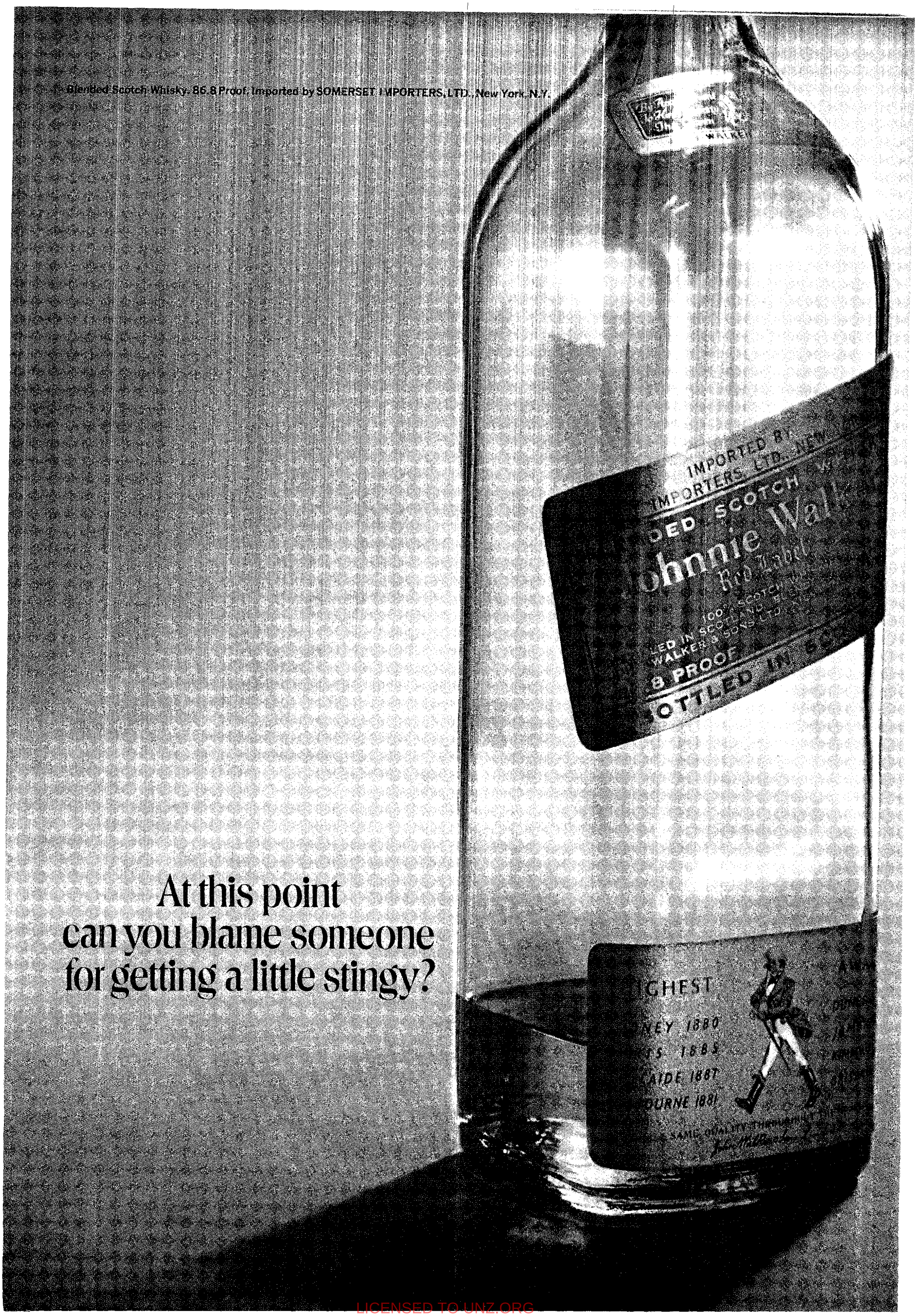
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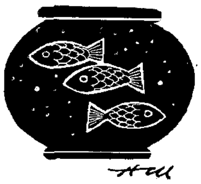
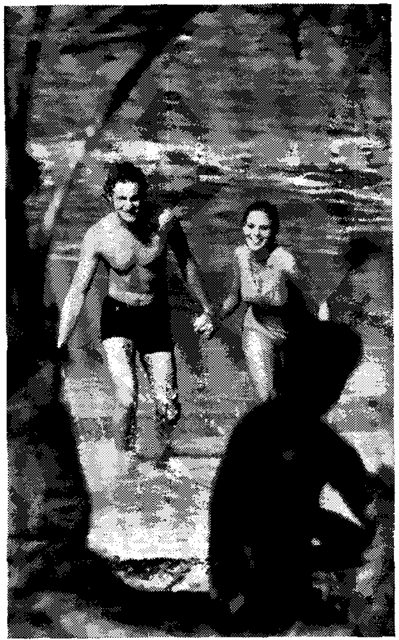
William FitzWilliam Delamere Chalmers, Lord Dawlish, had no secret sorrow. All that he was thinking of at that moment was the best method of laying a golf ball dead in front of the Palace Theatre. It was his habit to pass the time in mental golf when Claire Fenwick was late in keeping her appointments with him. On one occasion she had kept him waiting so long that he had been able to do nine holes, starting at the Savoy Grill and finishing up near Hammersmith. His was a simple mind, able to amuse itself with simple things.

AT about this time, Wodehouse's private life also took a decided turn upward. When he was halfway through "Something New," Norman Thwaites, an English friend on the staff of the New York *World*, introduced him to a pretty young widow named Ethel Rowley, who had come over here from England on a visit. Wodehouse was smitten with her instantly and totally—much in the fashion later made famous by such hypervulnerable members of the Drones Club as Bingo Little and Freddie Widgeon. The following Sunday, he took Mrs. Rowley out to see his favorite seaside spot—Bellport, on the North Shore of Long Island. On the train trip back to New York, their relationship reached a critical juncture. As they were chatting cozily, Wodehouse was seized with a fit of sneezing, and after it had continued for a while Mrs. Rowley suggested that it might be better all around if he took an empty seat across the aisle. He did so, reluctantly. The next half hour, feeling increasingly miserable in his exile, he sat watching her as she unconcernedly read her newspaper. Then he could stand the separation no longer. He got up, proposed to her, and was accepted. They were married on September 30, 1914, in the Little Church Around the Corner. "I remember our wedding very clearly," Wodehouse says. "We were standing around inside the church waiting for the minister when this young chap came bounding in. 'I've just made ten thousand dollars in the stock market,' he announced. This was the minister, naturally."



At the time of his marriage, Wodehouse was two weeks away from his thirty-third birthday. He was a tall, husky, good-looking fellow with dark-brown hair and a square jaw. He wore glasses, and had since his teens, because he was extremely nearsighted. (Because of his defective eyesight, he was refused for military service during the First World War.) As a boy, he had been on the shy side—"I was rather unsophisticated and not good at conversation" is the way he puts it—and though some of the shyness had now rubbed away, he still avoided large, glittering parties whenever he could. He did not say flashingly witty things—he was in no way a performer—but in his talk there was a good deal of humor, particularly for a humorist. Above all, he was gentle and unfailingly considerate. Apart from this, his outstanding trait was his industry. He was an indefatigable worker. In addition to writing his novels and short stories, he started at this time to contribute regularly to *Vanity Fair*, whipping up, at the request of Frank Crowninshield, who had recently become its editor, frothy pieces on subjects like the income tax and the present state of the East Coast débutante. He was soon turning these pieces out at such a rate that, at Crowninshield's suggestion, he took to using pseudonyms, so that the magazine wouldn't look to be too much the work of one man. Although he had now decided that his permanent literary signature would be P. G. Wodehouse, for *Vanity Fair* he also became J. Plum, Pelham Grenville, P. Brook-Haven (after the Long Island town near Bellport), C. P. West (for Central Park West), and J. Walker Williams (from the vaudeville team of Walker and Williams). In 1915, he became *Vanity Fair's* drama critic, and in that capacity, on Christmas night, he attended the opening performance at the Princess Theatre of "Very Good, Eddie," a musical comedy for which Guy Bolton had written the book and Jerome Kern the music. After the show, he went backstage to see Kern, whom he had worked with in London, and Kern introduced him to Bolton, a young transatlantic type—a member of a famous old family of Savannah cotton-shippers—who, after being born and brought up in England, had been sent to a military school in Nyack, and was studying architecture in an atelier in New York City when he blossomed out as a successful playwright, with a comedy about divorce called "The Rule of Three." That Christmas night, Wodehouse accompanied Kern and Bolton to Kern's

SHERATON IN VENEZUELA



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apartment, where they went to sweat out the reviews in the morning papers. "The notices were fine," Bolton recalls. "But the big thing that happened that night—or morning—was that Kern and I invited Wodehouse to join us in our next show. We needed a lyricist, and Kern, who knew Wodehouse's work, was sure he was just the man. What we were aiming at in our shows was charm and taste. That was what you had to aim at if you were working at the Princess, because it was such a small theatre. It stood on Sixth Avenue at Thirty-ninth Street, under the 'L,' and I think it had only two hundred and ninety-nine seats. The stage was too small for a full chorus line, and, if I remember correctly, the pit could accommodate only twelve musicians. In a way, these limitations were an advantage: the 'Princess shows,' as they were called, were the first *intimate* musical comedies. That was the quality we strove to get in our shows wherever they were playing, and once Wodehouse was back in the theatre, writing those delightful lyrics of his, we were well on the way to achieving our object."

Kern, Bolton, and Wodehouse did two Princess shows—"Oh, Boy" and "Oh, Lady, Lady"—and a half-dozen other superior musicals, ending with "Sitting Pretty," in 1923. In addition, at times when Bolton was committed to other projects, Wodehouse did a few shows with Kern for which someone else provided the book. Similarly, when Bolton, after several false starts, succeeded in putting together the show that became "Sally," all the music was by Kern, but Wodehouse was just one of several lyricists involved. Wodehouse also provided lyrics for a number of other composers who wrote for the theatre, among them Rudolf Friml, Emmerich Kalman, Felix (Ivan) Caryll, Ivor Novello, and George Gershwin, but he was unquestionably most at home working in troika with Kern and Bolton, and it is not surprising that the three big hit songs with which he was associated were all written for their shows—"The Siren's Song," for "Leave It to Jane;" "Till the Clouds Roll By," for "Sally;" and "Bill," for "Oh, Lady, Lady." Midway through the rehearsals of "Oh, Lady, Lady," "Bill" was dropped from the show—it wasn't suited to the voice of the leading lady, Vivienne Segal—and it remained unsung and unknown for six years, until Kern, working on "Show Boat" and needing a strong ballad for Helen Morgan, happened to remember it. (More than one success-

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ful cadger of drinks has based his career on betting popular-music buffs that they couldn't name the man who wrote the words for "Bill.") Wodehouse loved writing lyrics and looked upon it as a form of recreation, but, for all that, doing a Broadway show took time and trouble for men whose standards were high. "Wodehouse and I worked together very closely," Bolton recalled recently. "Most people have somehow picked up the idea that integrating the story and lyrics of a musical comedy began with 'Oklahoma!' I don't know how that notion got started, for I can assure you that Wodehouse, Kern, and I made a conscious effort to fuse all the elements of our shows. It was my job to write the book, but I always discussed the story line and the characters in great detail with Wodehouse and got his ideas. Then, when things were beginning to take shape, we'd decide where, say, to stop the dialogue and put the end of a scene into a lyric—things like that. When I finished the first draft of a scene, or a series of scenes, I'd send it round to Wodehouse with a note telling him that if he saw something that could be improved he should go ahead and tickle it up. Quite often, at this stage of the game, we might revise our first thoughts about the placement of a song, or even the kind of song it should be. It was a very careful collaboration, and a most congenial one."

In those days, the composer customarily received three per cent of the show's net receipts, the writer of the book two per cent, and the lyricist one per cent. It was Wodehouse's and Bolton's practice to take one and a half per cent each, and Wodehouse would recompense Bolton for the extra half per cent by giving him fifty per cent of the royalties from the songs. Wodehouse also enjoyed an unusually amicable relationship with Kern. The composer and his lyricist worked two ways—sometimes Wodehouse wrote the words to fit Kern's music, and sometimes Kern wrote the music to fit Wodehouse's words. As a rule, if it was an upbeat or comedy song the lyric came first, and if it was a romantic or reflective song the music did. "Everyone remembers Jerry Kern for his lovely melodies, but his talent went far beyond that," Wodehouse said not long ago. "People have no idea what a skillful showman he was. Jerry could set *anything* you wrote to music, easily and effectively."

Wodehouse, for his part, was an almost ideal lyricist. He had fun in the patter songs he wrote for trios and

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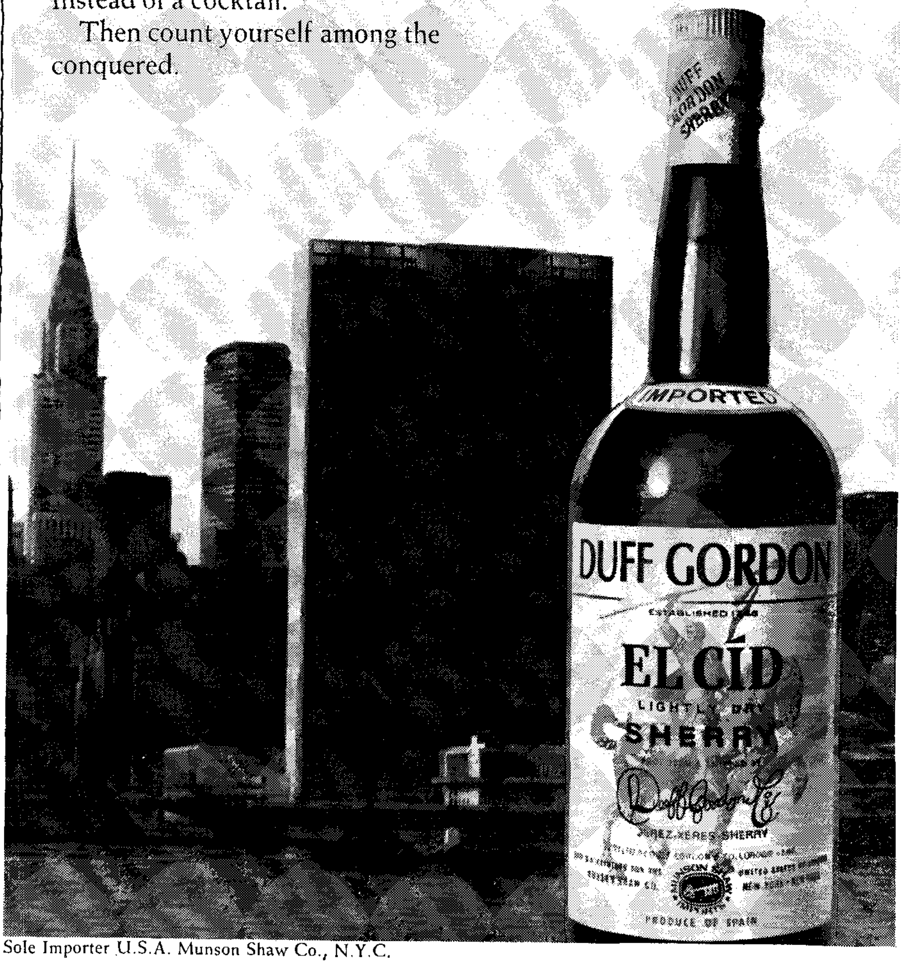

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duets, but he never forced a funny or dazzling rhyme if he thought it would interfere with the sense of the lyric or with the motion of the music. He liked the lift that an internal rhyme gave, but he preferred such a rhyme to be unobtrusive, as it is in that well-known line from "Bill": "are not the kind that you would find in a statue." He was adept at fitting his words to Kern's music, and felt that this approach led to some of his best work. "If a lyric writer does the words first, he has a tendency to fall into certain set metrical patterns. I know that I found it very stimulating when Jerry did the melody first and went sailing off in some new direction. Then I *had* to follow. Another reason I think you frequently end up with a good lyric when the music is written first is that you know where the high spots of the melody come, and you try to match the high spots of your lyrics to them." Wodehouse's certificate of membership in the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers hangs on the wall of his study, beside an official notice from Oxford University that it planned to bestow on him an honorary doctorate in literature.

It was during this period, when everything was breaking his way, that Wodehouse's books finally began to sell in large quantities, both in this country and in Britain. In 1917, in what proved to be a wise move, he decided to change over to a new British publisher, Herbert Jenkins. Jenkins had started out as a writer of broad, middle-class humor—most of it in stories that revolved around a Cockney character named Bindle—but he had quickly made a reputation as an acute and progressive businessman. One of several new ideas he had come up with to stimulate sales, which apparently it did, was to print a synopsis of the plot of a novel ("What This Story Is About") on its dust jacket. In any event, the average sale of a Wodehouse book had previously hovered around two thousand copies, but "Piccadilly Jim," the first book of his that Jenkins published, sold more than nine thousand. Jenkins' forte, however, was the cheap edition, and when "Piccadilly Jim" came out as a half-crown reprint, in 1920, it sold an incredible two hundred thousand copies. "A Damsel in Distress," the second Wodehouse novel published by Jenkins, fared almost as sensationally. Wodehouse's subsequent books did not do quite so well, but by this time the hard-cover edition of each new novel or collection of short stories invariably galloped through a number of printings before slowing down. Then the work would be brought out in a cheaper hard-cover edition or in paperback. Jenkins died in the early nineteen-twenties, but the firm that bears his name is still in operation, now as a part of a publishing combine called Barrie & Jenkins, and it still publishes Wodehouse. Down through the years, he has been the company's only high-powered author, and his books have been its biggest sellers, although Jenkins has had a very good thing in an encyclopedia called "Enquire Within Upon Everything," which tells you how to get stains out of garments, how to plant musk roses, and so on. The firm has always prized Wodehouse, but nothing it has done for him ever pleased him more than its inauguration, a few years ago, of the medium-priced Autograph Edition of his books. Today, forty-five titles are available, including "Something Fresh," "Uneasy Money," "Piccadilly Jim," and "A Damsel in Distress."

Wodehouse got around to one more thing during his magnificent burst of achievement in the second half of the century's second decade: he invented his two most popular characters—Bertie Wooster, the ultimate English upper-class innocent, and Jeeves, the scholarly and resourceful valet. For a team that is now spoken of in the same breath as that of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza and that of Samuel Pickwick and Sam Weller when the great master-and-servant partnerships of literature are discussed, Wooster and Jeeves got off slowly. When Jeeves made his début, in a 1916 short story called "Extricating Young Gussie," he had only three lines of dialogue: "Mrs. Gregson to see you, sir," and, later, "Very good, sir. Which suit will you wear?" For that matter, Bertie had not yet emerged whole and distinct, either. The protagonist in "Extricating Young Gussie" is called Bertie, all right, but he bears the stagy last name of Mannering-Phipps. In the next four short stories in which Jeeves figures, Wodehouse renamed his Bertie character Reggie Pepper. After this, he became Bertie again and took on the less fluttery family name of Wooster. (Interestingly, the first Jeeves book, "My Man Jeeves," which was published in 1919, was a collection of eight short stories, in four of which Jeeves' employer is Reggie and in four of which he is Bertie.) It was in a short story called "The Artistic Career of Corky" that Wodehouse finally straightened

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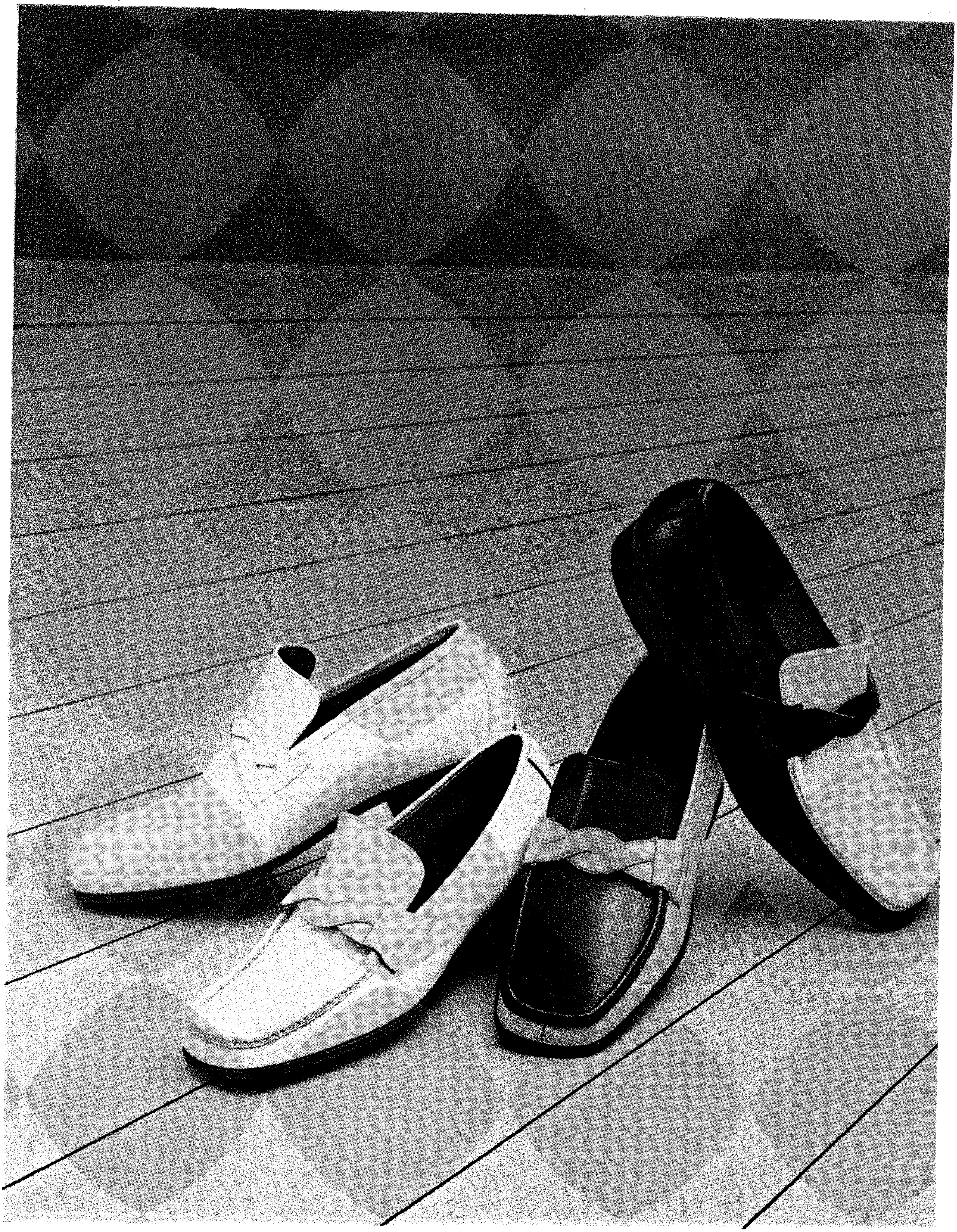
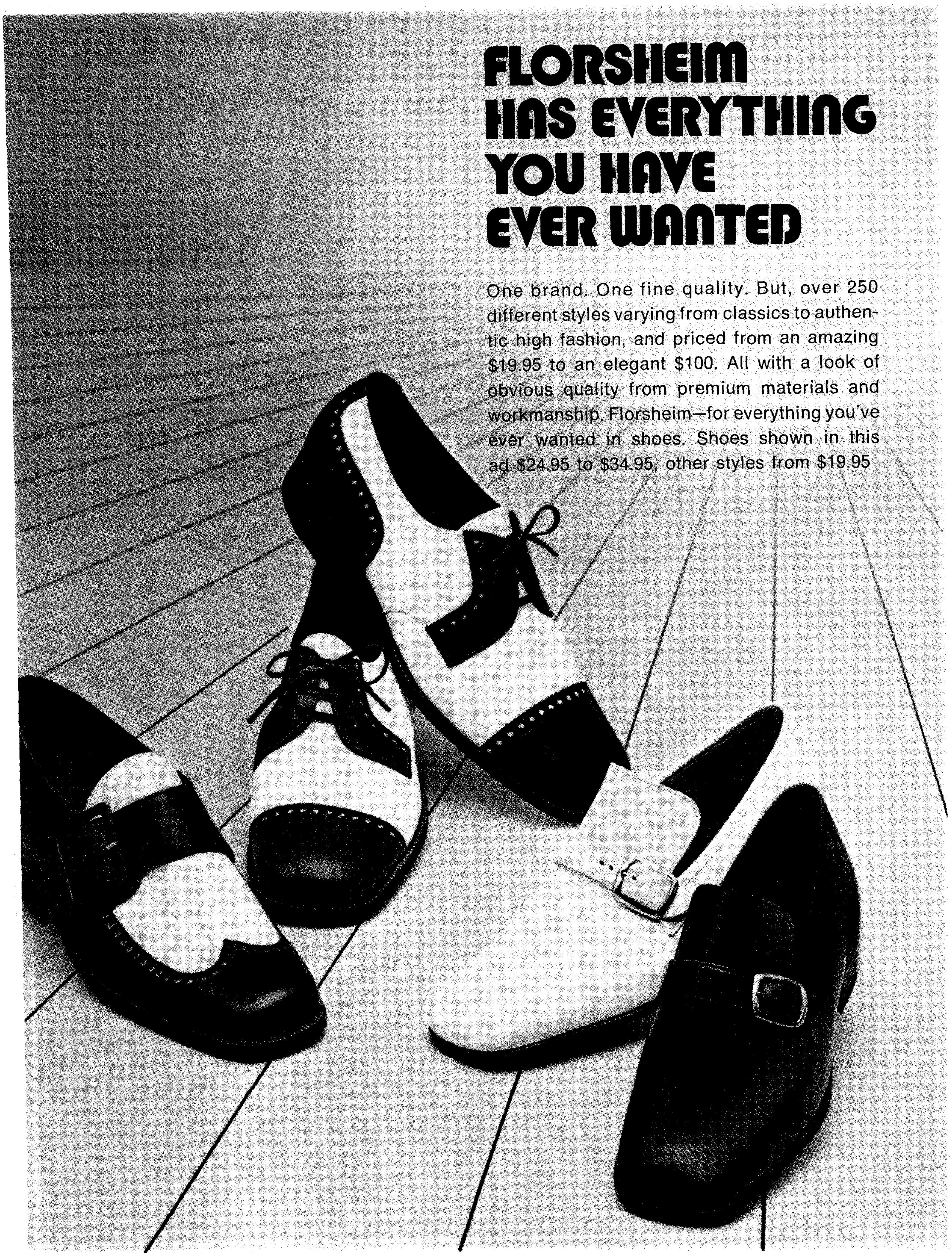


Left to Right: The EDEN, 40024, white calais calf. The EDEN, 40026, white prussian patent. The EDEN, 88010, brown and bone prussian patent. The EDEN, 89008, blue and white prussian patent. The BROADMOOR, 42008, black and white cashmere. The CALCUTTA,



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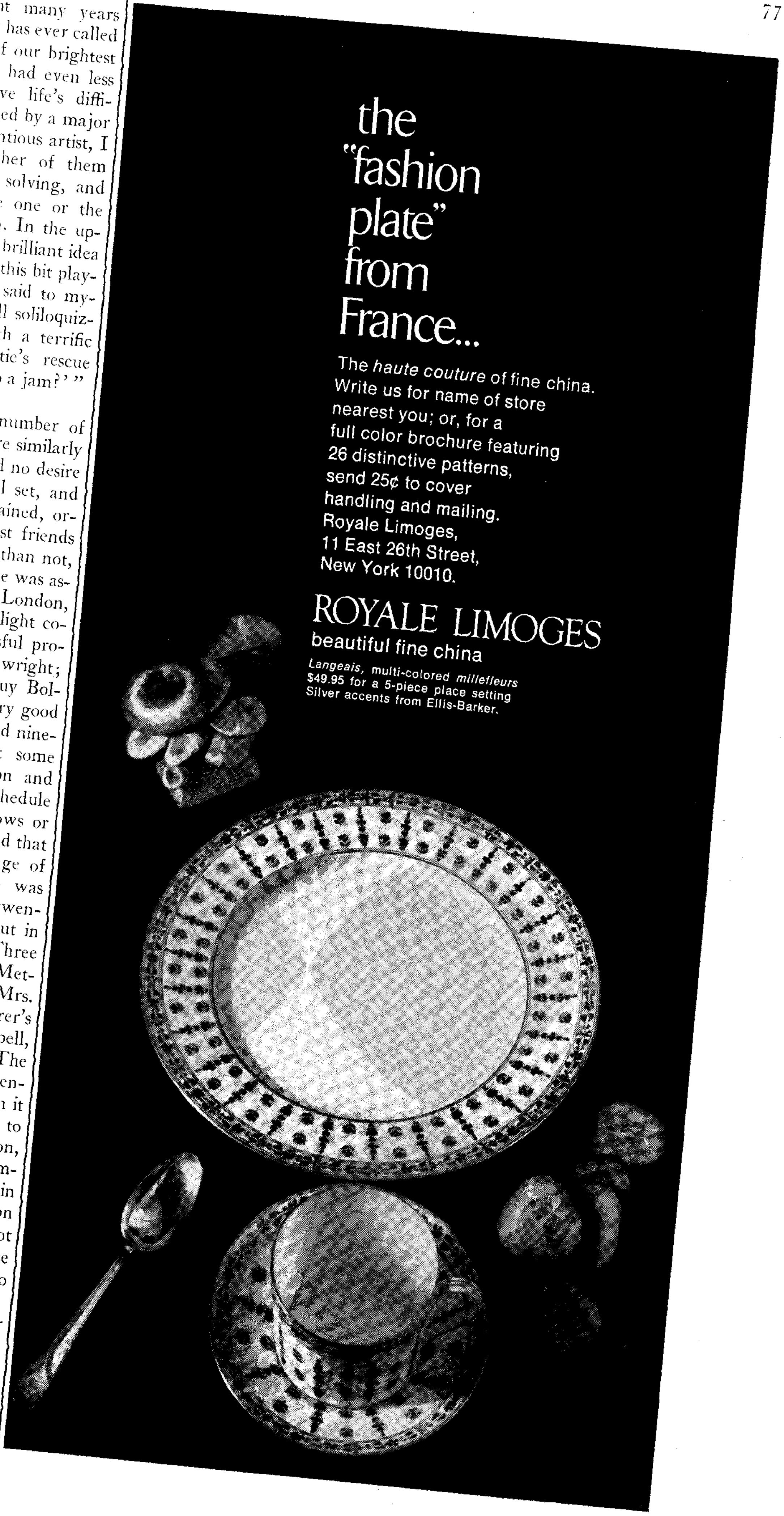
out Bertie's relationship with Jeeves. Wodehouse explained it many years later by saying, "Nobody has ever called Bertram Wooster one of our brightest minds; his friend Corky had even less of what it takes to solve life's difficulties, and they were faced by a major problem. Being a conscientious artist, I simply could not let either of them have a brilliant idea for solving, and yet someone had to have one or the story could not be written. In the upshot, the chap who had the brilliant idea was *me*. 'Why not groom this bit player Jeeves for stardom?' I said to myself. 'Why not,' I said, still soliloquizing, 'make him a bird with a terrific brain who comes to Bertie's rescue whenever the latter gets into a jam?' "

WODEHOUSE, unlike a number of his colleagues who were similarly successful in the twenties, had no desire to run with the international set, and he continued to lead a restrained, orderly life. As usual, his closest friends were old friends. More often than not, they were people with whom he was associated in the theatre: in London, George Grossmith, a polished light comedian who became a successful producer, and Ian Hay, a fine playwright; in London *and* New York, Guy Bolton. It was a quiet life, but a very good one. In the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties, Wodehouse spent some time each year in both London and New York, his transatlantic schedule being geared to the musical shows or plays he was involved in. He found that France offered him a nice change of pace, and on two occasions he was lured to Hollywood. In the late twenties and early thirties, when he put in his first stint—he worked on "Three French Girls" and "Rosalie" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—he and Mrs. Wodehouse rented Norma Shearer's and Irving Thalberg's house for a spell, and then Gaylord Hauser's house. The studio, in addition to paying him twenty-five hundred dollars a week when it picked up his option, permitted him to work at home—a tremendous boon, since both houses had splendid swimming pools. During his second stint in Hollywood, when he again worked on "Rosalie"—and this time it got made—the Wodehouses rented a house with a swimming pool next door to Nelson Eddy.

In the early twenties, whenever Wodehouse was working on Broadway shows he and his wife lived in Great Neck, then a woodsy village inhabited largely by literary and theatrical people; later on, they took to staying in the city—at the Fourteen Hotel, a small



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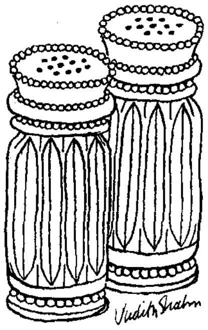
residential hotel at 14 East Sixtieth Street. As for their sojourns in France, one year in the early thirties they rented a country house in the hill town of Auribeau, twelve miles behind Cannes. They both adored the place, but when they got around to buying a house in France, the next year, they settled on one in Le Touquet, because of its ideal situation—two hours from England by boat and two and a half hours from Paris by train. The Wodehouses now owned two houses, for in 1928 they had bought a London town house at 17 Norfolk Street, off Park Lane. (Leonora Rowley, Mrs. Wodehouse's daughter by her first marriage, lived there with them until she married Peter Cazalet, a member of a prominent English mercantile and racing family. The Wodehouses have no children together.) The Norfolk Street house required a large staff: a butler, a footman, a cook, a scullery maid, two housemaids, and a parlormaid, plus a chauffeur, who drove the Rolls-Royce. The butler had previously worked for a man of eminence, but Wodehouse found he liked the chauffeur better. This showed good judgment on his part, for the butler turned out to be a member of an underworld gang, and was sent to prison when he and his pals were caught attempting to hold up a shooting gallery. Only in London, and just for a short time there, did the Wodehouses live so grandly. Generally, they hired a couple to run their household. "We've had only one really exceptional servant," Mrs. Wodehouse said recently. "He was a butler named Kreutz—an Austrian—who was with us the year we lived in southern France. He had worked in embassies most of his life, because he had a naturally dignified manner and spoke half a dozen languages. Kreutz was a very, very nice man—nothing at all like those pompous butlers in my husband's books."



Wherever Wodehouse happened to be hanging his hat or his bathing suit in the score of years between the two world wars, he worked constantly. Much as he enjoyed walking, swimming, and golfing, and dining with intelligent and congenial people, there was nothing he enjoyed more than writing. In addition to the multifarious other projects he was engaged in, between 1920 and 1935 he wrote, or collaborated in the writing of, twelve plays. These included "The Play's the Thing," an adaptation of a comedy by Ferenc Molnár; "Good Morning, Bill," an adaptation of a comedy by another Hungarian, Ladislaus Fodor; "Candlelight," an adaptation of a comedy by Siegfried Geyer, a French playwright; and "Her Cardboard Lover," an adaptation of Valerie Wyngate's adaptation of a French play by Jacques Deval. In that same period, he managed to bring out either a new novel or a new collection of short stories each year, and some years he brought out one of each. In the nineteen-twenties—before he fully realized how hard good plots are to come by and how zealously a novelist should husband them—he devoted a large portion of his time to short stories. For instance, he had written thirty-one short stories about Bertie Wooster and Jeeves before he threw his two stars together, in 1934, in their first novel, "Thank You, Jeeves." A considerable percentage of Wodehouse aficionados, by the way, believe that it is in the short story, and not in the novel, that he reaches the summit of his art. One of the books of his that they prize most highly is "Ukridge," a collection of ten stories, published in 1924, that marked the return to action of Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge (pronounced Uke-ridge), whom Wodehouse had introduced back in 1906, in an uneven early novel called "Love Among the Chickens." Ukridge, an absentminded type who wears pince-nez that are held over his ears by the wire from a ginger-beer bottle, has never got his feet under him since the day he was expelled from Wrykyn. He is continually borrowing money or clothes from his friends—whom he addresses heartily as "laddie" or "old horse"—and continually devising outrageous schemes for making his fortune, prattling a steady obbligato all the while about how a man must have vision and the big, broad, flexible outlook. Nothing quite works out for Ukridge—and this is hardly a surprise to anyone, particularly the reader who remembers why Ukridge was expelled from Wrykyn: when he slipped out of school one night to attend a local fair he took care to disguise himself with a false beard, but forgot to remove his school cap. On the same high level as the stories about Ukridge are a number of golf stories that Wodehouse wrote in the early twenties. These were collected in two books, called in Britain "The Clicking of Cuthbert" and "The Heart of a Goof," and over here "Golf Without

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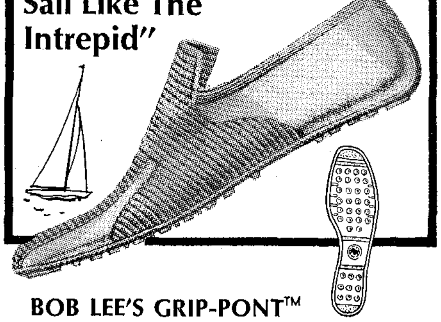
Tears" and "Divots." In the British editions, the setting is usually Marvis Bay, a low-pressure seaside resort, and in the American editions it is usually the Manhooset Golf and Country Club, but in both editions the stories are introduced and related by the Oldest Member, a sage who has seen it all many times before from his chair on the club veranda and is always ready to launch into an appropriate narrative for the benefit of any young member who is missing his pars in the great games of life and golf.

Using the Oldest Member to supply the frame for the golf stories worked out so well that Wodehouse soon came up with a similar character to perform a comparable function whenever he had a wild and improbable tale to tell. This was Mr. Mulliner, "a short, stout, comfortable man of middle age," whose eyes held such childlike candor that you "would have bought oil stock from him without a tremor." Mr. Mulliner's home course is a pub called the Anglers' Rest. No matter how arcane or offbeat the discussion under way in the bar parlor may be, you can count on Mr. Mulliner to be reminded of a story that is very much to the point, for he has an inexhaustible supply of nephews, and one of them—perhaps Cyril Mulliner, the interior decorator, or George Mulliner, who has that terrible stammer, or Augustine Mulliner, the curate at Lower-Briskett-in-the-Midden, or Adrian Mulliner, the detective, but in any event some young Mulliner—is bound to have undergone an amazing and light-shedding experience in that very bailiwick. The average Wodehouse short story is about seventy-five hundred words long, and, counting the fees from both American and British magazines, the author was paid at the rate of about a dollar a word. Wodehouse felt that in a seventy-five-hundred-word story there should usually be two big socks, the first at around the fifteen-hundred-word mark and the second at around the six-thousand-word mark. After a while, it became second nature for him to construct his stories to that measure. Such classics of intricate design as "Uncle Fred Flits By" and "Strychnine in the Soup" demanded a little more time than most, but, as a rule, once Wodehouse had the plot of a short story thought out the actual writing took just about a week.

In the mid-thirties, after employing Wodehouse on other chores, Hollywood tardily discovered his own works. M-G-M made "Piccadilly Jim," with Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans; R.K.O. made "A Damsel in



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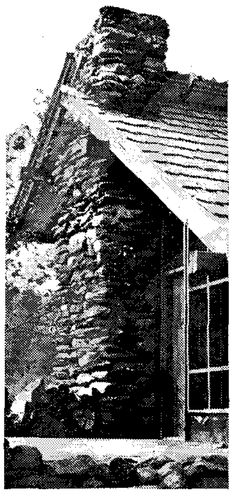

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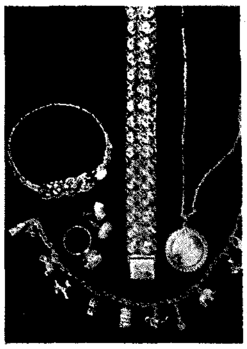

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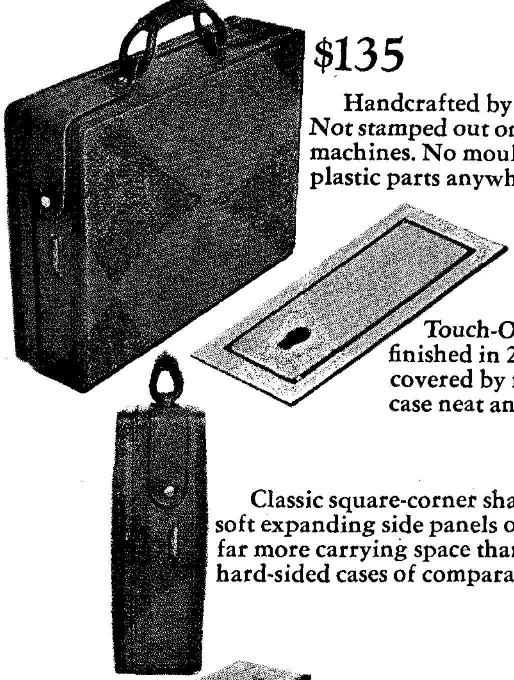

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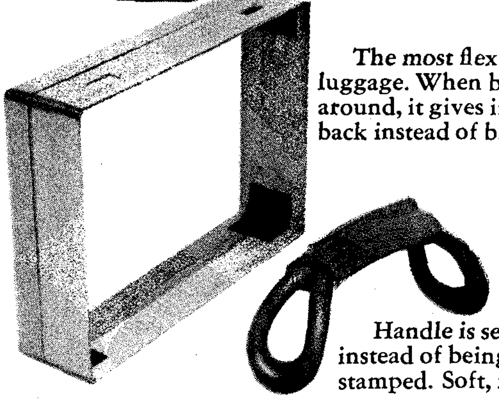

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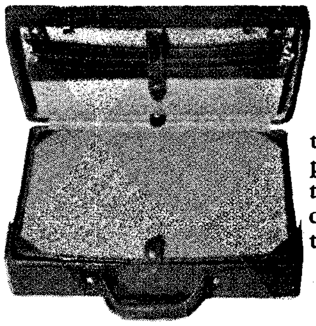

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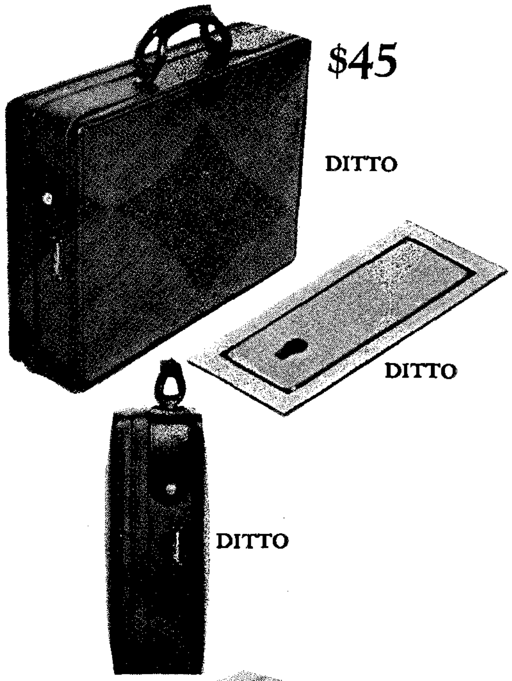

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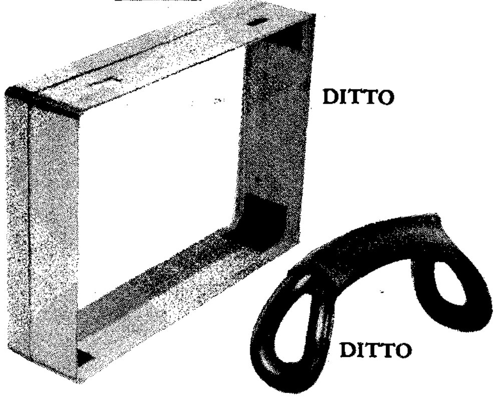

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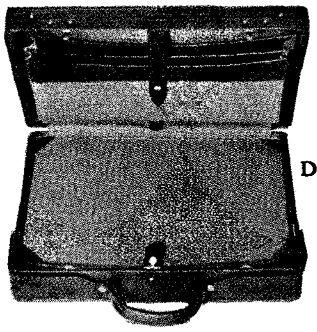

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Distress," with Fred Astaire and Joan Fontaine; and Twentieth Century-Fox made "Thank You, Jeeves" and "Step Lively, Jeeves," with Arthur Treacher as Jeeves and David Niven as Bertie. The movie that came closest to capturing Wodehouse's distinctive ambience was "A Damsel in Distress," possibly because the author assisted with the screenplay. As for the Jeeves pictures, their chief weakness was that Jeeves was presented as a caricature of a haughty stage butler, not as an essentially kindly valet. By that time—shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War—Wodehouse was far and away the most widely read writer of light fiction in the world. He was a special favorite of travellers, and no vacationer's equipment was considered complete unless he had a couple of Wodehouses tucked away along with his Agatha Christies. If he didn't, he could usually supply the deficiency at the book counter on the railway platform when his train halted for ten minutes at Belfort, or Bologna, or wherever it was, for the chances were that some Wodehouse would be available, if not in a hard-cover edition, then in a Tauchnitz or Penguin paperback. Just before war broke out in 1939, the book that most of his admirers were talking about was "The Code of the Woosters," in which Wodehouse and Wooster were at their best, tossing off one funny line after another. These, for instance:

> He still remained the same galumphing man with two left feet, who had always been constitutionally incapable of walking through the great Gobi desert without knocking something over.
>
> Madeline Bassett laughed the tinkling, silvery laugh which was one of the things that had got her so disliked by the better element.
>
> He had played Rugby football not only for his University but also for England, and at the art of hurling an opponent into a mud puddle and jumping on his neck with cleated boots had had few, if any, superiors.
>
> I had described Roderick Spode to the butler as a man with an eye that could open an oyster at sixty paces . . .

Although the world that Wodehouse wrote about remained the same after the outbreak of war, the world he lived in changed drastically. Three unusual scenes come to mind when one thinks of Wodehouse and the war. The first is the eleventh-hour attempt that he and his wife made to get out of France after the Germans had broken through the French lines in the Ardennes. Up to that time, no one and nothing had been able to induce the Wodehouses to quit Le Touquet for the comparative safety of England;

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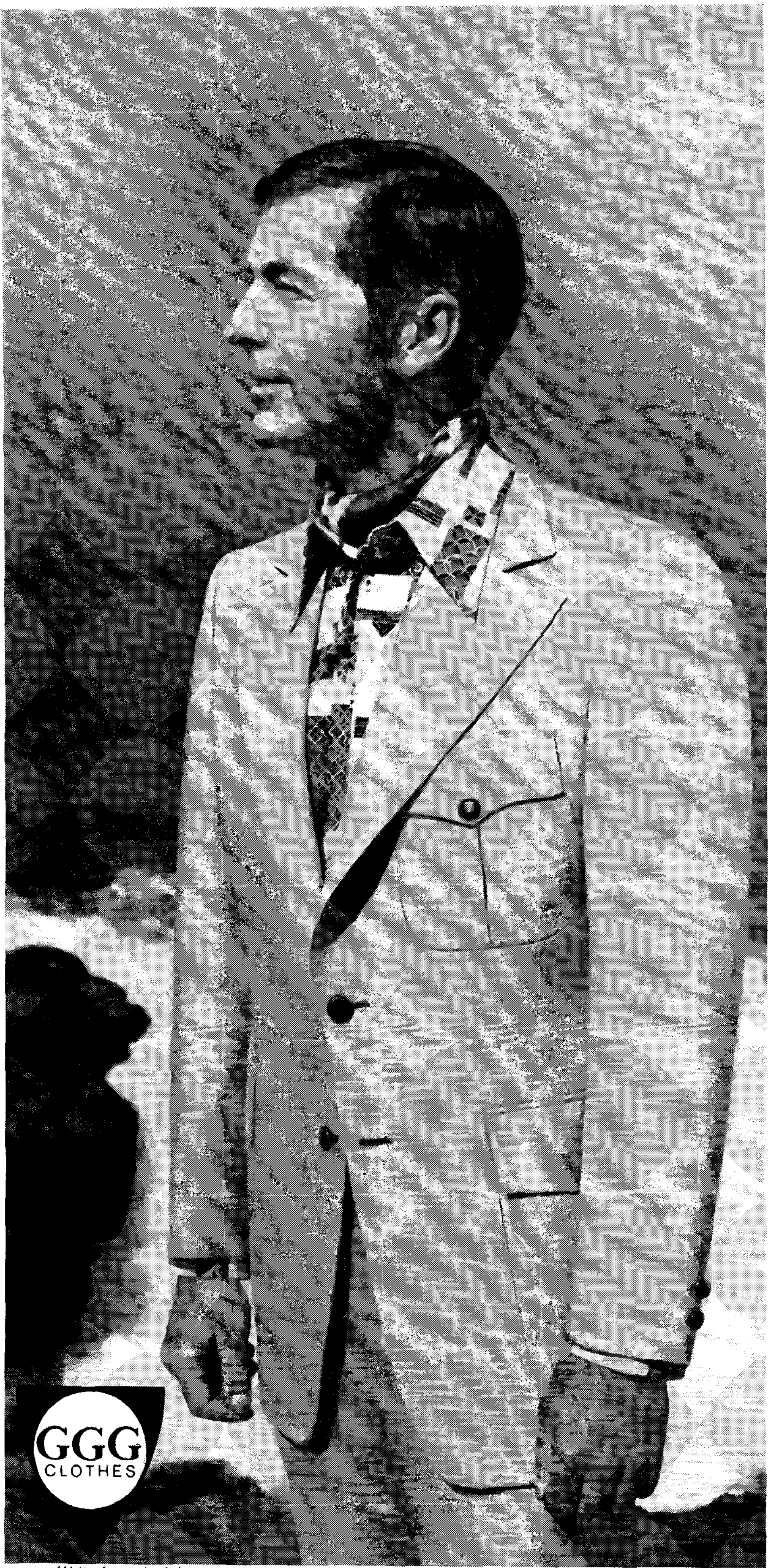

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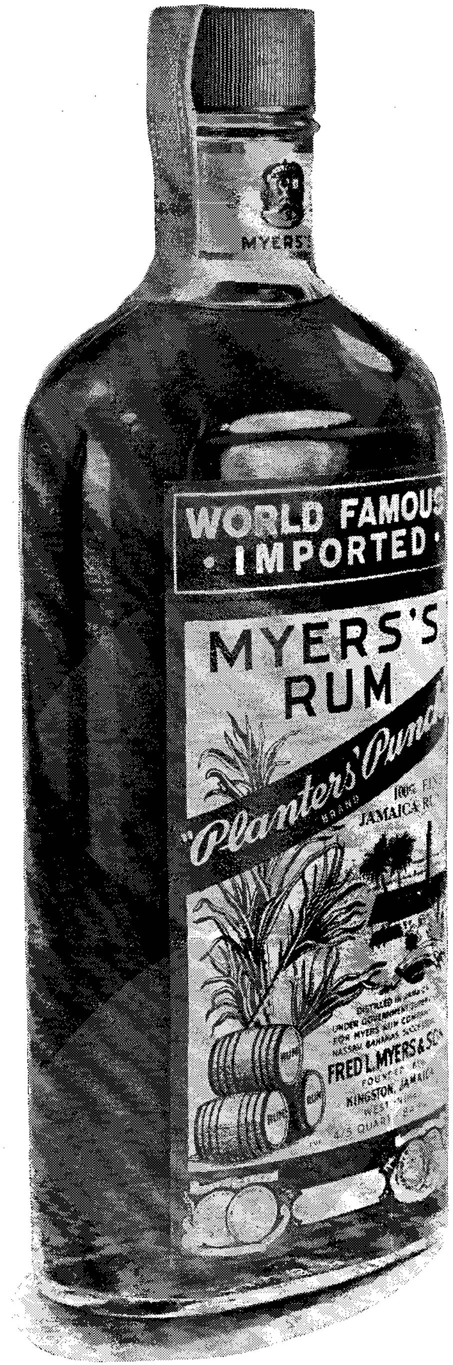

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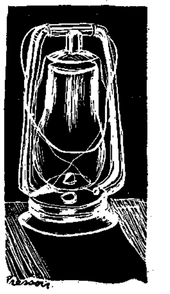
British regulations required animals entering the country to be quarantined for six months, and the Wodehouses, with their extravagant devotion to their dogs and cats, could not accept that idea. A few days before the German breakthrough, Lady Dudley, who, as Gertie Millar, had been a star of the English musical-comedy stage, and who was Mrs. Wodehouse's closest friend in Le Touquet, made a special trip back to France to try to convince the Wodehouses of the gravity of the situation, but she was unable to do so. Only when the vanguard of the German Army was sweeping across northern France did the Wodehouses move. Piling their pets into their Rolls-Royce, they headed for Abbeville in the wild hope of finding a boat that would carry them to England. The roads were impassable, clogged as they were by thousands of refugees fleeing before the invaders. There was nothing the Wodehouses could do but return that night to their home and await their capture.



The second scene is a smaller canvas: Wodehouse in the internment camp at Tost. In what is probably best described as the camp dayroom, he sits with a typewriter on his knees. There are perhaps fifty other prisoners in the room, some of them playing ping-pong or cards, others singing or talking. With his fantastic concentration, Wodehouse is thinking out and writing a new novel, "Money in the Bank."

The third scene is one that was evoked by Malcolm Muggeridge in his spirited defense of Wodehouse's wartime conduct. "Duff Cooper, as Minister of Information, led the pack against Wodehouse," Muggeridge wrote. "In Paris, to his credit, he showed no inclination to follow up the attack with a kill. I was able to produce for him one instance of an authentic contribution by Wodehouse to the war effort. The Germans, in their literal way, took his works as a guide to English manners, and actually dropped an agent in the Fen country wearing spats. This unaccustomed article of attire led to his speedy apprehension. Had he not been caught, he would presumably have gone on to London in search of the Drones Club, and have thought to escape notice in restaurants by throwing bread about in the manner of Bertie."

REMSENBURG, where the Wodehouses live, is an extraordinarily pretty Long Island village roughly halfway between Eastport and Westhampton Beach. No commercial establishments are permitted there, and, apart from a few churches and the post office, it is made up entirely of private homes, most of them white, modest, and simple. The Wodehouses came to know Remsenburg through Bolton, who has lived there since 1941. In 1952, when they were out visiting the Boltons, Ethel Wodehouse abruptly informed her husband at lunch one day, "I bought a house here this morning." At that time, the Wodehouses were living in New York, in a duplex penthouse at 1000 Park Avenue. For the next few years, they divided their time between the city and Long Island, but in 1959 they settled in Remsenburg for good. By then, Mrs. Wodehouse, a compulsive remodeller and redecorator, had knocked down several walls, extended the living room and the kitchen, added on a couple of sun parlors, and generally made their new quarters into a bright and cheerful, if digressive, house. She had then turned her attention to the ten nondescript adjoining acres, setting out gardens and installing a flowering tree here and a clump of shrubs there, until the land had the look of a proper English park. In another characteristic move, she provided twelve feeding stations for birds around the property. A half-dozen years ago, when Mrs. Wodehouse was entering her eightieth year, she and her husband were joined at Remsenburg by his brother Armine's widow, Nella, a pleasant and practical lady, who has since assumed a good deal of the responsibility for running the house. This has left Mrs. Wodehouse free to zip over in her car each day to the Westhampton branch of the Bide-a-Wee Home Association, where abandoned dogs and cats are cared for until they are ready for adoption. The branch, which was opened in 1967, is called the P. G. Wodehouse Shelter, after the major donor, who contributed thirty-five thousand dollars. The Wodehouses, by the way, decided not to give their house a name, but a number of Wodehouse readers have decided, independently of each other, that it should be called Blandings Castle, and they address mail to him that way. Wodehouse receives an average of three fan letters a day. They come from all over the world—a heartening percentage from young readers who have only just discovered him. "Little need to say that we have been quite thoroughly infected by P. G.-osis," said a typical letter—this one from Istanbul—that Wodehouse plucked out of his mailbox the other day. "Having spotted 'Galahad

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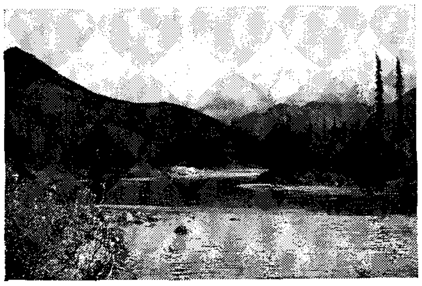

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Gates of the Arctic, Alaska. 1st trip August 1-21. 2nd trip August 22-September 11. $590. Gateway on Koyukuk River's North Fork, formed by towering Boreal and Frigid Crags mountains. Adjacent to pipeline route. Small planes to base camp site, backpack trips including Mt. Doonerak, namesake of an Eskimo devil spirit.

Romanzof Mountains, Alaska. One trip August 8-28. $625. High peaks region of north slope Brooks Range in Arctic Wildlife Refuge, in path of a proposed alternate pipeline route into Canadian Arctic. Fly to Lake Schrader or Lost Lake, approach Mt. Chamberlin, Mt. Michelson area on foot.

Tikchik Lakes, Alaska. 1st trip July 25-August 7. 2nd trip August 8-21. $490. Network of little known, seldom seen lakes in remote Kuskokwim Mountains, site of proposed National Park that needs impetus. Fly in, float by lakes and rivers most of trip in rubber rafts or small boats.

Mineral King, California. 1st trip July 22-31. 2nd trip August 5-14. $250. Lovely hanging valley surrounded by peaks in high Sierra near Sequoia National Park. Proposed site of Disney ski resort, which would overwhelm it.

White Cloud Mountains, Idaho. 1st trip August 5-14. 2nd trip August 12-21. $300. Across the Stanley Valley from the Sawtooth Wilderness, an alpine timber-line area of glacial lakes, trout streams and elk, threatened by mining.

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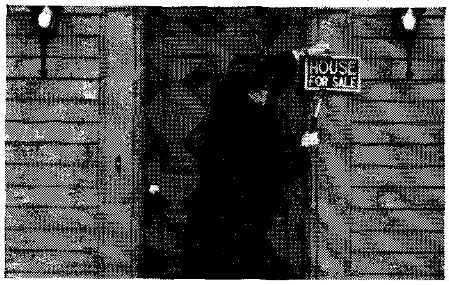

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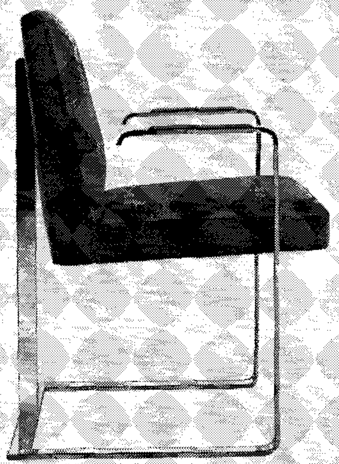

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at Blandings' four months ago, one of us has read sixteen and the other fully twenty-four of your books. Devotedly yours, Ismi Tenikalp and Tomur Bayer."

During his first few years in Remsenburg, Wodehouse took occasional breathers from his work to go in to New York to oversee some business matter or attend some social function, like the Old Alleynians' annual dinner. It has now been almost ten years since he last spent a night away from home, however, and his one-day trips to town have become much less frequent. Two people in the city he keeps in close touch with are Scott Meredith, who has been his American literary agent since 1947, and Peter Schwed, the chairman of the editorial board of Simon & Schuster, which has been his American publisher since 1951. Both men were Wodehouse fans long before they became associated with him, and both are devoted to him. Schwed, among his other services, keeps Wodehouse in pipes, periodically sending him a favorite model—an Algerian briar with a huge pot-shaped bowl, made by Jobey. Schwed also keeps him in raincoats. "It seems that whenever Plum comes to New York it turns out to be a rainy day, and invariably he's forgotten to bring a raincoat," Schwed told a friend not long ago. "I make it a point to have one of those three- or four-dollar raincoats and some old hats in my office in case of emergency, and Plum must have a dozen of each by now. He does the same thing every time. He puts on the cheap, crinkled raincoat and hat, studies himself in the mirror, and says proudly, 'My, very good-looking, isn't it?' " Meredith, whose first ambition was to become a Wodehouse-type writer, started to represent Wodehouse when he not only was under a cloud because of his wartime broadcasts but was regarded in some quarters as a writer whose kind of humor was passé. As a matter of fact, the man who preceded Meredith as Wodehouse's American agent held this opinion and told him so. "When Wodehouse came over to us, he sent us two short stories that his previous agent had informed him were unsalable," Meredith recalls. "I sent them on to Dale Eunson at *Cosmopolitan*, and he bought them both. Those two sales seemed to give Plum the lift and confidence he needed to get rolling again, and soon, I'm happy to say, we entered that period when he was being accepted back into the fold. His productive capacity has never ceased to amaze me. In 1967, I told him just before Christmas that I had three mag-

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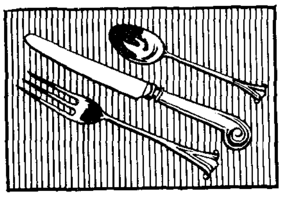

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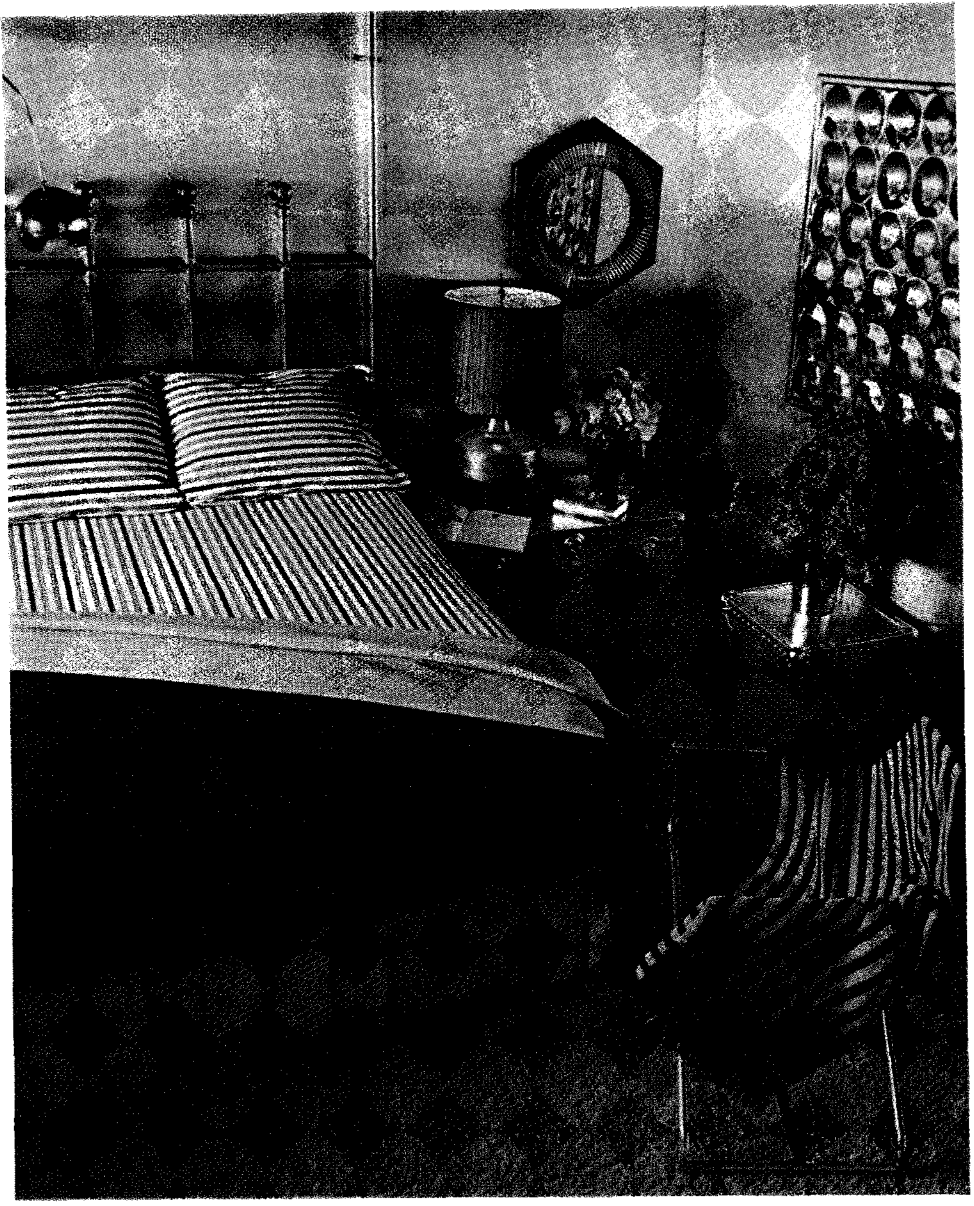

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azine assignments for him—two light essays and one short story. I explained that they had to be in by early January, and asked him how many of the assignments he wanted to take on. He told me he thought he could handle the lot. And he did. They were all done by New Year's—vintage Wodehouse, too." Wodehouse, for his part, is devoted to Schwed and Meredith. He has declared his gratitude to them on numerous occasions, but, for good measure, knowing they will get a kick out of it, he regularly drops their names into his novels. In "The Ice in the Bedroom," for instance, there is a scene in which a detective reassures a nervous client by saying, "I shall have some of my best men with me—Meredith, certainly, and possibly Schwed."

Wodehouse does his writing in his study—a fairly large, pine-walled room on the ground floor, overlooking the back garden. The principal pieces of furniture are a leather armchair (for lounging and thinking) and a plain wooden desk about three feet by five. On top of the desk are a dictionary, a knife for cleaning out pipes, and a bulky Royal typewriter, which Wodehouse has used since 1934. His method of composition has remained virtually unchanged through the years. He does his first draft in longhand, in pencil. Then he sits down at the Royal and does a moderate amount of revising and polishing as he types. At present, his average output on a good working day is about a thousand words, but when he was younger it was closer to twenty-five hundred. He had his most productive day in 1933, when, to his own astonishment, he knocked off the last eight thousand words of "Thank You, Jeeves." Once, when he was beginning a Wooster-Jeeves novel, he experimented with using a Dictaphone. After he had dictated the equivalent of a page, he played it back to check it over. What he heard sounded so terribly unfunny that he immediately turned off the machine and went back to his pad and pencil.

Wodehouse also does most of his reading in his study. On shelves on the wall facing his desk he has assembled a copy of each of the ninety-odd books he has written, and the books of his favorite authors line the adjacent walls—among them nine books by George Ade, seven by W. W. Jacobs, twenty-two by Barry Pain, seven by Robert Benchley, eleven by Cyril Hare, thirty-six by Patricia Wentworth, sixteen by A. A. Milne, fourteen by Henry Cecil, ten by Robert Barr, nine by W. Anstey, two by Marcel Aymé, eight by Ngaio Marsh, and

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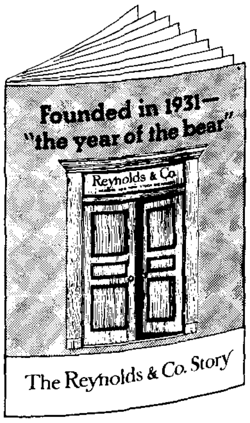
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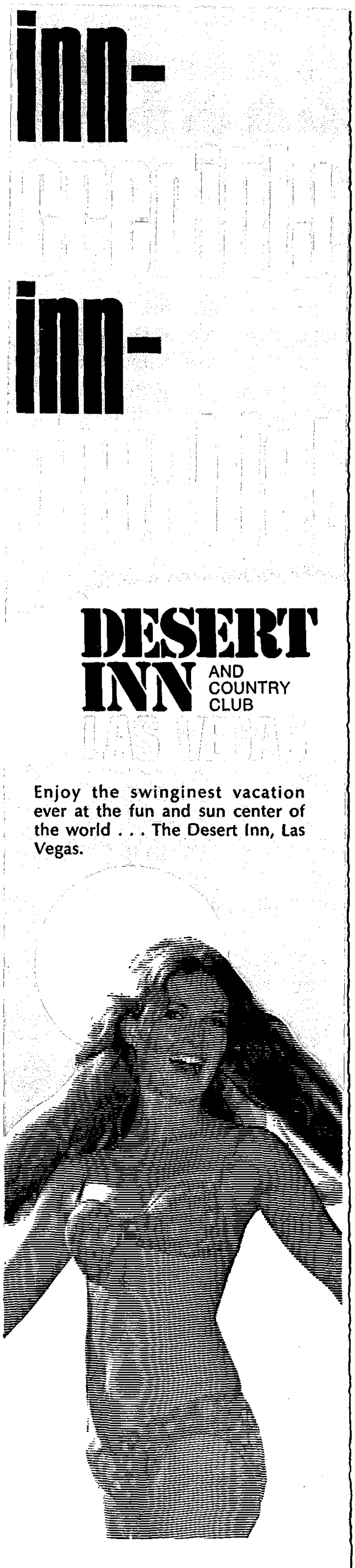
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the complete works of Shakespeare, which he rereads every two or three years. (In his opinion, Shakespeare's most underrated play is "Love's Labour's Lost.") The library also contains all the books of Colette, Anthony Powell, James Thurber, Evelyn Waugh, E. B. White, Rex Stout, and Agatha Christie. Over the last half century, Wodehouse has read something like a hundred and fifty mystery novels annually, and he has a pretty clear idea now whom he would rank as the top five writers in that realm—Mrs. Christie, Stout, Dame Ngaio Marsh, Miss Wentworth, and Hare, in about that order. (He believes that what gives Mrs. Christie's books their peculiar fascination is that "no one is safe—anyone *can* be the murderer." Although he and Mrs. Christie, now Lady Mallowan, have never met, she is well aware that Wodehouse has been one of her most steadfast admirers, and she dedicated one of her recent books, "The Halloween Party," to him.) Chief among the attractions that a first-class mystery holds for Wodehouse is its necessarily sound and well-joined plot. Unlike most literary humorists, who tend to regard the story line as merely a means of setting their funny stuff in motion, Wodehouse has always been obsessed with making each twist and turn in a novel or a short story as watertight as the seams of an Indian canoe. Before he sets down one word of his manuscript, he prepares a detailed scenario—an arduous process that may require from two to three months to complete, and occasionally much longer. Putting his thoughts down on paper helps him clarify his thinking, so when he is developing a scenario he jots down daily the ideas that are going through his mind about the section of the plot he is currently concerned with. For instance, if he introduces a new character at this point, will that fix the trouble he's encountering with the love story? Did he dawdle too long before getting into things, and should he start over again and introduce all the principal characters in the first chapter? Is that first major scene wrong because it comes too early or because the heroine—face it—is dull and unsympathetic? Such conversations with himself can run to considerable length. When Wodehouse was blocking out "Bill the Conqueror," for instance, it took him thirteen thousand words to reach the halfway point in his outline for a novel that was itself only eighty thousand words long. Because of the exertion that goes into his scenarios, the actual writing of his novels is usually smooth sailing. There have been a few storm-tossed exceptions, however. The first thirty thousand words of the first draft of "Leave It to Psmith" had to be scrapped, because the scenario didn't hold up. The first thirty thousand words of each of the first *three* drafts of "Hot Water" had to be scrapped before the story satisfied him. "Big Money" was even worse; whole sections of the beginning, the middle, and the end of the book had to be rewritten three times. "The Luck of the Bodkins" was another backbreaker. Wodehouse explained in a letter about that novel to an old Dulwich classmate, William Townend, "I had such a good farcical plot in this one that I got all hopped up and felt it wasn't possible to give 'em too much of this superb stuff, so every scene I wrote was elaborated until it lost its grip." Wodehouse put the manuscript aside temporarily and then, when he returned to it, cut twenty-five thousand words. That helped, but didn't cure all the ailments of "The Luck of the Bodkins," a novel that has the odd distinction of reaching its peak in its opening sentence:

> Into the face of the young man who sat on the terrace of the Hotel Magnifique at Cannes there had crept a look of furtive shame, the shifty, hangdog look which announces that an Englishman is about to talk French.

For all his discipline and his passion for order, Wodehouse is no different from other writers in that he has from time to time stopped work on a troublesome story and turned his attention to some other project that was coming to a boil after a lengthy period of simmering, but he is a tenacious man, and more often than not he will keep returning to an idea until he finds himself ready to apply the full force of his imagination and technical skill to it and bring it to a successful conclusion. A case in point is his latest novel, "The Girl in Blue," which was published in England last fall and here last winter. Wodehouse started to think about "The Girl in Blue" nearly twenty years ago, on September 28, 1951. On that day, he broke ground by writing:

> Central Idea:—The rich American who is a kleptomaniac.
>
> I can see the start of the story—a family council like the one in Elmer Rice's "Imperial City." The family has assembled to decide what is to be done about Uncle Joe, who is very rich but who has this unfortunate habit of sneaking things, and they have only just—by bribery and

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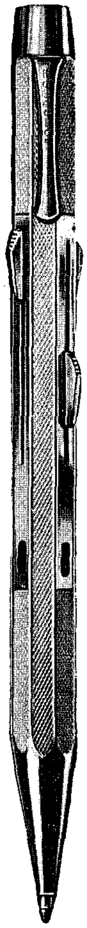

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corruption—got him out of being charged with shoplifting at Macy's or some other store. They are socially prominent and shudder at the thought of any scandal. So what to do? They decide to send him to England in charge of hero—who is hero?—or heroine—who is heroine?—because they feel that if he gets pinched in England, it won't lead to publicity.

For three pages, Wodehouse explored some thoughts about his hero and heroine and about possible incidents that might trigger the plot. He then dropped the scenario, and twenty months passed before he returned to it. That was on June 14, 1953, when he began another three pages of notes by writing:

> Story So Far—
> We start with a family council in New York—very posh, rich family, very starchy. Aunt Jane is a kleptomaniac, and they have only just succeeded in getting her out of being charged with shoplifting, she having pinched some stuff at a jeweller's. They are socially prominent and shudder at thought of scandal. What to do? They decide that son of family shall take her to England and deposit her in the wilds of the country somewhere, where she can't get into trouble—and if she does it won't lead to publicity.

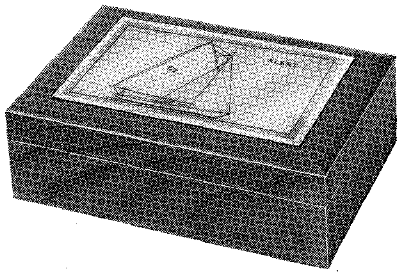
Wodehouse then forgot about this novel for three more years. He went back to the scenario on August 31, 1956, writing a single page of notes, which started like this:

> Try it another way. On lines of Bill the Conqueror. Hero is in America, in love with haughty girl. She has a brother who is a kleptomaniac and she makes hero take him over to England and keep an eye on him. Or possibly better, Brother is a susceptible young man and is in constant danger of marrying a chorus girl.
> No, I don't think so. Whatever peculiarity Brother has should lead to complications—such as stealing something. Is there anything to be got out of making him a firebug—see story by Evelyn Waugh in that book of stories which I have—and owner of old country house somehow finds this out and invites hero and Brother to house. In other words, make it like Fiery Wooing of Mordred.

This was followed by another long hiatus, which ended on May 24, 1958. On that date, he returned to the scenario, adding two pages of notes, including the following variations on the original theme:

> Try this. Hero runs Big Brother agency or whatever it is called. Fiancée wants him to give it up and go into business. He doesn't want to, as it is fun. When kleptomaniac pinches whatever it is, fiancée's father (or Uncle Cedric) comes to agency to commission it to recover this.

Just as suddenly as he had taken the scenario up again, he suspended work on it. He had better fish to fry. He did not give another thought to Uncle



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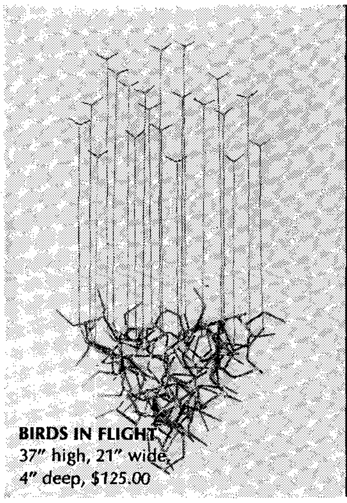

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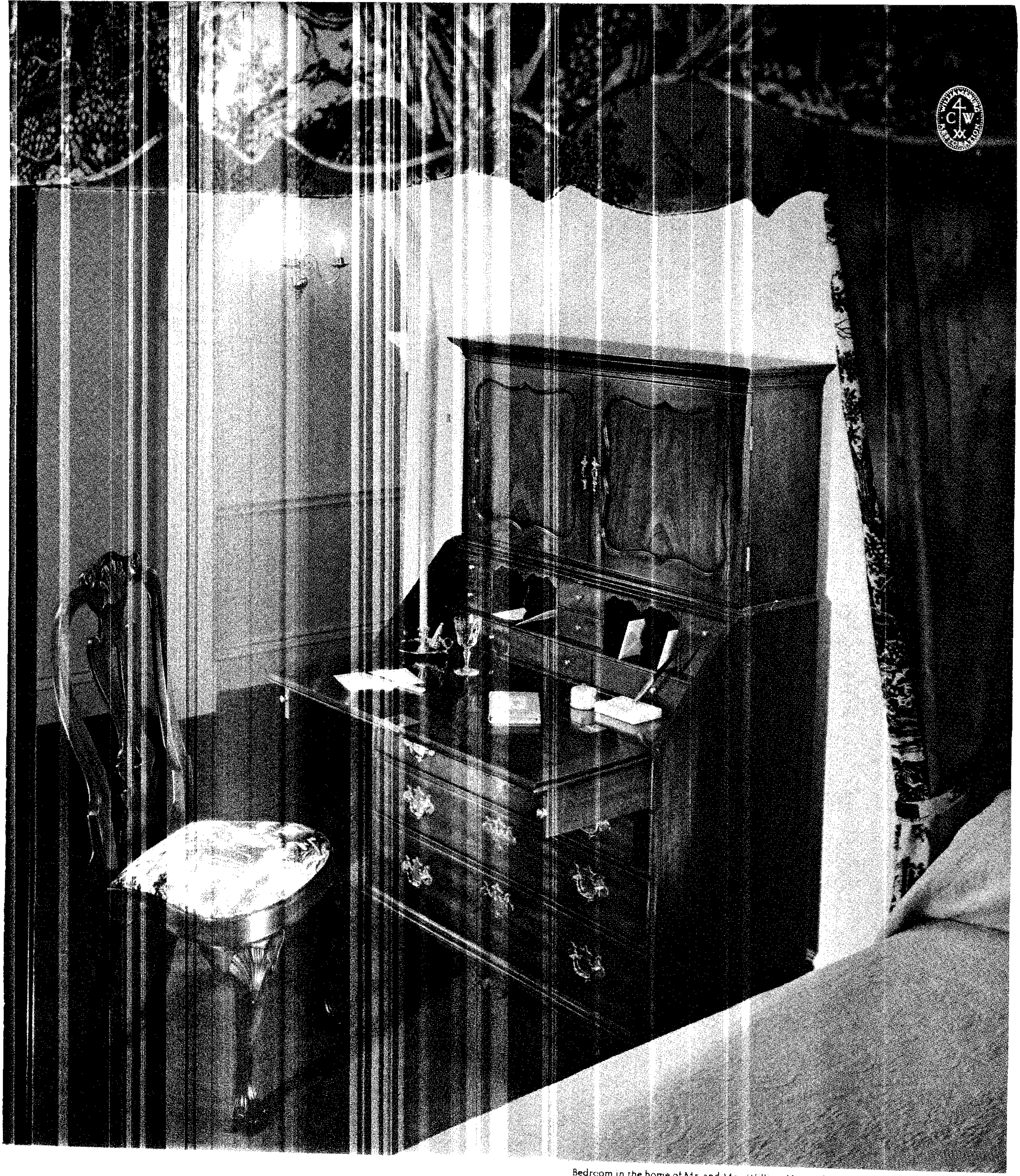

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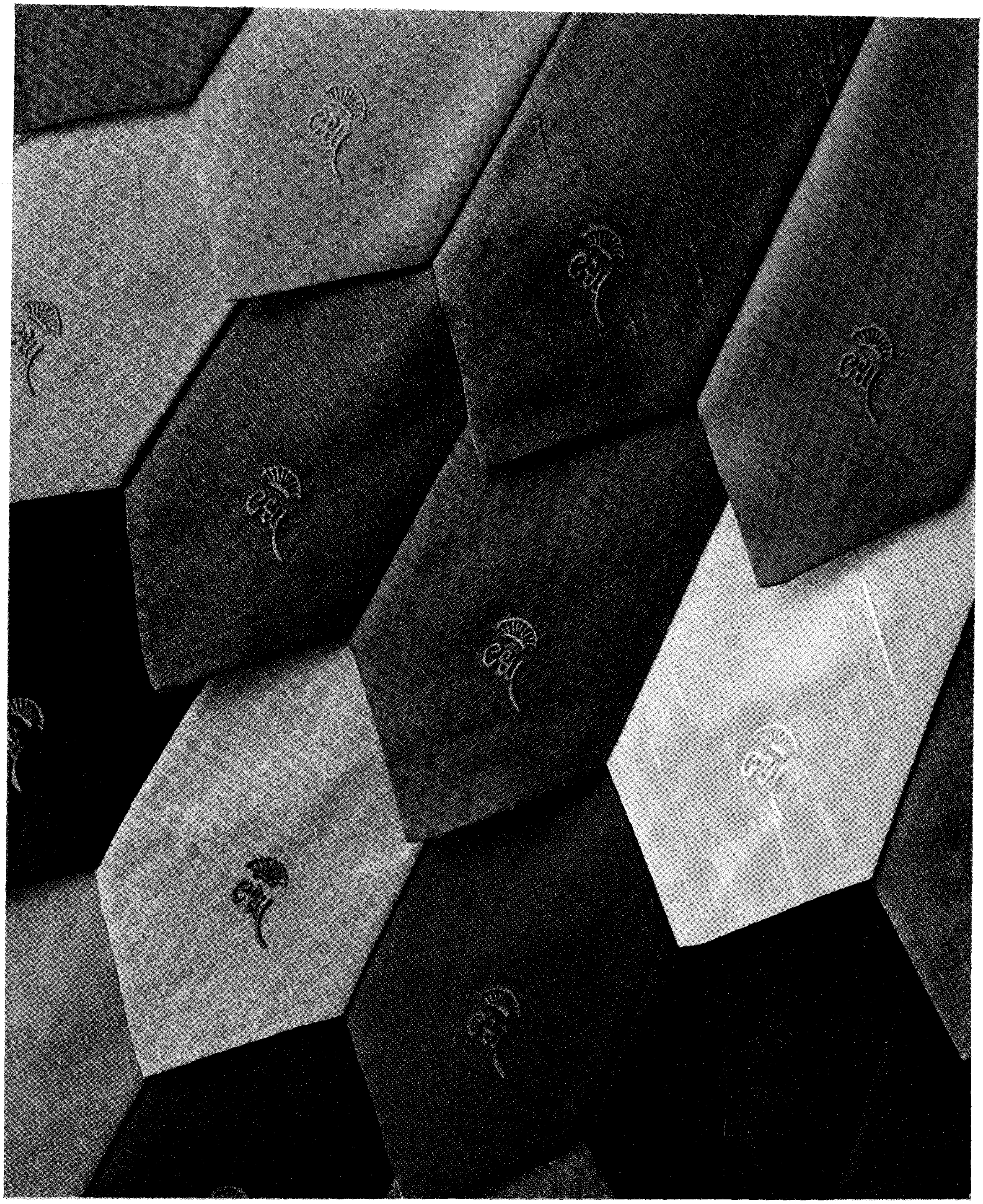

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pears on Wodehouse's luncheon tray; tea is served every afternoon; and the evening meal features solid, dependable stuff like roast lamb with mint sauce and roast potatoes. Despite Wodehouse's many years in this country, his speech does not show the slightest trace of an American accent or intonation. The voice is faintly nasal and rather high in pitch, like Reginald Owen's; the sentences are swung out with a measured cadence that is almost a lilt; the vocabulary is that of Wodehouse's youth, when a fellow was a "chap" and a serious argument was a "frightful row." Equally English is the fact that the Wodehouses' four dogs—a dachshund called Jed, a Pekinese called Boy, a German shepherd called Minnie, and a boxer called Debbie—have the run of the house, along with five cats, Ginger, Baby, Smokie, Cookie, and Blackie.

Wodehouse's friends arrived a few minutes after twelve. He led the way to the back sun parlor, where Mrs. Wodehouse joined them for a moment before rushing off to the Bide-a-Wee shelter with a large package of bones. The men exchanged personal news, and Wodehouse fetched a proof of a dust jacket he had just received from a publisher, after which he collected his walking stick and tracked down his new checked cap from Lock's—it had been resting on a chair in the corner of the living room, where his color prints of Dulwich College are hung—and the party drove to the Patio, a restaurant in Westhampton Beach. His two friends ordered Martinis, Wodehouse a bourbon sour "straight up." This seemed to whet his appetite; in any event, he polished off a cup of jellied madrilène, an order of lamb stew, a side order of stringbeans, several hard rolls, a salad, a biscuit Tortoni, and a cup of coffee. Near the beginning of the lunch, apropos of nothing previously discussed, he asked his friends, "I say, could a chap who's just run for Parliament and won his seat suddenly chuck it all, just like that?" His friends didn't see why not. Wodehouse explained that he was thinking of using this situation in the new Bertie Wooster novel. "It will be very much like the earlier Bertie and Jeeves novels," he said. "I don't know if that is a good thing or not. For years, I've got letters from readers asking me why I persist in writing so many country-house novels. That has always surprised me. I know that when I read one of Rex Stout's Nero Wolfe mysteries I'm terribly disappointed if it doesn't take place in his home on Thirty-fifth Street. The last Nero Wolfe I read

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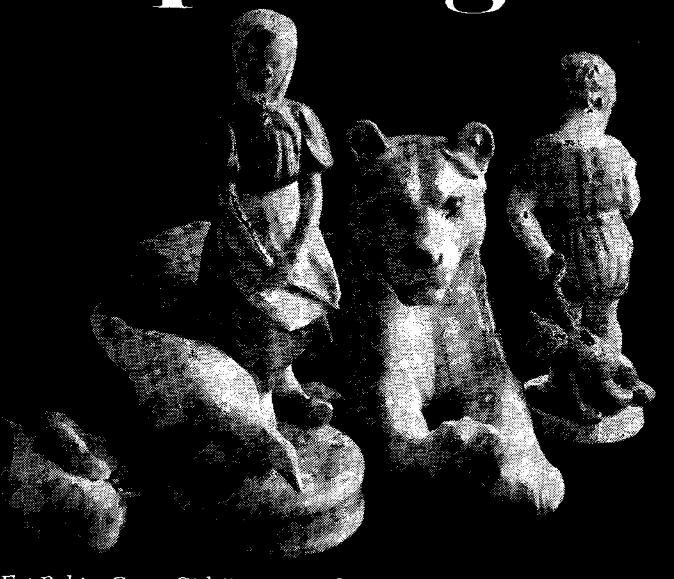

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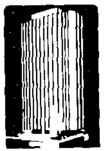

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was set on a dude ranch out West. I missed the orchids—the whole New York atmosphere, which Rex Stout does so well. No, I hardly think it would be an improvement if I were to write a novel laid in Yugoslavia or the Crimea."

During lunch, Wodehouse—a man who has always abhorred people who hold forth—kept trying to switch the conversation to his friends. It inevitably returned to him and his work, for that was what his friends wanted to talk about. Over coffee, one of them asked him if the world he wrote about had really ever existed.

"Oh, it very definitely existed," Wodehouse replied with animation. "When I was living in London around the turn of the century, a good many of the young men dressed in morning coats, toppers, and spats—or spatter-dashes, to give them their full name. I wore them myself when I paid afternoon calls. I don't know why spats went out of favor. They were very comfortable, you know. Awfully warm. Anyway, when I started writing my stories, Bertie was a recognizable type. All the rich young men had valets." He paused for a moment or so, then said, "Funny how fast a type disappears! After the war, there wasn't nearly so much money around, so the young men had to go out and find jobs, and this sort of pulled the rug out from under a whole way of life. Now my stories read like historical novels. I imagine there must be quite a few aspects of my stuff which the new generation of readers doesn't begin to understand. Let me put it this way. When I was a boy reading all those Greek and Latin authors, the one who appealed to me most was Aristophanes. He was a very funny fellow. But, you know, he must have seemed ever so much funnier to the Greeks. That is the point I want to make. I suppose we miss eighty per cent of Aristophanes' humor. Some line that means nothing much to us might have been a wonderful dig at Cleon."

On most days, Guy Bolton picks Wodehouse up at around two o'clock and they go for their walk down the neighborhood lanes. On this particular afternoon, the walk had been cancelled—Bolton had been summoned to New York to discuss a possible production of his new play, "A Man and His Wife," which is about Winston and Clementine Churchill. Consequently, there was no need for Wodehouse to be home before three-thirty, which is when a television serial he never misses, "The Edge of Night," goes on. By that time, his friends were on their

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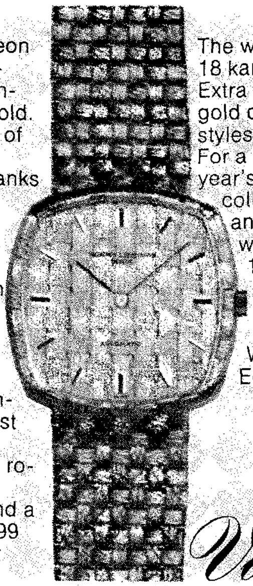

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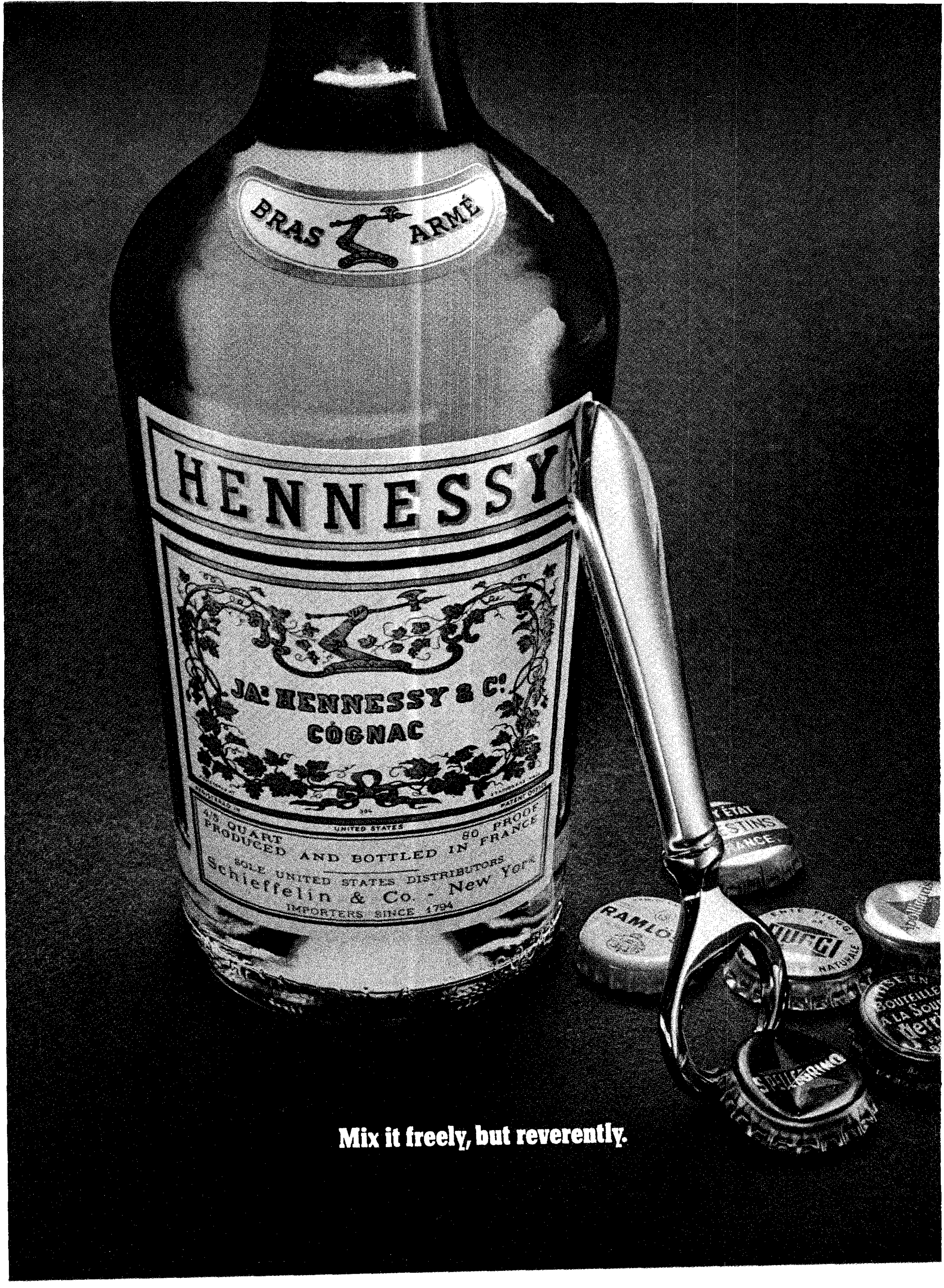
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Cedric & Co.—or, at least, he added nothing to the existing scenario—for more than seven years. Then, on January 3, 1966, he went back to it. He wrote a page of notes that day, two pages on January 4th, two more pages on January 5th, and six pages on January 7th. That long entry on January 7th began:

> Story So Far—
>
> Two families are involved—(a) In New York, an aristocratic New York family—call them the X's, (b) In England, a hard-up aristocratic family, the Y's, who consist of Cedric, who owns the castle, his daughter A, and his niece B.
>
> The story opens in New York. A family council is going on. C, an aunt, has been caught shoplifting and the family, headed by D, a very correct, starchy young man, are discussing what to do with her. They have squared this last charge, but she may slip again and there will be a scandal.

Wodehouse's interest in the story had been rekindled. For the next five weeks, he toiled away at the scenario almost daily. By February 4th, he had refined his story line and settled on the following cast of characters:

1—Owner of castle. Hypochondriac.
2—His daughter. Domineering.
3—His niece (heroine).
4—His brother-in-law. Millionaire financier.
5—Low X. (Hero.) Hard-up. Writes detective stories.
6—Starchy young American. Very proud of his family.
7—His aunt. Kleptomaniac.
8—Chimp Twist. Private detective. Crook.
9—Heroine's fiancé. An M.P. stuffed shirt.

About a week after this, however, work on the scenario slammed to a halt. Before Wodehouse returned to "The Girl in Blue" again—this time to see it through to its conclusion—it was 1969, and he had finished two other novels, "Do Butlers Burgle Banks?" and "No Nudes Is Good Nudes." In the final version of "The Girl in Blue," Mrs. Bernadette Clayborne, the rich widowed sister of Homer Pyle, an eminent New York corporation lawyer, has been arrested for shoplifting at Guildenstern's, a big Madison Avenue department store. Fortunately, the manager of Guildenstern's is an old college friend of Pyle's, and he agrees not to prefer charges against Mrs. Clayborne, provided Pyle gets her out of the city immediately. Pyle does better than that—he gets her out of the country. It seems that Willoughby Scrope, a London lawyer who is a good friend of Pyle's, has a brother named Crispin, who runs Mellingham Hall, a fine old country house that takes paying guests and is situated miles from

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the nearest department store. Pyle, who is on his way to Brussels to attend a P.E.N. conference—he writes poetry on the side—drops his sister off with Willoughby Scrope, who, it happens, has just brought off a great coup: he has just acquired, at an auction at Sotheby's, a miniature Gainsborough called "The Girl in Blue," which he had been trying to track down for years. It seems that . . .

A FEW weeks ago, two men who are old friends and admirers of Wodehouse's, and who live in New York City and had not seen him for some time, arranged to pay him a brief visit in Remsenburg. Since they were not due before noon, Wodehouse adhered to his regular morning schedule: after the Daily Dozen and breakfast, he went into his study at nine o'clock and put in a couple of hours at his desk. He was in exceptionally good spirits, partly because he was looking forward to seeing his friends and going out to lunch with them but mainly because he was once again embarked upon a novel. The novel will be yet another installment in the saga of Bertie Wooster and Jeeves. Wodehouse, like his readers, has become deeply attached to them, and the hard work of roughing out the scenario had so far presented few problems. That morning, he was wearing the gold-blue-and-white striped tie of the Warwickshire Cricket Club. Just prior to the First World War, a bowler named Jeeves played for Warwickshire, and Wodehouse happened to remember him a few years later when he was searching for a good offbeat name for an omniscient valet. In recognition of this happy circumstance, the W.C.C. sent Wodehouse a club tie a year or so ago, and it has seen considerable service since.

In the interval before his friends appeared, Wodehouse went through his morning mail. It included two fan letters relayed by his publisher and a long, warm letter from Kreutz, the Wodehouses' old butler, who has retired and is living in Bad Homburg. Wodehouse then dipped into the airmail edition of the London *Sunday Times*, which he gets each week, along with the airmail edition of the *Observer*. The one other periodical he subscribes to is *Punch*. Like the characters in his books, he has changed hardly at all over the years, and although it might be going a bit too far to describe the life that he and his wife lead as Edwardian, it does smack of an earlier, gentler era, and it is very English. Their eating habits are a case in point: a kipper frequently ap-

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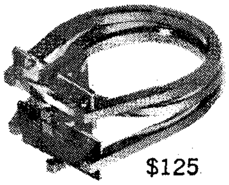

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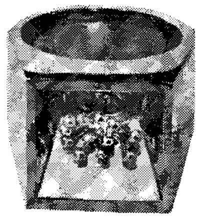

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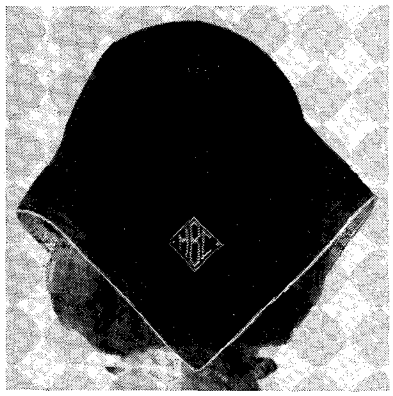

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way back to the city and he was in his armchair in front of the television set in his study. For many years, it was his habit to watch another soap opera, "Love of Life," which went on at noon, but about three years ago a new man started writing the script for the show, and it lost its appeal for Wodehouse. He much admires Henry Slesar, the writer of "The Edge of Night," and speaks of him as "a chap who has a good story to tell and knows how to tell it." Aside from this, the things he most likes to watch on television are the Mets' games.

At the close of that day's installment of "The Edge of Night," Wodehouse fell off into a snooze. It was after five when he roused himself. He took a shower, changed his clothes, and went back to the armchair. As he was thinking out possible directions that the scenario of the new novel might take, Mrs. Wodehouse called to him. He joined her in the back sun parlor, where she had set out two glasses of sherry. "I'm going to watch the Mets' game tonight," he told her. "They're playing Pittsburgh."

"I don't know what you see in baseball, Plummie," she said. "It's so dull."

"Oh, it's a good game to watch," he protested. "A much better game to watch than cricket, Ethel. The trouble with cricket is that you're a Surrey fan, say, and the other team wins the toss—well, they come in and bat all day. You never see your team do a thing."

"I should think you'd find American football more exciting than baseball," Mrs. Wodehouse said.

"Oh, not at all," he answered. "They run a play and then they all gather round and discuss it."

There followed a stretch of silence, during which they both sipped their sherry and gazed at the back garden and the trees beyond.

"How nice it looks now, with the evening light on the lawn," Wodehouse said.

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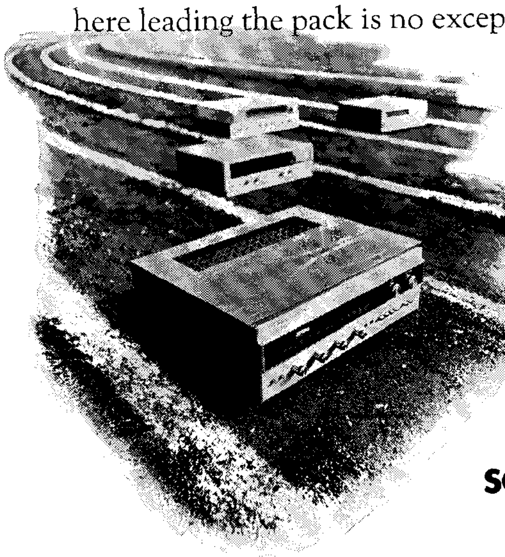

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THE THEATRE

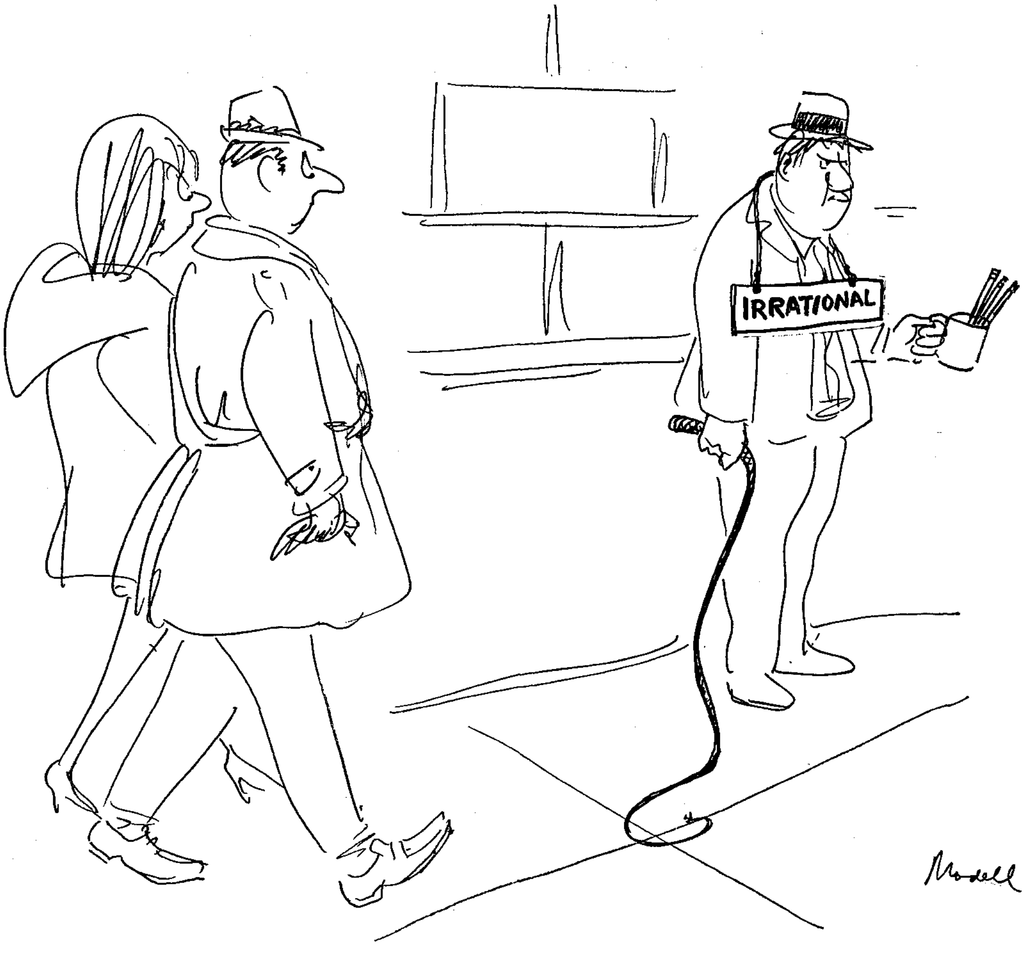
LAST RITES

TWO shows came to Broadway last week and departed with a celerity that, under the circumstances, amounted to compassion for authors and audiences alike, and I hope that the brevity of my remarks will be seen to stand for a similar emotion. The traditional words of condolence at Irish wakes are, all simply and beautifully, "I am sorry for your trouble," and I am very sorry indeed for the trouble of the young folk who put together a peculiar deep-Southern country-rock musical, "The Earl of Ruston," which would have been every bit as hard pressed to succeed on the banks of the Pedernales as on those of the Hudson. I am equally sorry for the poet, playwright, teacher, and statesman Archibald MacLeish, who celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday with the opening of "Scratch," a play based on Stephen Vincent Benét's well-known story "The Devil and Daniel Webster." For the first time in my career as a reviewer, I found myself seated in a theatre next to an author whose work I was about to review; before the curtain went up at the sumptuous St. James, Mr. MacLeish and I exchanged wary, cheerful reminiscences about friends and institutions we have had in common, taking care to pretend that neither of us had the slightest connection with the event that had brought us together.

Mr. MacLeish in his eightieth year is in tearing high spirits, and if his play was a disappointment it was not through any measurable diminution of his literary powers—on the contrary, these powers were perhaps a trifle too much in evidence, and had he used up some of his always superabundant energy on two or three sets of tennis, an hour's gallop, and a mile-long swim before settling down to the task of composition, I think he might have been content to put fewer words into "Scratch" and so have made it a better play. The first act, in which Daniel Webster carries on a highfalutin discussion of his recent political conduct with the learned hired man on his Marshfield farm, becomes a model of how not to fulfill the requirements of dramatic exposition; having been given far too much potted American history and far too little action, we begin to speculate on how pleasant it would be if the Devil, instead of offering Webster the greatest opportunity of his oratorical career, were to silence him forever. The second act of "Scratch" is what matters, and we shouldn't reach it in a state of tetchy exhaustion. The confrontations among the Devil, Webster, Webster's friend Jabez Stone (who has been unwise enough to sell his soul to the Devil), and the judge and jury of damned souls before whom Webster pleads for Jabez' all-but-damned soul are fine theatre; with them, the play comes to life, but by then it is too late.

Patrick Magee wrestled valiantly with the role of the logorrheic Webster, and Will Geer's Scratch was as amiable and ruthless an embodiment of evil as one could ask for in a month of Sundays. The scenery—a marvellous dusty New England barn that was also, from time to time, whatever else the play needed it to be—was by John Conklin, and the handsome costumes were by Patricia Zipprodt. The judge and jury summoned by Scratch were made up by Joseph Cranzano to resemble, in their advanced posthumous decay, an assortment of exotic cheeses. If Miss Zipprodt and Mr. Cranzano have guessed right, it is the fashion in Hell to look as ghastly as possible.

THE book and lyrics of "The Earl of Ruston," fugitively at the Billy Rose, were by C. C. Courtney and his cousin Ragan, and the music was by Peter Link. C. C. Courtney directed the show and shared with Ragan the role of the hero, Earl D. Woods, a supposedly lovable eccentric from the small town of Ruston, Louisiana. In short, the Courtneys were very nearly the whole show, and while they appeared to be talented young men, their claim to being hayseeds immediately set my teeth on edge. Like their colleague Mr. Link, they are graduates of our local Neighborhood Playhouse



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School of the Theatre, which suffers few rubes to enroll and none to survive, and the y'awl-folksiness of these sophisticated performers would have affronted the credulity of an Arkansas mule. The Courtneys made the mistake of insisting that their story was taken from real life and was, indeed, about their very own uncle, recently and most miserably dead, after a considerable period spent in a mental hospital. They added to this mistake by bringing their grandmother, Mrs. Leecy R. Woods Moore—Earl's mother—to New York and putting her onstage in rimless glasses and a shapeless cheap cotton dress to lend the sanction of her authenticity to the *meretricious unauthenticity* of their so-called "country rocker." It is to Mrs. Moore's credit that she looked thoroughly unmoved by her grandsons' hard-breathing sentimentalities; if the boys were past being spanked, they were not past being ignored, and she let us see that her thoughts were elsewhere. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Veteran's Day

IF ever there was a talented writer who needed an editor, he is Rod Parker, whose first play, "And Whose Little Boy Are You?," opened and closed last week at the McAlpin Rooftop. His audience was forced to sit through any number of sleazy jokes before he struck his own vein of bitter, jeering humor and showed himself to have the makings of a satirist. His play did not succeed (on its own terms), because of his apparent lack of confidence in his considerable comic power, and he completely muffed the ending by changing key into histrionics and melodrama; it is a pity that he did not have the sense to stick to the wild black farce and genuine feeling that had been working so well for him. Nonetheless, when Mr. Parker was good he was bold and original. His targets were war, fakery, corruption, opportunism, hypocrisy, superstition, and the gullibility and venality of the clergy—a lineup in the tradition of Aristophanes and Ben Jonson—and it was surprising to see the number of them he hit, especially in these days, when a kind of fatuous horsing around so often passes for satire.

The hero of Mr. Parker's play is a young veteran who returns from sixteen months in Vietnam to find his common-law wife pregnant, and who is then expected to swallow the news that God Himself is the father of the child. The girl lives with her sluttish,

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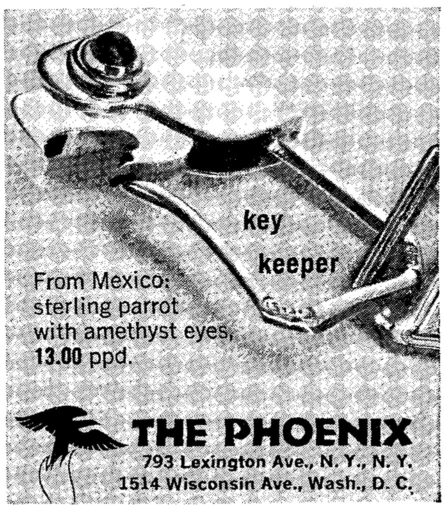

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pious mother in a tenement apartment whose walls are covered with cheap reproductions of holy pictures, and there are plans afoot to turn it into a shrine for prospective pilgrims. (When the mother offers to do the dishes and then scrapes food off paper plates into a garbage bag, I realized that we were in the presence of a dramatist who has kept his eyes open and his wits about him. Then he immediately spoiled the effect with a silly gag.) The boy's father is a political hack—a congressman who sees votes in the plastic miracle and who not only brings in a cardinal, a Protestant bishop, and a rabbi to validate it but forces his son and the girl to go through a marriage ceremony when the girl is well into labor. The boy eventually unpacks his gun and chases everyone out, but his troubles are far from over.

If ever there was a talented actor who needed a strong director, he is Richard Dreyfuss, who spoiled his generally admirable performance as the veteran by occasionally doing too much and by allowing his emotional scenes to go way out of control. As the girl, Kathryn Grody—her eyes wide open with doting innocence, and her mouth slightly ajar—did well, and so did Martin Shakar as an extremely susceptible young priest and victim of eager-beaverism. Marty Greene was funny, in a benign sort of way, as a Jewish landlord, and Loretta Fury was funny, in a miserable sort of way, as the dreadful mother. Charles Rosen's setting was appropriately and unforgettably hideous. —EDITH OLIVER

•

Already over 100 members of our class have signified that they expect to be at the reunion.... Regardless of anything, your wife is most welcome.—*Letter received by a Cornellian from his class president.*

You've *seen* her?

•

Georgia's known as the peace state. Well, I suppose that's fine for folks who like peaches, but to me, Georgia will always be the bird-dog state.—*Norman Strung in the Bozeman (Mont.) Daily Chronicle.*

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•

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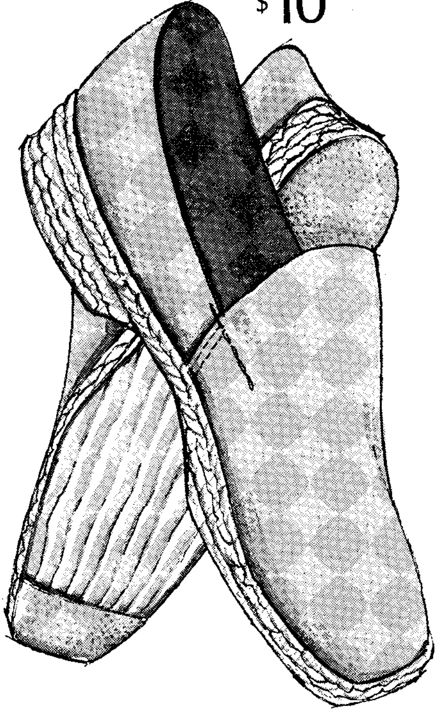

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THE RACE TRACK

Muddy Withers

ONCE upon a time, only the better three-year-olds ran in the Withers Mile, which goes back to 1874 at Jerome Park, which was somewhere in the Bronx, and was as posh a racecourse in those days, they say, as Royal Ascot was. The race has lost the importance it had when it was the accepted public trial for the Belmont Stakes, and the fact that it comes between the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness Stakes hasn't helped its status. Now and then, though, it attracts a topnotcher—there was Native Dancer in 1953 and Dr. Fager in 1967. Last Saturday afternoon, it was won by a newcomer, Bold Reasoning, over the muddiest track I've seen in many a day. There was so much casual water on it that the runners in the early races kicked up a swell like motorboats as they came down the stretch. Whether deserved or not, there was something about Bold Reasoning's performance that called to mind the effortless ease with which Hoist the Flag won his races. Bold Reasoning's margin was only two lengths, but it could have been at least twice that if Vasquez, his rider, had hustled him along in the last quarter. Highbinder, the little brother of Dr. Fager, was second, four lengths in front of Salem. Good Behaving, the favorite on the strength of victories in the Swift, the Gotham, and the Wood Memorial Stakes, was fourth. Salem was quickest of the eight starters to leave the gate, but before he'd gone a furlong Bold Reasoning passed him, and was never headed. It was his fifth straight victory. The colt is by Boldnesian out of Reason to Earn, a daughter of Hail to Reason, and is owned by William Kosnick, an automobile designer, and Charles Hargrove, an insurance executive, who bought him in partnership as a yearling for $15,000. He is a big, powerful dark-bay colt. His stable says he's seventeen hands tall, which is an unusual height for a horse, and he looks every inch of it.

As I stopped in the saddling paddock for a look at Highbinder, who has neither the size, the conformation, nor the same color coat of his famous brother, I ran into Johnny Nerud, who used to train but now directs the destinies of the Tartan Stable. He said, "This only goes to show you how wrong you can be in this game. Months ago, I picked the Withers for this colt—Dr. Fager won it, you know—and it looked like a soft spot. I thought that a good many of the other colts would either have had too much of it in the Kentucky Derby or be pointing for the Preakness. See what I'm up against? Good Behaving; Bold Reasoning, who they say is a good one; Salem, a nice colt, who won the Futurity; and Your Excellency, the full brother of Personality. There's no point in making plans!" As I mentioned, Highbinder finished second.

BY the way, no favorite has won an important race for three-year-olds this season. Good Behaving was fourth in the Withers, Unconscious was fifth in the Kentucky Derby, Dynastic was third in the Blue Grass Stakes, Executioner was second in the Florida Derby, Unconscious was second in the Santa Anita Derby, and His Majesty was sixth in the Flamingo.

ONE thing you can be sure about—there won't be twenty starters in the Preakness at Pimlico in Baltimore this weekend. Which is just as well, for the track is narrow and has sharp turns. Bold Reasoning will skip the race and wait for the Belmont Stakes, on June 5th. Good Behaving's stable had decided not to make him a supplementary entry to the race even before he ran in the Withers. Unconscious has gone back to California and the Hollywood Derby on July 3d. There will be more dropouts, too. As for who will win—your guess is better than mine. I'd say, though, that the shorter distance of a mile and three-sixteenths will favor Eastern Fleet, but hardly Canonero II, the Derby winner. And there'll be betting at the O.-T.B. shops around town—but to win only.

WHAT'S with Fort Marcy? Last month, after he had finished second in the San Juan Capistrano at Santa Anita, his number was taken down for interference; the same thing happened again last weekend in the Dixie at Pimlico, in which he finished first. Perhaps he's bored with it all.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

SOME years ago, while visiting a low-income housing project in Harlem, I found the following sign posted on a bulletin board:

Dear Tenants:

To protect ourselves and our children, we organize rules of conduct.

When a tenant moves to a high rise building, it is important that all members of the family be informed that nothing should be thrown out of windows.

A child should be fed away from the window, particularly if he forms the habit of throwing his food.

Teenagers and parents should supervise the younger children constantly to be sure they don't hurt anyone.

Throwing articles out of windows may mean the loss of someone's eye or even death. The act is a felony and the court's punishment is severe.

An article was thrown out of B line 1345 Fifth Avenue on 5-7-68 at 9 P.M.

Speak to your children.

Do not leave them unsupervised. Please cooperate.

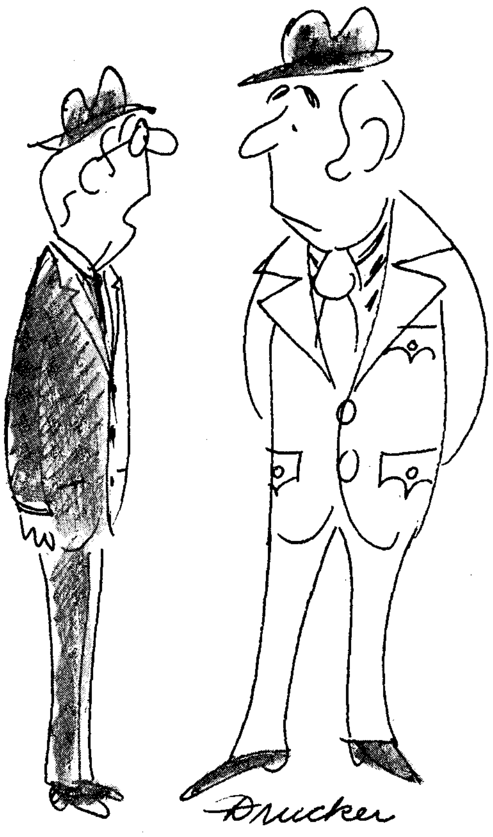
This patronizing and demoralizing message, like the project itself—with its brutal tiled lobbies, its halls smelling of disinfectant, its bare, storeless site, its atmosphere of meanness and isolation—made me feel angry, and ashamed of my own good fortune in not being poor and at the mercy of the New York City Housing Authority. It pointed up the failure of public housing to provide its beneficiaries (if that's the word) with anything beyond the most minimal physical requirements of shelter, and more is involved in this failure than lack of funds. The lack of empathy and humanity reflected in our high-rise ghettos calls for remedies that money alone will not provide.

When, a few months ago, I learned of a furniture-design competition sponsored by the Washington Center for Metropolitan Studies as part of a ninety-thousand-dollar study financed by the United States Department of Housing and Urban Development to "develop a procedure for the manufacture and distribution of furniture specifically designed for families residing in low-income housing," I had deep misgivings about the project. It sounded like more of the same. The competition announcement spoke of the "questionable appropriateness" of the belongings of people who move into housing projects and deplored the fact that "many brand-new low-income dwellings are encumbered with furnishings which are oversized, unattractive, hard to clean, lacking in durability, and basically unsuited to the needs of the residents." Now, in my visit to the Harlem housing project the one thing that *wasn't* depressing were the apartments themselves. If they didn't exactly cause the word "tasteful" to leap to the mind, and were mostly furnished with pieces for which the word "unattractive" is a euphemism—still, in contrast to the buildings they were warm and human and appealing and in many cases a good deal more clean than many a middle-class apartment I know where the children have not formed the habit of blinding and killing people by throwing peas out the window.

The winning entries of the competition were shown a few weeks ago at the National Collection of Fine Arts, in Washington, D.C., and the exhibition was a pleasant surprise. Far from looking like poorhouse furniture, the sixty-seven pieces selected for the improvement of the poor had nothing about them that would distinguish them from pieces that one sees in retail stores catering to the design-conscious, modernity-prone affluent. In fact, several of the exhibits were pieces that are already in production and for sale in such stores as Bloomingdale's and the Children's Workbench (an "environment" at the Children's Workbench described here a few issues ago is one of them), and others seem likely candidates for production and distribution among the well-to-do. An atmosphere of brightness, cheerfulness, and imaginativeness pervaded the exhibition rooms; colorful synthetic materials (hard plastic, polyurethane, cardboard, foam rubber, vinyl) predominated, and pieces made of wood were usually coated with plastic or painted. I saw nothing that I would call beautiful furniture in the sense that a Shaker or Barcelona chair is beautiful, but I found almost nothing ugly, either, and was impressed with the assured design, clean lines, and ingenuity that characterized most of the exhibits.

Morley J. Winnick and Penny Hallock Lehman's entry, called "Wall-With-All," is a version of the multipurpose wall arrangement introduced here a few years ago by a German firm. It provides the small apartment dweller with everything but the kitchen sink in the space of a ten- or twelve-foot-long wall, and includes bookshelves, cabinets, a chest of drawers, a desk, a closet, and a Murphy bed. The trouble with the German model was its extremely high price, which put it out of the reach of the very people who would be most apt to need such a piece. Winnick and Lehman have attacked this problem by constructing their "wall" of Westvaco, a three-ply resin-bonded board, made of wood flakes and chips, which is sturdy enough for the purpose and, coated with white plastic, looks perfectly all right. The piece has a concise and orderly appearance, and it made me think of what a fine thing it would be if along with the built-in closets and kitchen cabinets now provided, apartments would also automatically confer built-in bookcases, cabinets, drawers, desks, and beds on their tenants.

The Mobi Corporation submitted some frameless polyurethane furniture designed by Duane Iselin, which is already in production, and the blocky, chunky pieces put one in mind of the simple irregular toy building blocks that small children play with. They come in seven bright colors and are coated with vinyl, which gives them a slick, shiny look. I found the chairs extremely comfortable, and I liked



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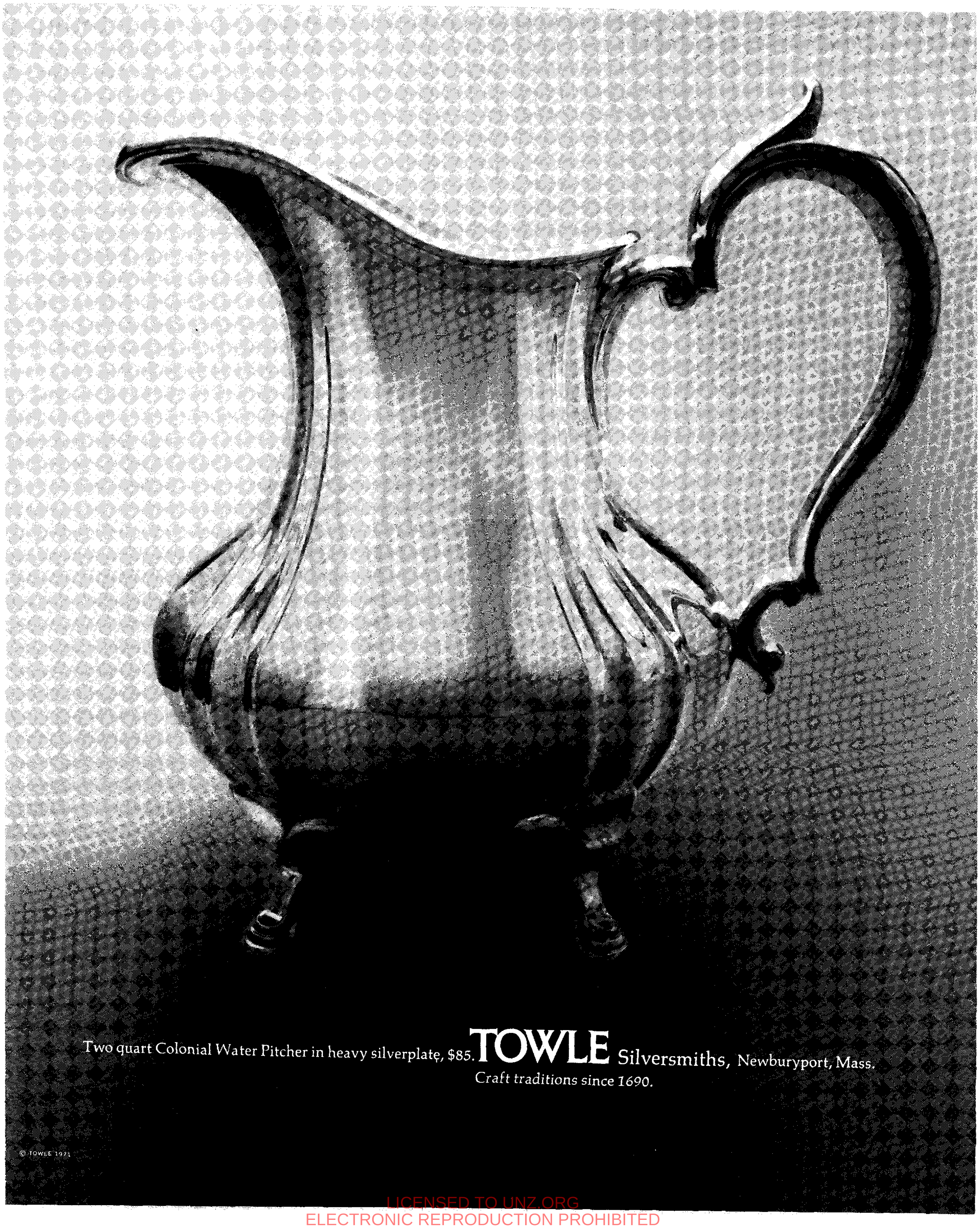

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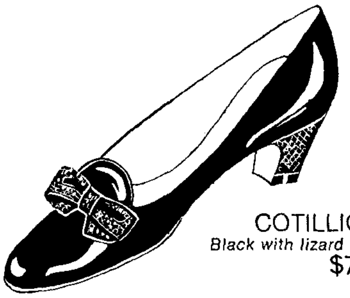

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the way the material felt—its give, and the coolness of the surface—though I'm not sure everyone would. The manufacturer's estimated price for an armchair is $120, an armless chair called the Scoop Chair is $62, and a bench is $80. The coating, according to Mobi, is "non-toxic, colorfast, completely scrubbable, and puts out a burning cigarette."

John W. Ellyard's set of children's furniture includes a bed, a wardrobe, a chest of drawers, a desk, and a chair that doubles as a bedside table. The pieces have a subtle and gentle quality that is an interesting deviation from the blunt and direct kind of children's furniture that has become today's dominant style. I particularly liked Mr. Ellyard's wardrobe; its doors are naturally finished white oak, the sides and insides are painted white, and within there is a clothes bar, a hat shelf, and a pull-out drawer for shoes at the bottom. The chest of drawers (also oak front, white sides) has six drawers of three different sizes, each drawer with an overhang at the bottom with which it can be pulled out. This means of entry without hardware is a good idea for children whose relations with drawer pulls tend to be uneasy. Both the wardrobe and the chest of drawers have rounded corners and are nicely made and finished. The estimated retail prices—$60 for the wardrobe and $90 for the chest—seem somewhat optimistic, but I understand that when the pieces are mass-produced they will be done in white plastic, which is probably the explanation.

Richard Berridge has designed a handsome king-size bed whose oak frame comes disassembled and is put together without any glue or hardware. The pieces have notched joints that fit together like a wood puzzle. The specimen at the exhibit represents $145 spent on wood and millwork, and if the frame were made of a cheaper wood it would cost even less. I liked the way the bed looked and the way it was constructed better than I liked to lie on it. It has no springs, the mattress is foam rubber, and it feels like a bed for people with back trouble.

Ralph Appleman's dining table makes use of a cheap, light, wood-substitute like Westvaco, but in this case the material is not disguised under plastic, and is frankly (almost proudly) shown for what it is. The table's round top (forty-eight inches in diameter) is made of a light-brown, mottled material called Duraflake, and the base is an interesting arrangement of six plywood boards set at angles to each

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other. There are six matching stools—small near-replicas of the table—and when they are not in use they can be tucked in under the table to repose in the partitions formed by the angles of the pedestal members. This method of disposing of the stools, besides being practical, also augments the design of the table by adding substance and complexity to the pedestal. The materials for the table cost the designer $20, and for the stools $2 each, and according to Mr. Appleman the set has had "constant use by a family of six for seven years without damage."

Frank A. Culbertson's unconventional storage units are wall-hung cabinets (twenty inches high, seventeen inches wide, and ten and a half inches deep) equipped with three adjustable shelves, and the unusual thing about them is that their frames are made of laminated paper tubing covered with burlap, and the shelves are made of burlap stretched between two dowels, which fit into holes in the sides of the boxes. Instead of doors, there are burlap curtains that hang down over the open fronts, and one simply lifts the curtain to get into a cabinet. The designer estimates the price of each unit as between $5 and $10, and his idea is to replace conventional chests of drawers with his cardboard-and-burlap alternative. For the storage of children's jeans, socks, mittens, etc., such a replacement seems not only admissible but a real improvement, since children would find such a piece easier to take things out of and put things away in than even the most considerately designed chest of drawers. But for grownups—I wonder about these paper boxes, as indeed, I have wondered about practically every piece in the exhibition not expressly designed for children. I find it hard to imagine them in households whose members are middle-aged or elderly. This objection is not limited to the pieces in the exhibition. Most of today's modern furniture—and especially low-cost modern furniture—has such a markedly youthful, if not childish, aspect that its buying public is almost exclusively limited to people under thirty. The rest of the furniture-buying population continues to put its money on the so-called "traditional" styles, and, considering the alternatives, one can understand this preference. The colorful polyurethane armchair mentioned above, for example, is a charming sight with a young girl clad in hot pants sprawled in its depth; the same chair looks peculiar and unpleasant when occupied by a soberly dressed older woman. One often

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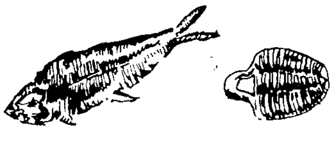

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hears couples say that their taste has changed since they first were married and that the furniture they once liked now seems horrible to them. But surely more than taste changes as people get older, and when a couple changes their surroundings they are as much impelled by their changed circumstances and priorities and selves as by their altered aesthetics. In the last century, no "youth-oriented" furniture existed, and young couples had to grow into the ponderous, grave, elderly households they moved into when they married. Now an opposite situation exists. No "middle-aged" modern furniture exists, and when couples outgrow their inflatables and plastic cubes and "environments" there's nowhere for them to go but backward—into antiques if they can afford them, or into the less expensive pseudo-antiques.

THE objective of the Washington Center furniture-design study is to give poor people an alternative to the shoddy, ugly, overpriced, and usuriously financed furniture that is now considered to be their only recourse. Under a plan proposed by the project, manufacturers would enter into contracts with the government, and this "approved" furniture would be offered to tenants of federally assisted housing projects, who would pay for it over a period of three or more years as part of their rent. The idea is admirable. The question is, will low-income families actually *buy* furniture such as the pieces shown in the exhibition? I have already cited the youthful character of the entries as a limitation on their general acceptability. There is another problem that is less easy to express and grapple with. I so much like the spirit of the exhibition—its lack of condescension, its assumption that the poor are no less deserving of good design than the affluent, its insistence that no special provisions or allowances have to be made for people who are special only because they have less money than they ought to—all this is so fine, and I only wish it were not necessary to point out that it leaves reality completely out of account. Last week, I paid a belated visit to the Coöperative Association of East Harlem Furniture Store, at 2139 Third Avenue (117th), which was formed two years ago under the guidance of the New York Institute for Consumer Education and Development with the admirable purpose of bringing well-made, well-designed, fairly priced furniture to people in the neighborhood. On entering the store, to my consternation, I saw nothing to distinguish it from any other Harlem furniture store. The

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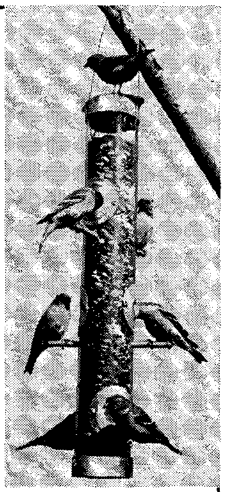

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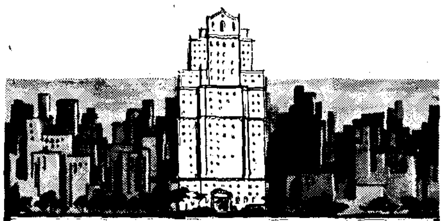
place was full of hideous Mediterranean bedroom suites, garish 3-D "paintings" of toreadors, huge sofas covered with iridescent purple brocade, and lamps that made one doubt one's eyes. The manager of the co-op, a young man named Raymond Maldonado, followed my baleful gaze and said, "You should have seen this place when we first opened. We had a lot of good Swedish and Danish furniture then. But it didn't sell. So now we stick to this sort of thing, which does." The co-op justifies its existence by selling at lower prices than those charged by the regular Harlem furniture stores. Mr. Maldonado pointed out a bedroom suite priced at $850 and said that the same one in a store across the street cost $1,200. I examined one of the few pieces that remained of the Scandinavian furniture—a handsome chair with an oak frame and upholstered seat, which looked like a museum piece in its surroundings, and whose $85 price tag made it seem an extraordinarily good buy. Mr. Maldonado shook his head and said, "No one is going to buy that chair." He told me that most of the stock of Scandinavian furniture had been bought by people from downtown who had read about the co-op in the *Village Voice* and the *Times*. Scarcely a piece was sold to a resident of the neighborhood. "The people here don't understand modern design," Mr. Maldonado said. "They have to be educated," he added, without much conviction.

I am also not convinced that educating the poor in the principles of design is to any point. If anyone needs educating, it would seem to be the manufacturers of the furniture that fills the homes of the well-to-do in this country, and that serves as a model for the cheap furniture sold in slum neighborhoods. There is a natural predisposition among people at the bottom of the economic scale toward the elaborately decorated object because of its associations of richness and luxuriousness; and a converse hostility toward plain forms because of their associations of meagerness and poverty. Less is not more for the person who has nothing. When, added to this, there are the egregious examples of the homes of the affluent (where many poor women work as maids), which remain encrusted with the trappings of luxury and inequality—then it is *nothing* to wonder at that the poor have trouble "understanding" a beautifully designed paper chair. Furniture designers maintain that they are only following the inclinations of the public in their ad-



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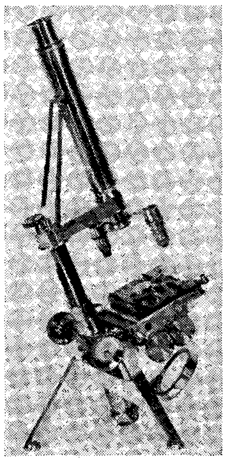

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herence to the outdated, meaningless "traditional" furniture styles, and their claim is substantially correct. The vague desire among educated, design-conscious people for furniture that is beautiful and functional and expressive of today's best impulses cannot be fulfilled just like that. Before such furniture can take form, an architecture appropriate to it must appear. It isn't only tenants of public housing projects who use furniture to mitigate the architectural desolation of their surroundings; the occupants of modern luxury apartment houses are impelled by the same dissatisfactions when they transform their boxlike spaces into imitation eighteenth-century boudoirs and drawing rooms, when they make travesties of their picture windows by covering them with old-fashioned silk draperies, when at every turn they attempt to make things seem what they are not. The Functionalist furniture that was designed for the International Style of architecture—of which the housing projects and luxury apartment buildings are debased versions—only accentuates the failure of this style as an architecture for human beings. The one thing worse than a "traditionally" decorated apartment in a new building is one that is furnished with Eames chairs and tubular-steel-and-glass tables. Encouraging signs of a new architecture are appearing, but until this architecture reaches people where they live, people will undoubtedly continue to support the chaotic anachronism that is today's furniture industry.

—JANET MALCOLM

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WHITE HOUSE RELUCTANT TO COMMENT ON PRIME RATE INCREASE

WASHN—DJ—WHITE HOUSE PRESS SECRETARY ZIEGLER DECLINED TO COMMENT ON THE PRIME RATE INCREASE

ZIEGLER WHO HAD VOICED APPROVAL AT THE TIME THE PRIME RATE WAS CUT IN RECENT MONTHS SAID THAT PRESIDENT NIXON SUBSCRIBES TO THE VIEWS OF BOTH TREASURY SECRETARY CONNALLY AND CHAIRMAN PAUL MCCRACKEN OF THE COUNCIL OF ECONOMIC ADVISERS

CONNALLY SAID HE WAS UNHAPPY WITH THE INCREASE AND MCCRACKEN SAID HE DID NOT MIND IT

ZIEGLER SAID MCCRACKEN WAS EXPRESSING THE VIEW OF THE ADMINISTRATION AND THAT CONNALLY WAS EXPRESSING HIS VIEW AS SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

HE HASTENED TO ADD HOWEVER THAT CONNALLY WAS ALSO A MEMBER OF THE ADMINISTRATION AND HE SAID HE DID NOT MEAN TO DRAW A DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE TWO OPINIONS.—*Dow Jones News Service dispatch.*

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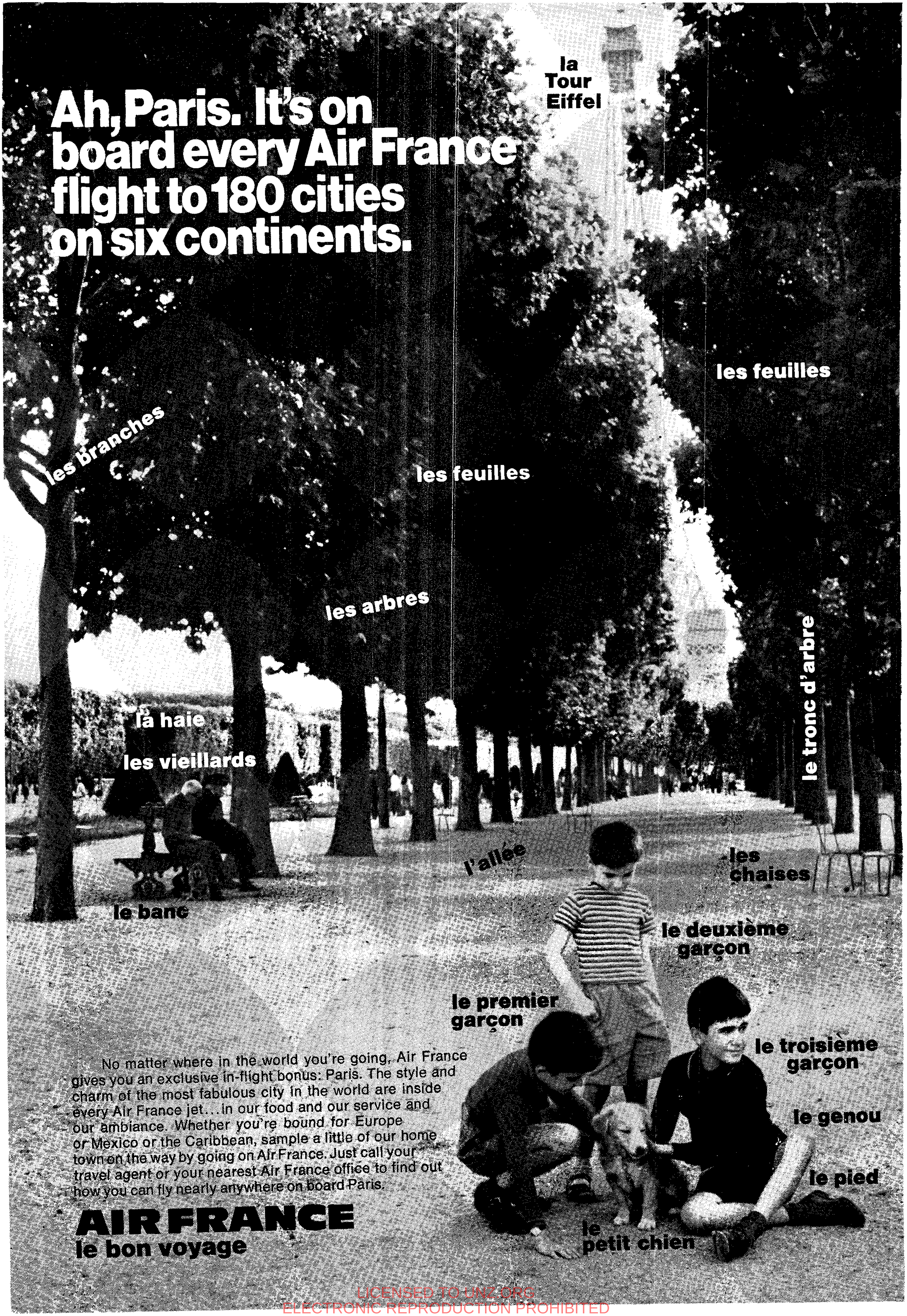
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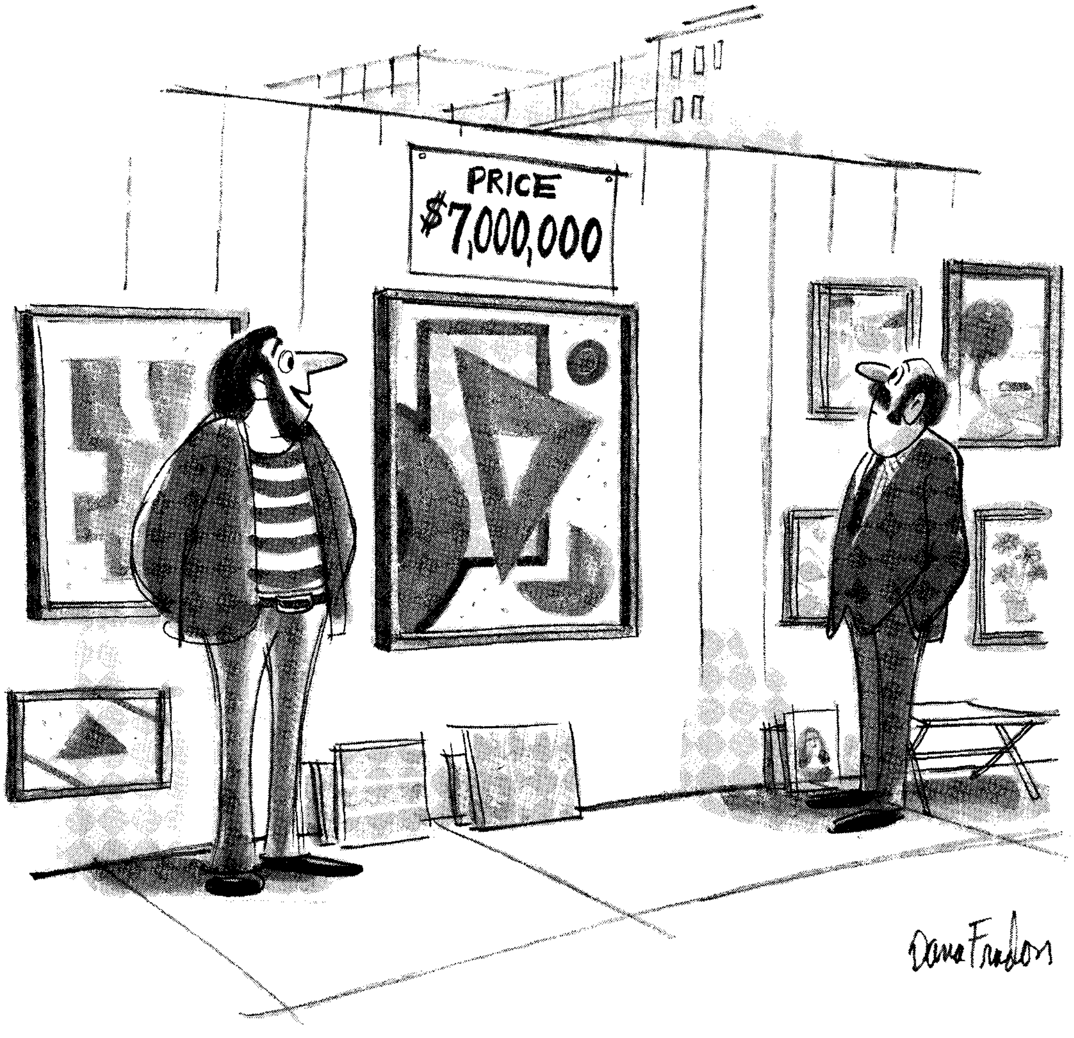
AROUND CITY HALL

SURVIVAL

EARLY last year, New Yorkers learned from a report by the United States Marine Laboratory at Sandy Hook, released by Congressman Richard Ottinger, that a twenty-square-mile stretch of dead water, made up of sludge (chemically treated sewage) and industrial wastes, lay twelve miles off the Rockaways, just south of Ambrose Light, mutilating all plant and animal life there, much as, according to the old mariners' tale, the dense mass of seaweed known as the Sargasso Sea used to trap unwary ships. A few months later, a heavy layer of dead air—a coagulated cloud of carbon monoxide from automobile exhausts, sulphur dioxide, and smokeshade (the scientists' word for visible atmospheric dirt)—spread out over the city and hovered there for days. Though the dead sea kept its distance and the Sargasso sky eventually dispersed, to some observers the successive occurrences seemed to be an allegory of how modern urban civilization, beginning with America's largest city, might be about to suffocate in its own lethiferous effluvia. Not long before the smog scare, a Washington columnist had reported that the President of the United States, making small talk with a New York visitor at a Billy Graham prayer breakfast, had said, "Oh, yes, New York. Let it die. Billy taught me to let it die and not worry about it." New Yorkers could consider the alleged sources—a local political transient for whom the city had never voted and an evangelist whose previous revival here had been less than a smash. Still, the remark was a further intimation of mortality. Meanwhile, the newspapers were crowded, as they continue to be, with pronouncements from former New York residents, individual and corporate, who, having found the city uninhabitable, had abandoned it for the suburbs or London or Rome and now urged others to do the same.

It was thus with some surprise that New Yorkers learned from the final 1970 census figures, which came out in January, that theirs was one of the few large cities east of the Mississippi that had not lost population during the previous decade. In fact, the city's population had grown by eighty-five thousand. Local pessimists charged that most of the new arrivals seemed to be people nobody else wanted; the more sanguine pointed out that the same thing had been said of previous immigrations, which had not always turned out badly for the city. Mayor Lindsay, a generally ebullient sort who has an understandable distaste for the role of a politician presiding over a terminal case, was busy as usual reminding his fellow-citizens of further reasons for optimism—most of them, it turned out, at the expense of other parts of the country, where politicians were no doubt consoling *their* fellow-citizens with the argument that, however badly off they were, things were worse in New York. The local unemployment rate for 1970 was under five per cent, Lindsay noted, as opposed to eight and four-tenths per cent in Cleveland and Los Angeles. The gap between the wages of whites and blacks here was smaller than in most other cities. If the crime rate was high, it was lower than that in Detroit, Baltimore, or Washington, D.C., and the rate of increase was half that for the suburbs. Though the public schools were in great trouble, New Yorkers might consider those in Newark, across the river, where an eleven-week teachers' strike, the longest ever in a major American city, had just ended. If one in seven of New Yorkers' fellow-citizens was on welfare, the figure was one in five in Boston, and the recent monthly increase in the welfare rolls here was only half the national rate. Though last month a Virginia banker advised caution in buying New York City municipal bonds because the city's financial outlook was dim indeed, Lindsay was delighted to report that its latest bond issue had been sold at a lower rate of interest than a year earlier. Kenneth Patton, Lindsay's Economic Development Administrator, came up with figures showing that, despite all the scare headlines, the city was still the headquarters for about five hundred of the leading American corporations—



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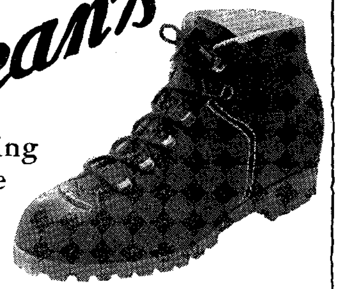

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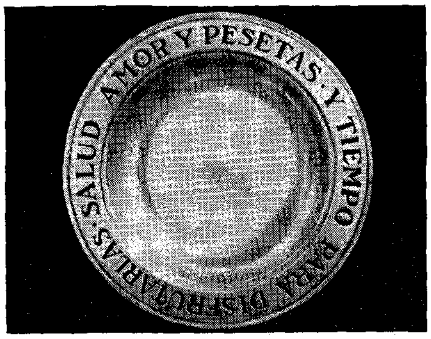

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the same figure as five years before. Patton even found some corporations who were thinking of moving back, having discovered that the suburbs had many of the same problems they thought they had escaped. On this point, Ralph Gross, the head of the local Commerce and Industry Association, helpfully recalled Joe Louis's comment on one of his younger challengers: "He can run but he can't hide."

Last January, Harold C. Schonberg, the *Times* music critic, wrote an article for his paper under the headline "O New York! You Are Still the Fairest." He called the city "a wonderful place in which to live," and commented, "That is where the action is, and that is where the beauty is." When the readers recovered from their astonishment at seeing such unfashionable sentiments in print, quite a few of them wrote in to say that they felt the same way. (Privately, some of them may have wondered why the *Times* had run the Schonberg piece in the Sunday real-estate section, since housing is one of the three areas of New York life—the others are welfare and narcotics—that even the Mayor acknowledges are in a state of almost hopeless crisis. Indeed, the United Neighborhood Houses, a local federation of independent settlement houses, recently called upon Mayor Lindsay to ask the federal government to declare New York, in view of its housing crisis, a disaster area—a designation that brings a cornucopia of special appropriations and dispensations from Washington in the case of conditions resulting from natural catastrophes, such as earthquakes or unexpected frosts in the Florida citrus region, but that, it appears, is not available in the case of man-made disasters.) The arrival of spring in the city brought more than the usual number of symbolic encouragements for the Mayor to point to. The Mets won their opening game, though they had to play in a freezing rainstorm. After that, the weather turned balmy, and for days at a time the Department of Air Resources was able to rate the city's air as "acceptable." Warm-weather rules turned most of the main arteries of Central Park over to bicycle riders on weekends, and so many cyclists—of whom, even in midwinter, New York probably has more than any other large American city—fanned out through the town that plans were discussed for marking a bicycle lane on major avenues. With the advent of Earth Week, many of the cyclists and thousands of other New Yorkers turned to recycling—gathering mountains of alu-

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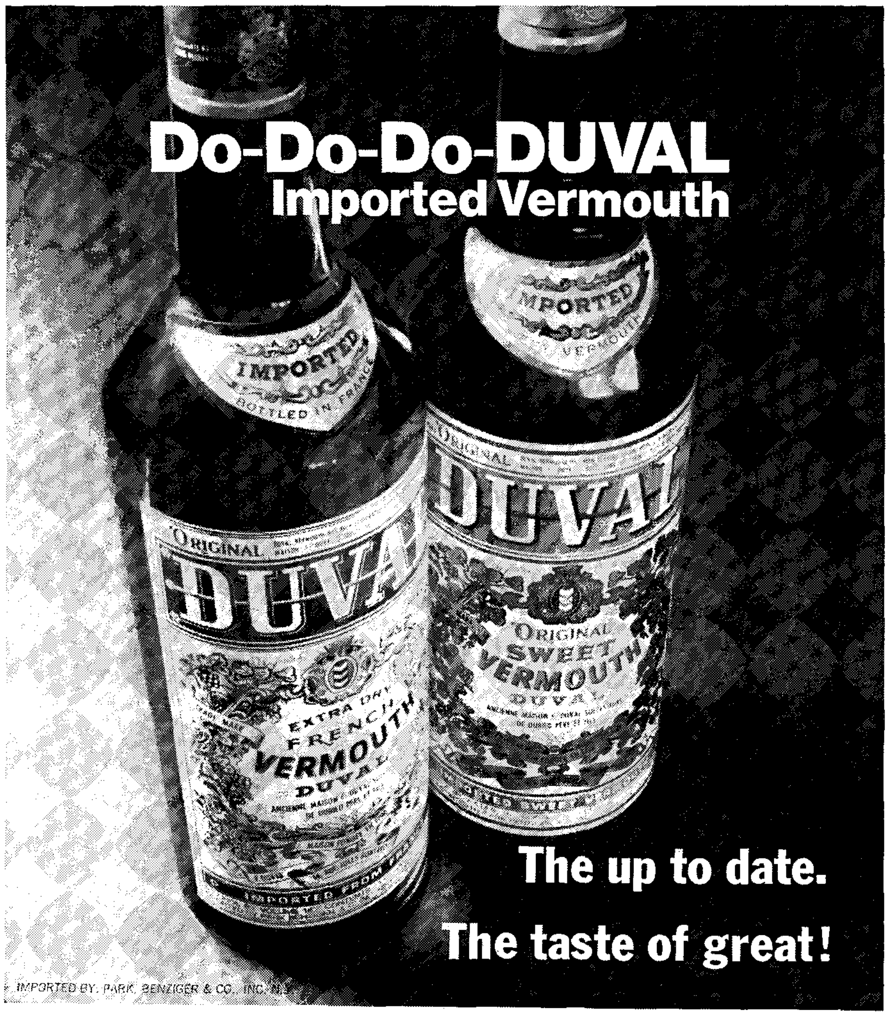
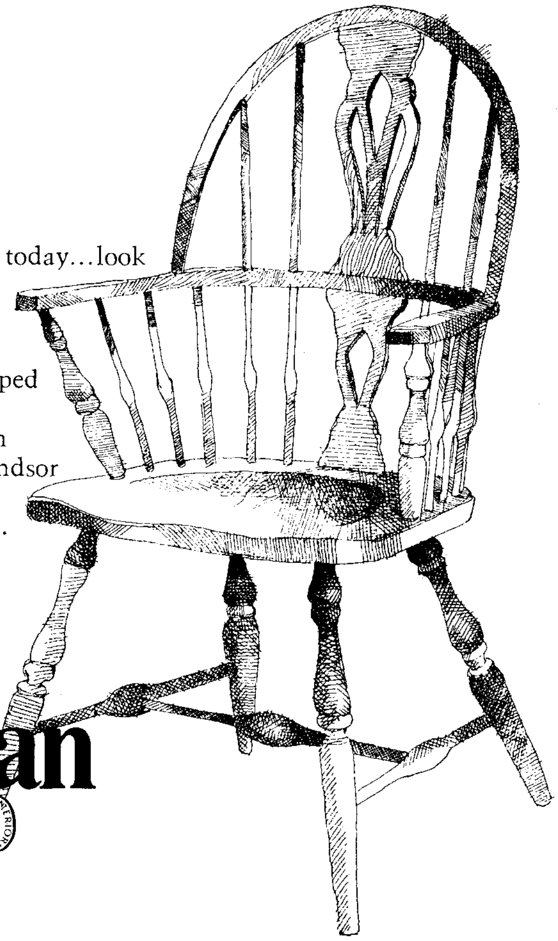
minum cans and tons of paper to be turned back to their corporate perpetrators for reuse. A year earlier, the *News* had pointed out that April 22nd, the first Earth Day, fell on the hundredth birthday of Lenin ("many say not by coincidence") and had branded the day a possible "environiks' " scheme that was preliminary to a Communist takeover of the nation. ("One way to soften us up for peaceable absorption would be to persuade us to cut down on cars, power production, etc. . . .") This year, the *News* got into the spirit of things, sponsoring eight stations in the metropolitan area where citizens with no known ties to Moscow turned in a hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds of scrap paper for recycling. Other New Yorkers, belying their reputation for apathy and aggressive noninvolvement, planted trees, cleaned vacant lots, and cleared truckloads of debris from areas of the parks where the bare ground hadn't been seen in years. As spring wore on, City Hall's year-old experiment of banning cars from designated blocks for certain periods of a day or a week was extended to several areas, including midtown Madison Avenue and Nassau Street in the financial district, with the resulting malls being taken over by picnickers, ice-cream and flower venders, Sunday painters, and bongo drummers. As usual, the Mayor of the city, often in plaid shirt and bluejeans, seemed to be everywhere the fun and the cameras were, throwing out the first ball in pickup games, munching a hot dog on the carless plaza in front of Abercrombie & Fitch, or leading cyclists in a wild charge down Fifth Avenue. ("Look-ma-no-hands," jeered the *News*.) His expression was often abstracted, however. The season of the budget is no time for ebullience. After a short stay at each of the events that made the city seem briefly a benign and hopeful place, he would drive back to Gracie Mansion, change into a dark suit, and go down to City Hall to take part in the more ancient, less inspiriting spring ritual of laying plans to pry enough money out of Albany to keep the city going. Earth Week had barely begun, in fact, when Victor Gotbaum, head of the local public employees' union, whose members' jobs were threatened by wholesale cuts made in the new state budget, was calling on Lindsay to rally all citizens for a march on the state capital. The New Yorkers' rallying cry, said Gotbaum, must be "Stop—We Are Dying!"

If you try to talk at any length to the average citizen about the details of

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a government budget—national, state, or city—more often than not his eyes will glaze over and before long will very slowly close. But in recent weeks the word "budget" in a local headline has virtually guaranteed that the story beneath it would be an account of melodramatic confrontations, cries of "genocide," informal indictments charging the willful destruction of local civilization, promises of revolution beginning the following morning, and other non-sleep-inducing events. Some New Yorkers have managed to nod off anyhow, on the theory that the state legislature—whose leadership remains devoutly small-town in character and dedicated to the proposition that, as one Democratic assemblyman has said, New York is the original, profligate sin city—was merely staging its annual massive resistance to the big town's request for too much money. The money is but its rightful due, the city argues, since it contributes about half of the state's tax revenues, and, paradoxically, because it is burdened with responsibility for problems that are statewide and nationwide in origin, it is in desperate financial need. According to the standard annual plot, a series of cloakroom compromises would eventually be worked out, and the city would end up with not too much less—and in a gubernatorial election year, such as 1970, with rather more—than it had really counted on. This spring, however, the legislative leaders, their desks piled high with hard-luck messages from their home districts, and aware that the steeply rising costs of government in a time of declining revenues required a tax rise for the state just to stay even, were in no frame of mind to increase state taxes further to keep things even for "no-good welfare chisellers" and "Lindsay's fancy-pants freeloaders," the only New York City residents who get much mention in the rhetoric at budget—or, for that matter, non-budget—time in Albany. In a slashing attack on the eight-and-a-half-billion-dollar budget that Rockefeller had confidently sent them a few weeks earlier, the legislators—with the Governor eventually pitching in to help in the dismemberment—lopped off scores of state programs, including many of vital interest to the city, and sliced over one hundred and sixty million dollars from funds New York City had expected to get from the state. Lindsay's Budget Director, Edward Hamilton, estimated that the consequent loss of federal and local matching funds would deprive the city of some five hundred million dollars. The legislators also rejected a higher income tax in favor of an increase in the sales tax, and, denying a requested cost-of-living increase for welfare clients in the Aid to Dependent Children category, instead cut such payments by ten per cent in the city, but nowhere else, thus reducing the local food allotment to an estimated eighty-eight cents per person per day. Their attack was so ferocious that one conservative lawmaker asked, "What do they want—people starving in the streets?" Then he dutifully voted for the cuts.

New York City employees were soon on the march with signs reading "You Think My Lai Was a Massacre? Look What the Albany Hacks Just Did to the People of New York!" Perhaps out of habit, they did their marching in front of City Hall, but there was no question that this time any real solution had to come from Albany. Even before the legislative rampage, Lindsay had proposed an array of local taxes to raise eight hundred and eighty million dollars necessary to bridge the gap—or "chasm," as he called it—between what he estimated the city needed and its income from a combination of existing assessments, federal funds, and money counted on from the state. However, permission to impose such taxes, and any others the city might devise to make up for funds the state had voted to withhold, must come from the legislature, according to state law. The city tax program that promised to be the most lucrative—a half-billion-dollar payroll assessment—would hit commuters at the same rate as city residents, and the chances of getting this one through intact over the opposition of suburban delegates are, according to one Westchester assemblyman, "zilch."

THE local City Club described as an exercise in *Schrecklichkeit* the Mayor's outline of the consequences for the city if none of the state budget cuts were restored and all his requests for taxing powers were denied—ninety thousand fewer city workers, the closing of eight municipal hospitals, no freshman class at the City University, and similar horribles. Since so many city programs are supported in part by matching federal funds, Lindsay added, their termination would not represent much of an economy, and the first major cuts would necessarily come in such departments as police, fire, and sanitation, which are entirely supported by city funds. Obligingly, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association took a full-page ad in all papers showing a screaming woman being mugged. ("What Price Economy? If 8500 Policemen Stop Walking the Streets of New York—Will You Walk the Streets of New York?") The headline on a *Times* editorial was also obliging ("The 'Wolf' Cry is Real"), though the editorial scolded Lindsay for exaggerating: no legislature was going to allow ninety thousand city employees to be laid off, or even, in the union phrase, "attritioned out." Even the most jaded citizen began to take the show seriously when actual pink slips went out to thousands of city and state workers; mental-health centers, narcotics clinics, and hospitals for retarded children were ordered to close down; the City University's chancellor announced that even if some of the cuts were restored the school would be forced to close in the fall; and Lindsay proposed furloughs—or unpaid vacations—for city employees, a measure that had last been resorted to by Mayor LaGuardia in the depths of the Depression. The fact that the furloughs could not be imposed without the consent of the legislature made the city's helplessness even more evident.

Although in the past Nelson Rockefeller's local headquarters—on West Fifty-Fifth Street, near Fifth Avenue—have generally escaped the attentions of demonstrators (probably because New Yorkers, relying on their seventh-grade civics course, have assumed that the Governor of the state would be in the state capital, where, in fact, he spends as little time as possible), the spring budget crisis has brought him some of the abusive treatment more often laid on the Mayor. The Governor's sidewalk has been blocked not only by city workers (carrying signs reading "People Power!" and "Down with Rocky's Death Budget") but also by welfare-rights groups ("Rocky, Could You Live on Eighty-Eight Cents a Day?") and Women's Liberation delegations ("Rocky Murders Poor Women"). The last group was protesting the Governor's acquiescence to a demand by certain legislators—reportedly in return for not shredding his budget further—that no more payments from Medicaid, the state version of Medicare, be made for nontherapeutic abortions. (Thus, in substance, a procedure legal in the state would be forbidden to the indigent and to women on welfare, the very people the same lawmakers, some observers cynically

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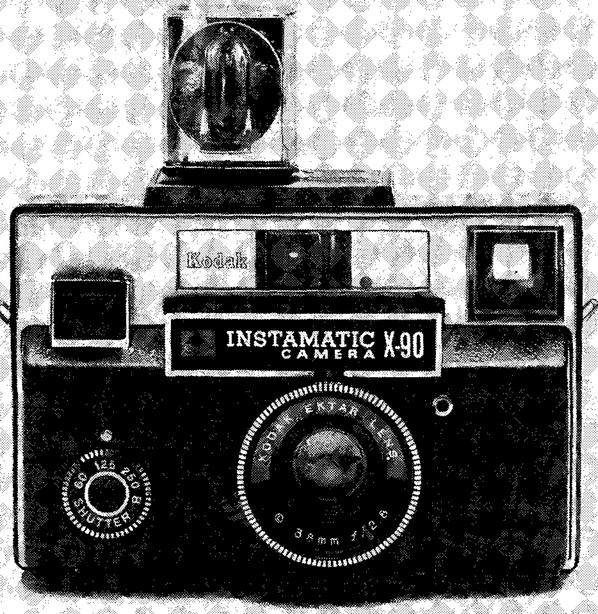

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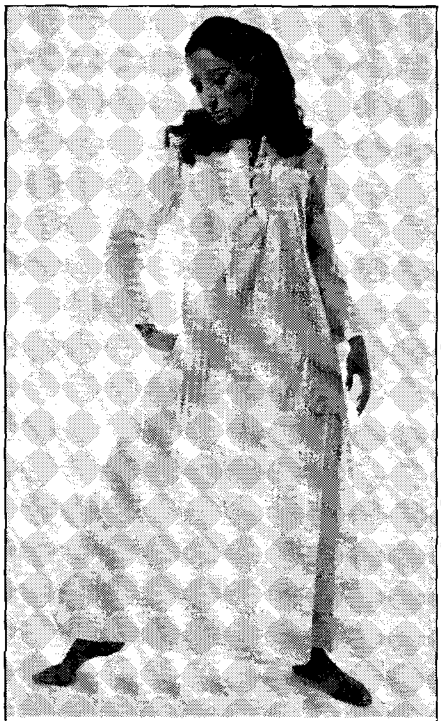

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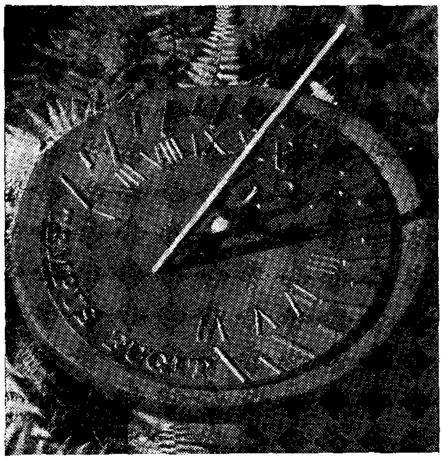

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predicted, would soon be including in their favorite category of welfare chisellers: women who keep on having children just so they can qualify for a fatter relief check. The budget revisions also deprived these women of another option by which they might disprove the legislators' theory; the cuts ended a program that had helped such mothers get a high-school diploma so they could find jobs and get off welfare.) Travelling in buses provided by union funds, some twelve thousand city workers—reportedly the largest group of protesters who had ever appeared there—also went to Albany to demonstrate in front of the State House. They converged on the capitol, adjoining the vast white marble mall, still under construction, that Rockefeller's political enemies like to call his "billion-dollar misunderstanding," and reminded the legislators that they weren't covered by unemployment insurance and, without jobs, would have to go on welfare. Some of them complained that their pleas for a new deal for the city were treated far less respectfully than those of other demonstrators in front of the capitol that day, including a group pushing the latest anti-vivisectionist bill and a delegation demanding the repeal of the law legalizing abortion, who carried signs reading "Fetus Power!"

Since Republican legislative leaders have boasted that they revised the budget without once consulting their Democratic colleagues, they—and Rockefeller—will get full credit for holding the line on taxes in a tight-money year. On the other hand, the Democrats, joined by Lindsay, can rush forward to blame them for every mugging, fiery death, overflowing classroom, and untreated narcotics case during the coming months. Faced with this prospect, the Republicans will undoubtedly endorse some of Lindsay's tax package and even find a bit more state money for the city. (The Republican state senator from Manhattan, who had coöperated fully in the budget-cutting process, suddenly reappeared a few weeks later as the leader in the crusade to get the city a better deal.) Rockefeller, who hasn't given up on the presidency, will presumably be helpful to the city before the fight is over, using some of the political muscle available to him as the result of his smashing victory in November. From provincial Albany, the write-off-the-cities policy, long favored in Washington, may have great appeal, but as Rockefeller contemplates the national scene he may wonder if there could be

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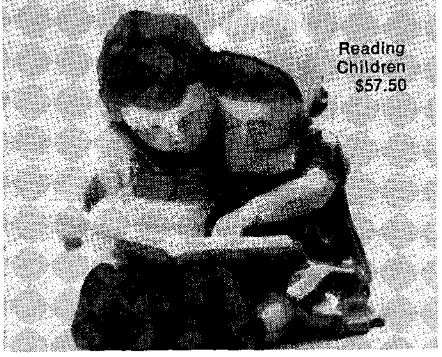

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anything to the polltaker Louis Harris's recent disclosure of a new coalition emerging in national politics—an alliance of the poor, voters under thirty, and what Harris calls "the new affluents" of liberal persuasion. Whether or not Rockefeller observes that such a coalition would be tailor-made for Lindsay, among others, he may note that the ranking of priorities of this new coalition may well be different from those of the voters in Montauk, New York (pop. 529), the home town of State Assembly Speaker Perry Duryea, who presided over the budget-cutting operation. Whatever improved arrangements Rockefeller may work out for the city, he will almost certainly make sure to announce them in a way that will make Lindsay look as bad as possible. His response to the Mayor's lament that he might have to reduce New York City employees by ninety thousand was a tart "Well, that would about bring the city back to where it was when he took over." The remark got far more attention than the city's answer that the payroll increase since Lindsay took office—actually seventy thousand—was, in fact, a smaller percentage rise than that of the state payroll during the same five-year period. Resentment of Lindsay, particularly among politicians, both city and state, who have little following among Mr. Harris's putative coalition, has been a potent factor in the local budget crisis. In the maneuvers that followed the cuts, when it was important to line up the united political strength of the city against the legislature's depredations, the city's Comptroller, Abraham Beame, the Democrat whom Lindsay defeated for mayor in 1965 and who still hopes to make it to Gracie Mansion, issued a statement accusing Lindsay of having understated the city's revenues. Twelve local Republican assemblymen were delighted to elaborate on the charge in a statement issued the same day. The figures they disputed turned out to involve, for the most part, conflicting estimates of tax funds not yet due, but the damage to the bargaining position of the city—Beame's and the assemblymen's city as well as Lindsay's—was considerable. There are some who think that New York would be in far better shape financially if its Mayor didn't invariably take a better picture than any other politician in the room.

Since the statements out of Albany continued to sound as adamant as ever, the local Civil Service Employees' Association went to court and got a State Supreme Court Justice to declare the

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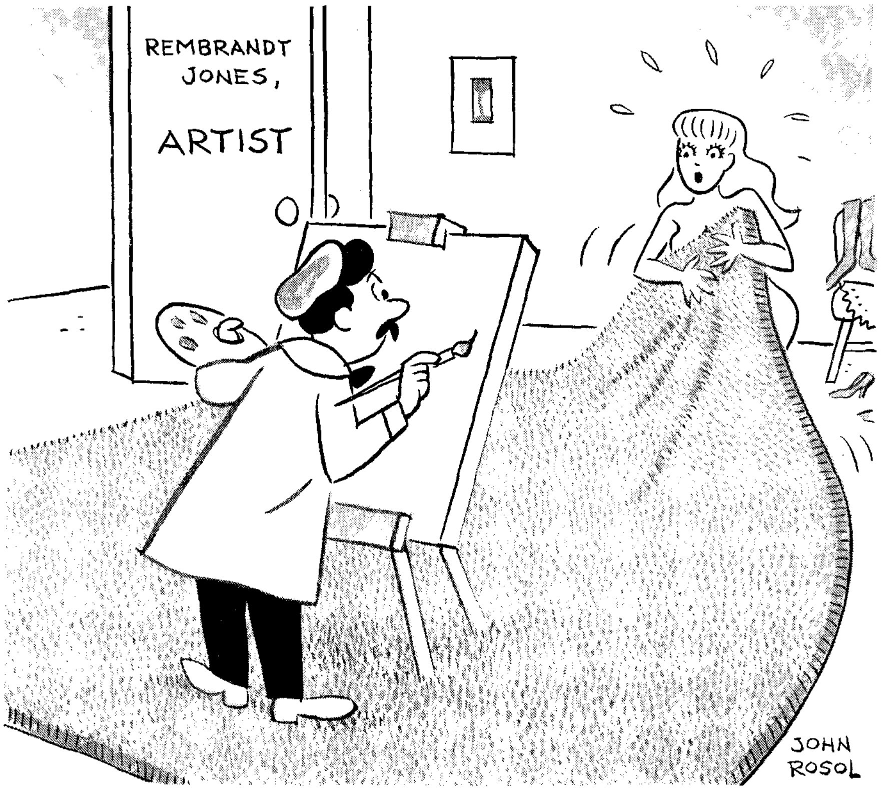

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budget un-Constitutional, while an organization calling itself the Black Coalition delivered to the United Nations a formal complaint charging that the cuts were "threatening to destroy a whole generation of blacks and Puerto Ricans." Giving up on words, younger ghetto residents protested the cuts by setting hundreds of fires and rioting in the streets. Meanwhile, the dense and bitter debate over shortfalls, rollbacks, lateral transfers, rollovers, and unilateral prepayments has continued in the Albany State House and the chambers of the City Council, which is charged with certifying what Lindsay has called the city's "survival budget" for submission to the legislature. Ordinarily, the councilmen, while loudly demanding a chance to exercise the legislative powers that, in fact, belong to them by city charter, have been content to let the Mayor's office and Albany fight the annual budget wars, reserving to themselves the *ex post facto* sport of alternately beating on the Mayor for extravagance and flailing the legislature for cruel parsimony where the city is concerned. This time, the two traditional belligerents have insisted that the Council take responsibility for drastically cutting vital city services as well as their pet neighborhood projects or for specifying the painful local taxes to fund them, and the cries of torment have been rending the air of the Council chambers. However, thirty of the thirty-seven city councilmen and forty-seven per cent of the state legislators are Democrats, as are forty-seven per cent of the registered voters in the state. Moreover, sixty per cent of the state's voters live in New York City and its five other large cities, where services are also badly threatened by state budget cuts. In the end, it seems likely that some form of urban-Democratic coalition will persuade moderate members of the legislature's majority of certain political realities. If so, there is some reason to hope that when the present accumulation of smudge and smokeshade over the budget crisis finally disperses, much of the survival budget and the fairest city itself will once again turn out to have survived.

—Andy Logan

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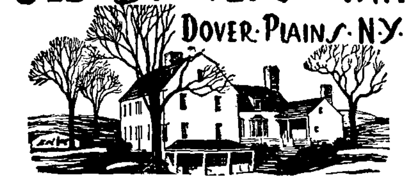

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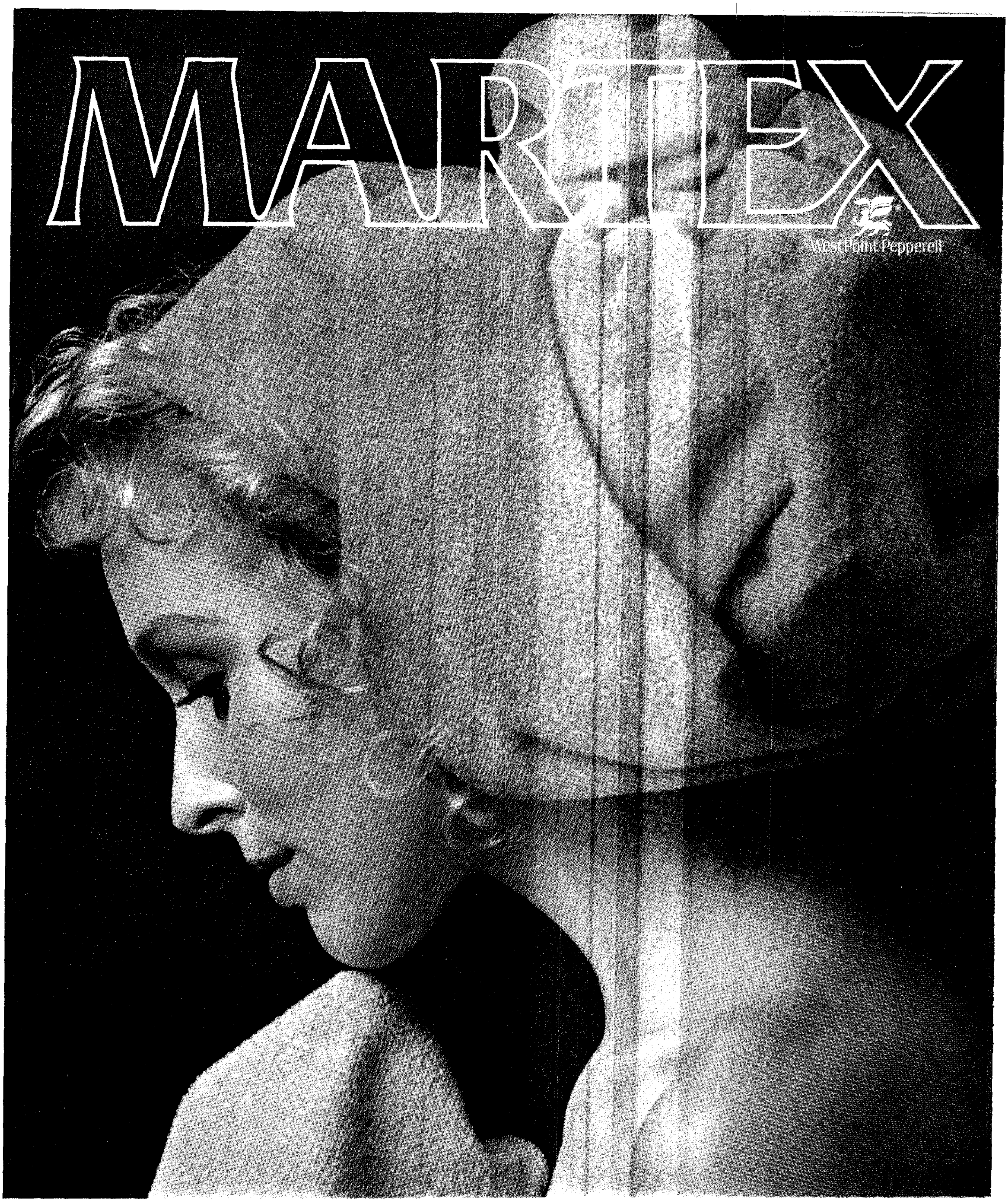

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Woody Allen

THERE is a new Woody Allen film, called "Bananas." He wrote it (with Mickey Rose), directed it, and stars in it, and goes on somehow endearingly to imply that he has thus dropped three bricks in a row, though concealing from us any mood of apology and devoutly hoping that his lost nerve will be found beneath a cinema seat and returned under the impression that it is nothing more signal than a dropped pair of spectacles. He plays an overparented, politically flustered character called Fielding Mellish. Below the surface, he seems to be coping with a secret feeling that the whole project of the film is loopy and he is damned if he is going to let us in on that ignominy. The Woody Allen style characteristically lies in keeping his end up in circumstances obviously doomed, and obvious to him most of all. His spry and eager efforts to have a go hide the most unsullied absence of worldly optimism. Left to himself, you feel, the Woody Allen comic character would have no ambition, drive, or social hopes whatever. He would lie on his back and play with a yo-yo, which is a very difficult thing to master, or look at a nude magazine in a spirit of besotted awe about the professionalism of the beloved, like a dumb sweetheart mooning over a book of her fiancé's calculus.

Fielding Mellish is a poor but patriotic specimen, dressed in a shirt shyly striped in quite thin bars of red, white, and blue. In the presence of a girl, he finds that the other sex these days is likely to be attracted by the mere guise of intellect and won't notice for a second if a man's conversation goes off the rails. "I have dabbled in Kierkegaard," he says airily to a sumptuous girl activist while swinging a couple of mugs from his fingers and leaning against a kitchen doorjamb, as I remember. "Well, of course, he's Danish," says the girl with agreeable fatuity. Thrilled at the way things are going, gnawing at this crumb dropped from the rich girl's table, Mellish says with largesse, "Well, he'd be the first to admit that." No flies on Woody, and not many on Kierkegaard either, and if a pretty girl wants to chat about *Kierkegaard*, then O.K., she's welcome to be an ass. The funniest things in Woody Allen often seem to depend on his sweet brotherhood with people who are being dopey, his sense that this is life when talk runs amok, his effort to fit in with rules that are visibly daft but enforced nonetheless by the everyone-else whom he dearly wishes to please. This is no comic loner; this is a trudger in the wake, stumbling after the rest, accommodating like anything, and picking up any scraps of alliance going. The film exudes the greatest sympathy over the terror on a TV newsman's face when his colleague Howard—"Come in, Howard"—takes an immortal four seconds to come in. This thinskin, ill fitted to be on camera, is a true brother to Woody Allen; in the same situation, Woody Allen would be wearing the same look on his face.

Like the modern possibilities of screen fame, the open feast of bookshop filth now spread before us strikes into his soul both respect and panic. Near the beginning of the film, we see Mellish in a bookshop, dotingly fingering a pornographic magazine and then buying *Newsweek*, *Time*, *Commentary*, the *Saturday Review*, and "Oh, yes, the one underneath." The cashier, a bolder man, yells to the back of the shop, "How much a copy of *Orgasm?*" You can see that Mellish, while stricken, is entranced by the courage of the chap. It is confessed later that in his youth Mellish bought pornography in Braille and used to rub the dirty parts with his fingers. He admits this on an analyst's couch. The analyst is a puff-faced woman who seems to be taking dictation rather than doing any doctoring, with her mind elsewhere on something in the range of a small mistake in her account at the butcher's.

Like a lot of comics now, Woody Allen is deeply fascinated and affronted by the reign of jargon. Sociologists who write about the death of the word in America must have tin ears; American wits at the moment have the antennae

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for details of cliché that the English have for details of vernacular. In "Bananas," which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic, the plot is ropy and can seem flailingly right-wing when it probably thinks and means something reforming; the one-liners therefore run out of steam halfway through the picture, and too many scenes tend to come out on a bit of *l'esprit de l'escalier* when they would work better if the person on the staircase would shut up, but the film really *is* funny about automated language. A broken-accented interpreter, translating into American as he stands at the bottom of airplane steps between two dignitaries speaking perfect American, painstakingly repeats, "I am looking forward with great anticipation." Mellish is keen on Eastern philosophies for the earnest reason that "they're metaphysical and redundant." The TV news reporter in the film has a passion for dead adjectives and a sort of fatal creative urge to describe what one can already see perfectly well on the screen. He covers the assassination of the President of San Marcos with exquisite hamfistedness. "A word with the next dictator of San Marcos," he says bravely, using his mike in a mob as if it were an ice-cream cornet, "if I can get through this noisy and demonstrative crowd." He is showing us, as he says in a voice uniquely dead even in the cemetery of TV news reporting, "a land of colorful riots."

Mellish-Allen is absorbed by people's quick infectibility with language. "Pithy," his girl compliments him; "Full of pith," he agrees; "Lithen," she says, not even tailing off. Mellish's own character is also absolutely trapped in habit. As he sets out to dine with the dictator of San Marcos, memories of politesse stir in the back of his mind and he brings a cake. He then argues matter-of-factly about the bill for dinner, which the butler has brought to him with due courtesy in the dictator's own palace. In a surreally unexplained sequence about Mellish as the Messiah, undergoing his own peculiar Calvary and being carried through traffic by cop-scared monks, he takes it for granted that metropolitan life means that there will already be another Jesus lying there, nailed to another cross, to argue with him about a parking space. But still, for all the odd glories of the film, it has to be said that the Castro jokes are often miles out of control, that the blackout lines get lame, and that the use of a comic personality dependent on being humbly distraught and henpecked may be holding back this wit from the soar-

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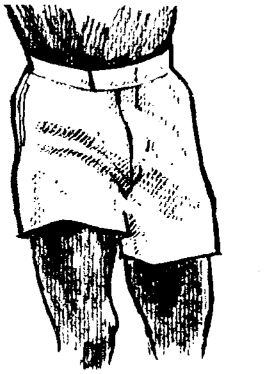

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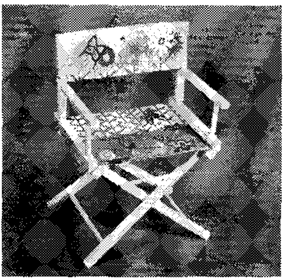

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ing and fearless lunacy that he can sometimes flight to.

"DERBY," directed and photographed by Robert Kaylor, is a slow-pulsed roller-derby documentary about a young Midwesterner who dreams of making this mayhem-on-skids a way of life. The film has something, but it's very sentimental about athletes' short lives and their hard knocks, which are, after all, elected; and roller-derbying in this film often looks less like a sport than like something with the squalor and puny combativeness of the thirties' dance marathons.

NEIL SIMON's parish-pump Manhattan comedy, "Plaza Suite," is the one thing connected with the island that *no one* seems to want ever to pull down. I daresay the new film of it will outlast us all. It is a minor agony: humorless, loveless, calorie-scared. It is also trivially malign, mostly because of Arthur Hiller's direction, slightly because of the casting of Walter Matthau, a good actor with a souring presence that has generally been better used. The witty hesitancy of Maureen Stapleton is here traduced into seeming a parody of our local comic acting, which is the acting of fluster, and the beauty and repose of Barbara Harris's performance can't quite salvage a part that is deliberately pitched in the writing to be silly. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

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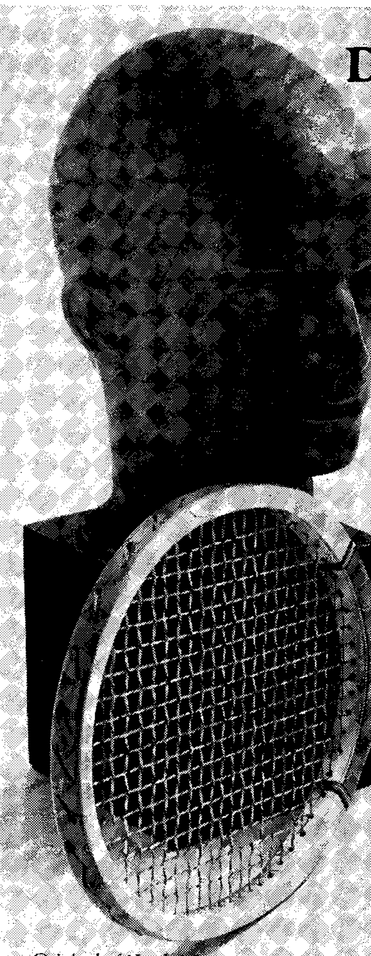
—*January issue, page 94.*

Q.: What's the new IGFA all-tackle striped bass record, now that Charley Church's old record of 73 pounds has been disqualified because his line was never tested?—C.R., Mass.

Two 67-pounders, both caught in Rhode Island, are the new stripers to beat. —*Same issue, page 109.*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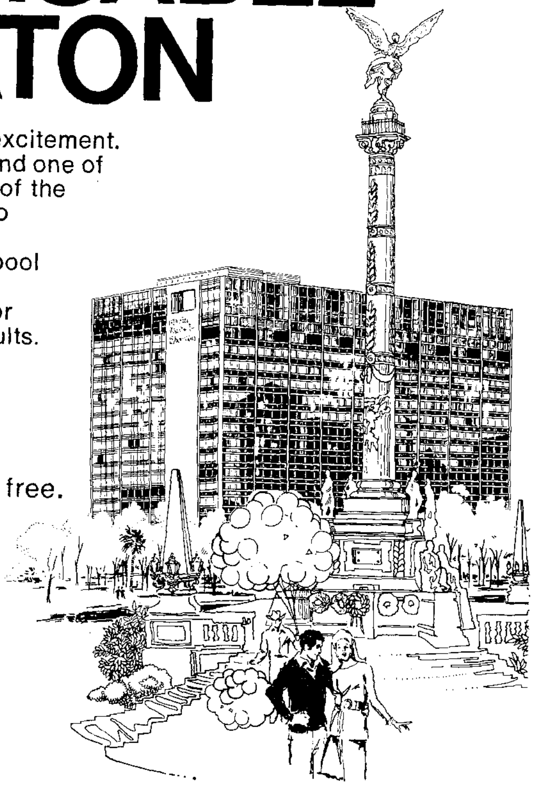

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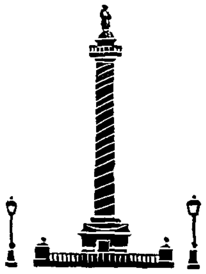
LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 6

SPRING has been more than a month late here, which means that it took five weeks to perfect its pallid leafage and has not yet established full warmth, owing to a persistent northeast wind, supposedly coming from Poland and still blowing. Unable to control themselves, the Tuileries' chestnut trees finally hung out their uncolored candelabra of blossoms, pale green in the chill, so Paris has had its first green flowers.



A NEW type of art exhibit is being shown in the Pavillon de Flore, that long Louvre gallery along the Seine, with its own intimate second-story view of the river below—a series of new rooms formerly occupied as a squatter by the lottery department of the nation's Finance Ministry and rescued for the Louvre only through repeated efforts by André Malraux while he was still Minister of Culture. One of the new rooms is now showing an experimental type of exhibition, which is purely didactic and consists of only one famous picture at a time, to be seen for only one month. The aim is to interest the public in the salvation of famous canvases as they have passed from one ownership to another, increasing their pedigree as they make their way to state ownership—the highest form of art appreciation in France. The didacticism will certainly be over the public's head, except for the quantities of gossip and famous names relevant to the ownership of famed art from the time it leaves the painter's studio until it winds up safe on a museum wall.

The first Louvre canvas chosen for this didactic effort is one of the most passionately popular of any French painting inherited from the past century—"Le Bain Turc," by that ripened old genius Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres, which he finished painting at the age of eighty-two. The French weekly *Express* vividly describes the canvas, so fondly familiar to our eyes, as "an astonishing catalogue of carnal obsessions and coldly erotic reveries." The famed poetic dramatist Paul Claudel, also quoted, was downright coarse: "One sees a mass of [nude] women crowded up against one another like maggots covering a cake." The canvas was originally ordered from the artist by Prince Napoléon, son of former King Jérome, who asked Ingres for "a harem study like those charming ones you used to make." It arrived in 1859, but it did not remain long in the Palais Royal, where the Bonaparte tribe was then dwelling. It was back in the painter's studio by the first week of 1860, the Prince's wife having been shocked at this "collection of nudities," and the Prince himself having found it "not very nice." To this Ingres said simply, "*Ç'est drôle. Elles sont pourtant si propres, ces femmes.*" An early photo of "Le Bain Turc" shows it signed and dated "J Ingres, *pbat* 1859," that being his abbreviation for "*pingebat.*" In 1865, Ingres sold the canvas to Khalil-Bey, then Turkish Ambassador to Paris, who kept it, like a secret, in his private collection. By 1907, the canvas, exposed to the public and now celebrated, belonged to Prince Amédée de Broglie, in whose salon it remained "for thirty years, without shocking anyone," the Prince insisted. In 1907, there was a plan to buy it for the Louvre. That fell through, the price being supposedly too high. (The truth was apparently slightly different. The sensuality of the picture was still offensive to many sanctimonious viewers.) Fearing that the canvas might leave France, Broglie lowered his asking price from a hundred and twenty thousand francs to ninety thousand, but the French museums still chastely refused to house it, so he sold it at a better price to the picture merchant Georges Petit. The next nibble for it came from the State Gallery in Munich. To save the canvas for France, the curator of the Louvre's paintings, Paul Leprieure, obtained from an art lover a loan of a hundred and fifty thousand francs, to be repaid in three installments with the aid of Les Amis du Louvre. So, in the spring of 1911, "Le Bain Turc" victoriously entered the museum after all its tribulations.

Most of these facts are contained in a tiny catalogue that is obtainable in the Louvre once the art lover has reached the Pavillon de Flore, where the "Bain Turc" is on special view, and where the art lover's patience and feet will have been exhausted by trekking through the maze of corridors, with only an occasional very small placard announcing that one is indeed on the right track for the Ingres masterpiece. (One of the museum guards explained that the curators had not wished to put up more signs for fear they would demean the dignity of the Louvre.) The catalogue states that for Ingres, who had never travelled farther from France than Rome, "the Orient was only a form of mythology." But he possessed an enormous collection of old engravings and prints of classic figures and scenes, which he cut out and pasted up like a schoolboy. He also made tracings of these prints, and since his technique of tracing resulted in a reversed image, there are an unusual number of left-handed musicians in his paintings. An odd inclusion in the didactic exhibition is the original of an Ingres painting, in oil on paper, of "The Three-Armed Woman." Originally, she had had both arms over her head and lay sprawled at the right-hand side of the "Bain Turc" (always the only unattractive figure, to public taste, in the entire picture). In this version, he lowered one arm as a concession to further grace, the model being recognizably his first wife, Madeleine Ingres, to whom he was devoted. The catalogue also relates a curious incident: Ingres inquired of a musician friend just returned from Persia what Oriental music was like, Ingres being himself a violinist. The friend explained the irregularities of Oriental musical construction and how it sounded incorrect to Western ears, but extolled its method and aesthetic. Ingres was upset almost to the point of tears. "Then what becomes of our admirations? Where are we in relation to Bach, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven?" he said. "Were they mistaken? Are we mistaken? Is everybody mistaken?"

It was the retrospective exhibition of Ingres in 1905, at the Autumn Salon, that brought "Le Bain Turc" into public view, the catalogue says. From that instant, the canvas began exercising fascination or arousing repulsion. (The Goncourt brothers, naturally, had already had their spiteful say in their journal. In 1867, they referred to a collection of female savages "cut out of gingerbread," though the whiteness of the bathers' flesh is one of the picture's marvels of painting.) The morning after the Salon opened, the "Bain Turc" had acquired the value of a legend. In perfect unison, the Paris press and the initiates in modern art finally hailed the canvas as Ingres's chef-d'œuvre. It had taken the painting forty-six years to penetrate French art history.

"LE SOUFFLE AU CŒUR," the French phrase for a heart murmur, is the title of Louis Malle's new film, an affectionate, touching, and unshocking story of altogether accidental incest between a youngish Italian-born mother of three French sons and her youngest boy—the only close friend in her un-

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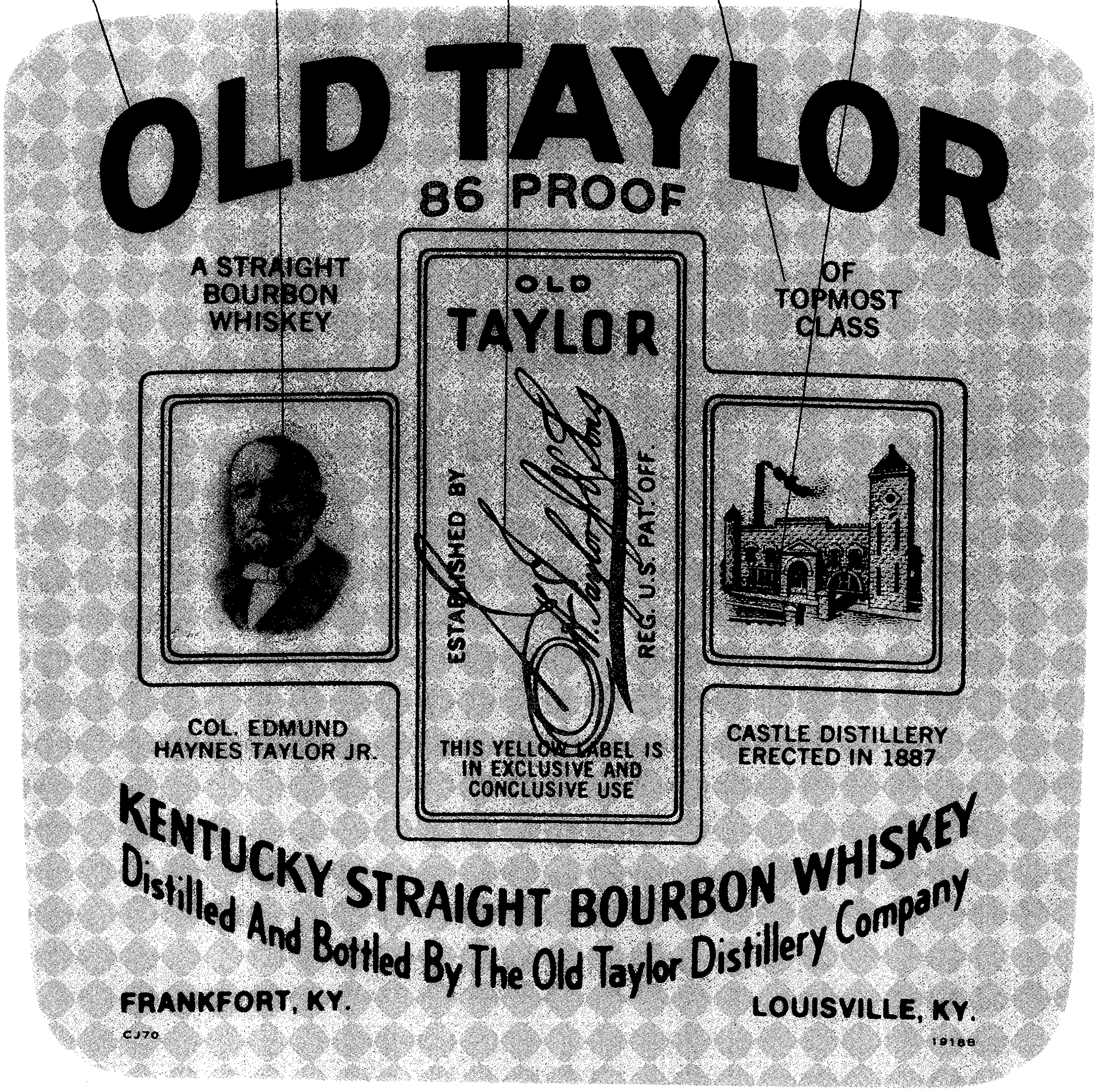
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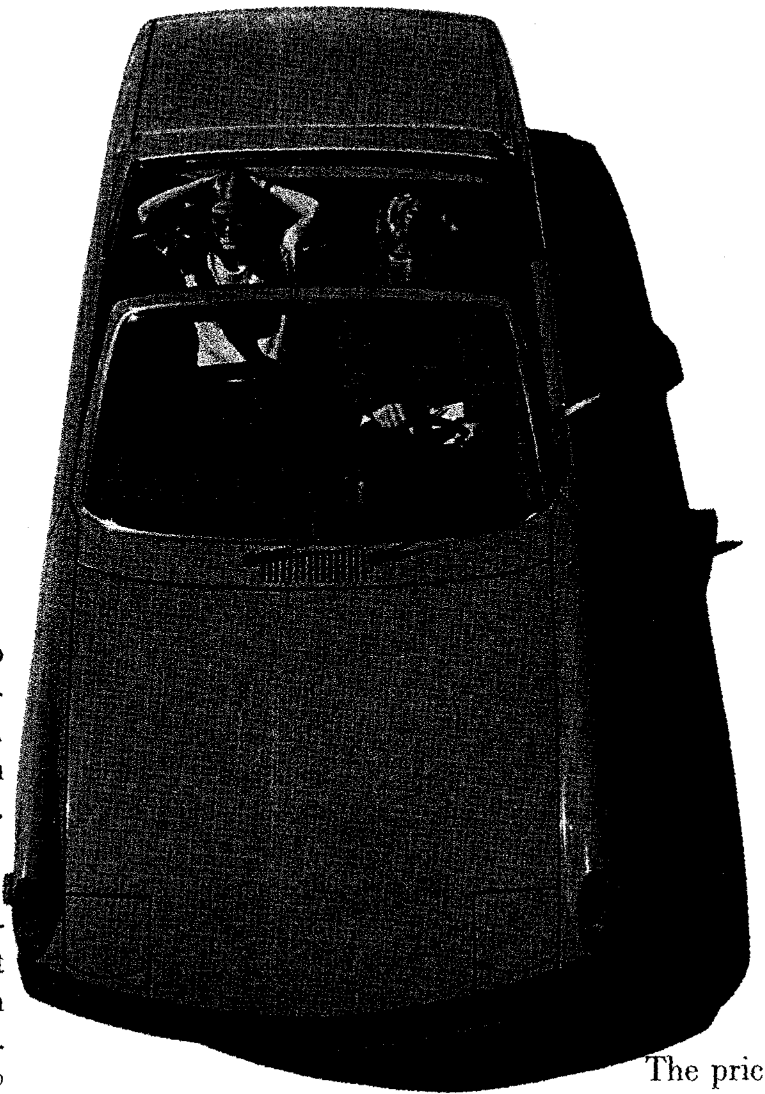

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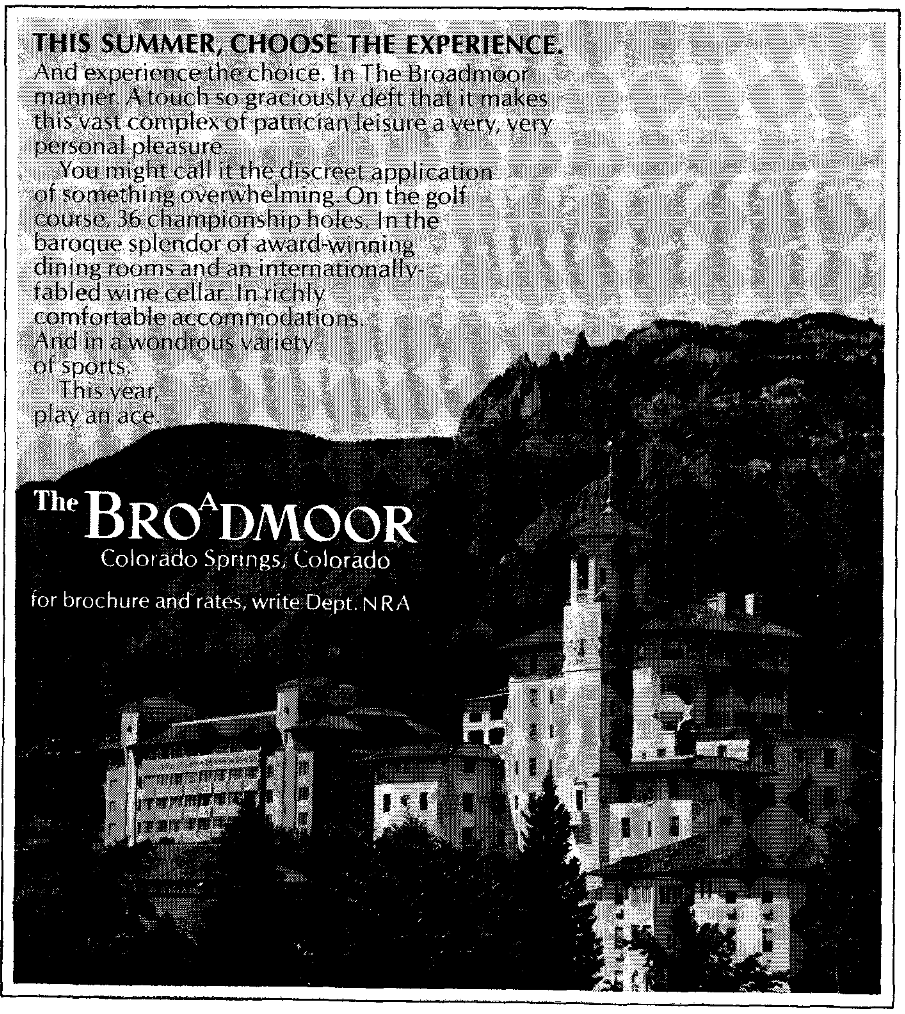
easy life. The scene is provincial, the town is Dijon, the period is the middle fifties. It is a French bourgeois family story, treated like a novel that is related by camera and voice instead of being printed. It is remarkable and, as you can imagine, is the most popular new movie on the boulevards. Only a director like Malle, who, as an upper-class Frenchman, knows the moneyed French bourgeois like a special psychological map, could have made this movie credible and intimate in style, instead of melodramatic and scabrous. Its crux is the arrival of sex in the growth of Laurent, the youngest son, aged fifteen, whose coarser older brothers first throw him into the arms of the local prostitute, whose specialty is initiation. On top of this experience, he finds his mother in tears, and discovers that she is weeping because she has just been abandoned by her lover, whose existence the boy had never suspected (any more than had his mother's husband, a dry, conventional provincial doctor). All the normal adjuncts of upper-class French provincial life enrich this film's drama, giving it a definite protest value—such as the unctuous young father-confessor, who has the boy's Christian faith in his hands, and the ebullient old Italian maid, who knows the seamy side of male adolescence like the wear and tear on the household furnishings. It is Laurent's development of a heart murmur that sends him and his mother off alone to a spa where he can have treatment. There, in a sort of Proustian haze, Laurent discovers *les jeunes filles en fleur* and, more important, discovers adult life itself in the emotional tragedy of his mother, still weeping for her heartless lover. It is on the night of the hotel's Bastille Day ball that the climax comes, amid fireworks, dancing, and champagne: the mother becomes overexcited and a little tipsy, and they tuck into bed together like a pair of lonely domestic animals, nuzzling in the dark and falling asleep together without shame. The next morning, when the Italian maternal heart is calmed, she says to her boy that what has happened must never happen or be thought of again. On this note of rather eighteenth-century French amorality the film ends.

The perfect credibility of the film rests on the perfect selection of the actress Lea Massari as the attractive, hedonistic mother, and, above all, on the choice of the youth who plays Laurent—a débutant actor named Benoit Ferreux. He is not good-looking, fortunately, having a broad, crooked mouth and small eyes, but he has a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marked thespian intelligence. Because *it is certainly more like a screened novel* than like a regular movie, "The Heart Murmur" will disappoint those who go to see it looking for erotic shock.

In addition to this film of French family emotions, there is a new film of incomparable political and historical importance. Called "Le Chagrin et la Pitié," it is a documentary on the German Occupation of France, centered mostly in and around Clermont-Ferrand, which was a center of the French Resistance and also was close to Marshall Pétain's Vichy. Produced by Marcel Ophuls, son of the celebrated Austrian director Max Ophuls, it was refused a screening by the French state TV service, which decided that the French public was "not yet mature enough" (after twenty-five years of peace) to see how many French had been pro-Pétainist in that bitterly recollected unpopular period. The first public screening of the film here in Paris was in a small Left Bank movie house. The decision not to show it on the state television was made by the Prime Minister himself. In fact, the showing of the film at all, two years after its completion, came about because the new Minister of Culture, Jacques Duhamel, wished to inaugurate his regime with a gesture of liberality. From the Left Bank it has now been moved to a big movie house on the Champs-Élysées, with crowds waiting in line to sit through its four and a half hours of what is for many of the younger and pro-Gaullist French almost masochistic emotion. "Grief and Pity" has already been shown on TV in Switzerland and Germany, and has been bought for Holland, Belgium, Sweden, and Hungary. It will surely be bought and translated for the United States. It is the great cinematic history lesson for us all in our time.

The film opens with former Premier Pierre Mendès-France smiling with bitter humor as he recalls what life was like in Occupied France for Jews like him and his wife. The tenor of what each contributor to the film states is carefully balanced against the reality of those days and against the small incidents that made up life for nearly everyone under the Nazi yoke. One contributor, a former professional bicycle rider, solemnly declares that he does not recall "ever seeing any German occupiers in Clermont," and this is followed by a documentary photo from the period showing the town square filled with Germans in uniform. It is on such a pattern, like the design of a patchwork quilt, that Ophuls has

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sewed his film together, as a master tailor might work on a kind of French shroud. Mendès-France is the best talker in the film, and he comes back three or four times, always with ever more illuminating and intelligent comments on what life was like, alas. How Ophuls managed to obtain all these interviews from survivors so long after the period is one of the film's miracles. Nearly everything they say strikes through the ears into or near the heart. Right or wrong or mixed in their memories, they contribute their paragraph to history as it afflicted them. For instance, there is a touching, hopeless effort by René de Chambrun, husband of Josie, Laval's daughter, to exculpate his father-in-law, standing on trial for his life in the law court of Paris, where he was condemned to be executed. Maurice Chevalier cheerily sings songs for the glory of Maréchal Pétain. French actors are shown en route to Germany to fraternize with their colleagues across the Rhine. There is a strange interview with a Frenchman whom few French have ever heard of—Christian de la Mazière, one of the few hundred survivors of the twelve thousand Frenchmen who enlisted in the French division of the German Waffen S.S. because they felt that France's defeat had been a judgment of God, and that they had to go through the humiliation of collaboration to wipe out their sin. There are two brothers in the film—Alexis and Louis Graves, peasants from around Clermont-Ferrand—who have a great deal to say about how strange the Occupation was. One brother was denounced to the Gestapo for some petty reason by a French neighbor and sent to Buchenwald, from which he emerged alive though half starved. It took him months to discover which neighbor had denounced him. When he found out, he did nothing to the man—did not even tell him he knew. It was all too late.

One general criticism could be made of the film's omission of the French Communists, who all regarded the war at its outset as a bloody imperial Fascist conflict but soon, changing horses in midstream, regarded it as a war for Communist goals. Conversation from them would have been interesting, and there are still many of them around. A different sort of criticism is that this four-hour slice of historical recollection is too rich to be retained by the movie observer. There is nothing to be done except to go and see the film again, and watch Mendès-France's dry, bitter, intelligent smile. —GENÊT

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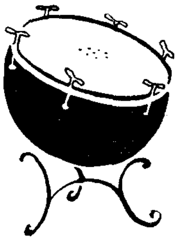
MEXLETTER

MUSICAL EVENTS

Peach



IF anybody should ask me which productions of the Stuttgart Ballet I have enjoyed most at the Metropolitan Opera House, I would say "The Seasons," the Balanchinesque affair I reported on last week, and "The Taming of the Shrew." I have read some criticisms of the latter dismissing it as merely a "story ballet." Well, story ballets have been around for a long time. One of them is called "Giselle" and another "Swan Lake." It is, of course, true that there was a period in the history of ballet—the Diaghilev era—in which shows like "Petrouchka" and "The Three-Cornered Hat" nearly did away with dancing in favor of narrative and spectacle. But "The Taming of the Shrew," which I saw for the first time on Tuesday night of last week, is not that kind of ballet at all. It has its short and infrequent episodes of very amusing pantomime. As for dancing, I remind you of Richard Cragun's magnificent (perhaps unique) series of triple turns in the air in Act I, Scene 5; of the engaging pas de deux between Birgit Keil and Jan Stripling in Act II, and between Mr. Cragun and Marcia Haydée as the work comes to a close; and of many other set numbers, concerted or otherwise. This is a peach of a ballet, and if its lack of solemnity bothers solemn critics it doesn't bother me. The role of Kate is done by Miss Haydée with great *élan* as she passes from vixen to calm and submissive wife. Mr. Cragun, who is the principal male star of the troupe, is as masterful as a lion tamer in the role of Petruchio. Miss Keil makes a splendid Bianca, and Mr. Stripling a handsome and skilled Lucentio. And Egon Madsen is absolutely hilarious as the aging suitor, Gremio. To be sure, Mr. Madsen acts rather than dances most of the time, and he almost speaks, in a kind of elderly whistle, but all this merely lends the ballet an element of gaiety, without in any way distracting from its solid choreographic frame. Like all the ballets presented by the Stuttgart company, it is the creation of John Cranko. The music, by the late Kurt-Heinz Stolze, is lively and appropriate, being a kind of Stravinskyized version of certain works by Domenico Scarlatti. While Mr. Cragun is a dancer of spectacular gifts, Mr. Madsen seems to be the all-purpose star of the company. His gifts are only a little less spectacular, and he has a personality that shines in any role, comic or tragic. As for Miss Haydée, she is a dream of femininity and a very skillful ballerina as well as an actress, and Miss Keil is not far behind her. The company, I am beginning to see, is a comparatively small one by the standards of the Bolshoi or the Royal Ballet of London, and everybody has to work practically every night. While this may be hard on the dancers, it gives the audience a chance to become familiar with the principals through repetition, and it also guarantees that when you attend the performances you are almost sure to see dancing of a superb sort.

THE Baltimore Symphony came to Carnegie Hall on Wednesday night, under the baton of its capable conductor, Sergiu Comissiona. Its program was sufficiently offbeat to attract a good-sized audience, including some inquisitive professionals. Max Reger's Mozart Variations, with which the program started, have not been heard here with any regularity since the time of Mengelberg. Though Reger could be a terribly boring composer (not for the reason given in the program notes, which said he was a conservative who did not follow the fashions of his time, but simply because he was a tremendous technician with a minor creative talent), there are a few works of his that are well worth listening to—this one, the Hiller Variations, and the Böcklin Suite, among others. The Mozart Variations are not easy to perform, and they were done to perfection by Mr. Comissiona and his well-trained orchestra. The next number on the program was Beethoven's Fantasia in C Minor for Pianoforte, Chorus, and Orchestra, Opus 80—that curious item that appears now and then and always gives me the impression that Beethoven was rehearsing his own ideas for his Ninth Symphony. It is a beautiful work, despite its odd combination of forces and a certain diffuseness of form. The pianist Evelyne Crochet did the solo part cleanly and with some heroic flair, and the Rutgers University Choir performed the choral parts admirably. After the intermission, Mr. Comissiona presented his audience with the collection of odds and ends that goes under the name of Berlioz' "Tristia." There is some extremely beautiful music in

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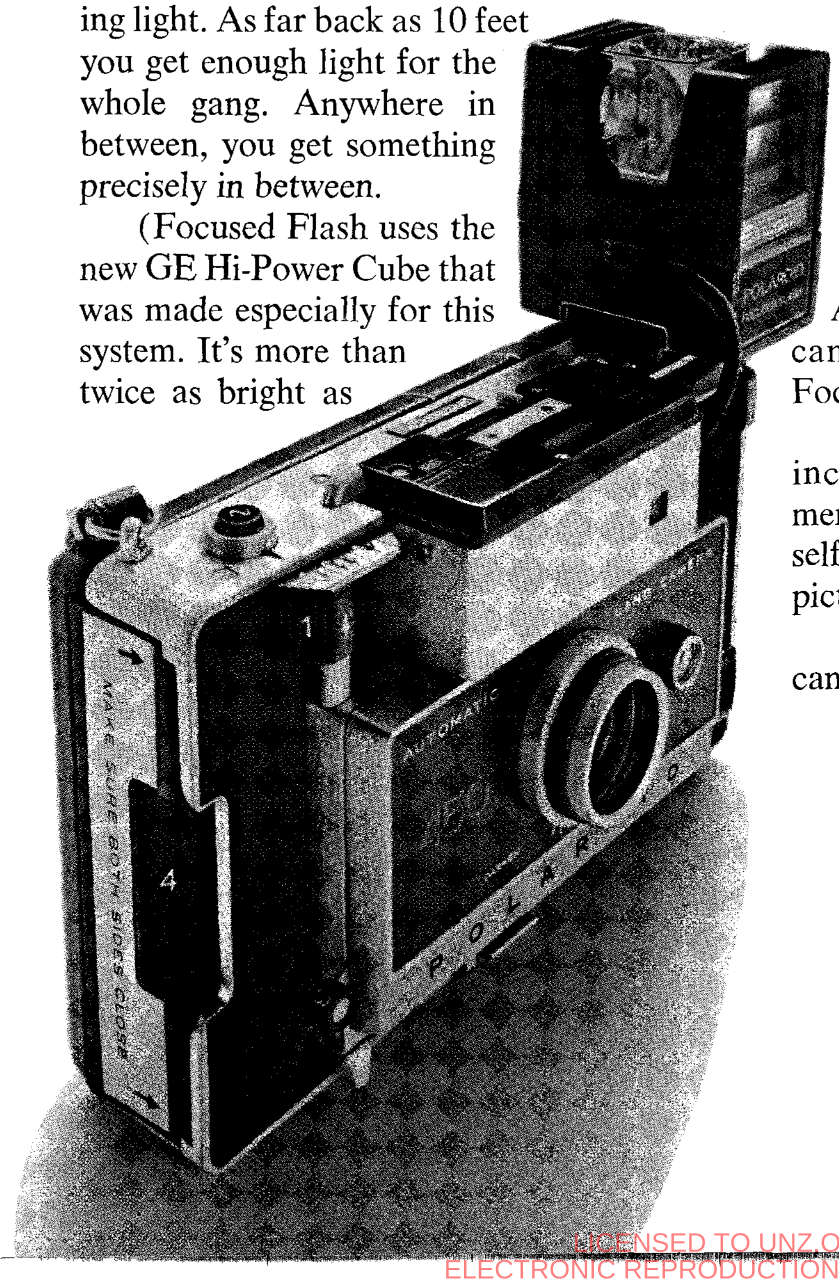

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this suite, as it is called, particularly the symphonic poem entitled "La Mort d'Ophélie" and the impressive and highly original "Marche Funèbre pour la Dernière Scène d'Hamlet." It is not often performed, and I was very glad to have the chance of hearing it. The concert ended with Prokofieff's more familiar "Scythian Suite."

Pierre Boulez' attributes as a symphony conductor are now becoming more obvious. He does not give any particular impression of charm. In fact, his attitude on the podium seems to be that of a strict physician who is going to see that you take your medicine whether you like it or not. On the other hand, he is a neat, unexhibitionistic man with a baton, and his famous ear for intonation and the balance of voices brings forth excellent results. The Philharmonic plays exceedingly well for him. There are no burbles in the horns, no ragged passages in the strings, and no episodes of fuzzy tone due to playing out of tune. At the same time, there is enough pliancy to provide for an occasional rubato, and the orchestra's tone has a special transparency. While Mr. Boulez is not, perhaps, the most imposing personality ever to direct the Philharmonic, he is one of the most efficient maestros in its history—or, at least, in the period of its history that I can remember. Last Thursday night in Philharmonic Hall he presented a mixed program, including Schubert's Symphony No. 6 in C Major, Opus 140, the first work of the early Romantic period I have heard him do, and it was done very well indeed, with a reduced orchestra and fine attention to the Rossinian details of its last movement. The symphony was followed by Schoenberg's Four Songs for Voice and Orchestra, Opus 22, purportedly a series of songs lamenting a departed love but so crammed with atonal hostility that one wonders just what Schoenberg's real feelings toward the lady were. At any rate, these songs are devoid of any tender meaning for me. The Australian mezzo-soprano Yvonne Minton was making her New York début singing them, and though they offer little scope for the appraisal of vocal skill, one could dimly discern a rich, powerful mezzo voice. Later, in Mahler's "Songs of a Wayfarer," Miss Minton got a better chance to display her voice and her musicianship. I was told that she had a bad cold, and this probably accounted for a few lapses in attack and intonation. I should

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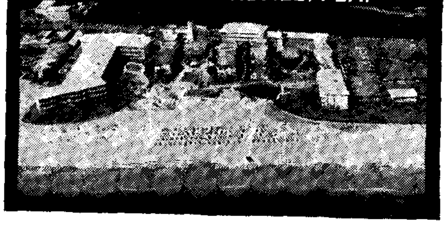

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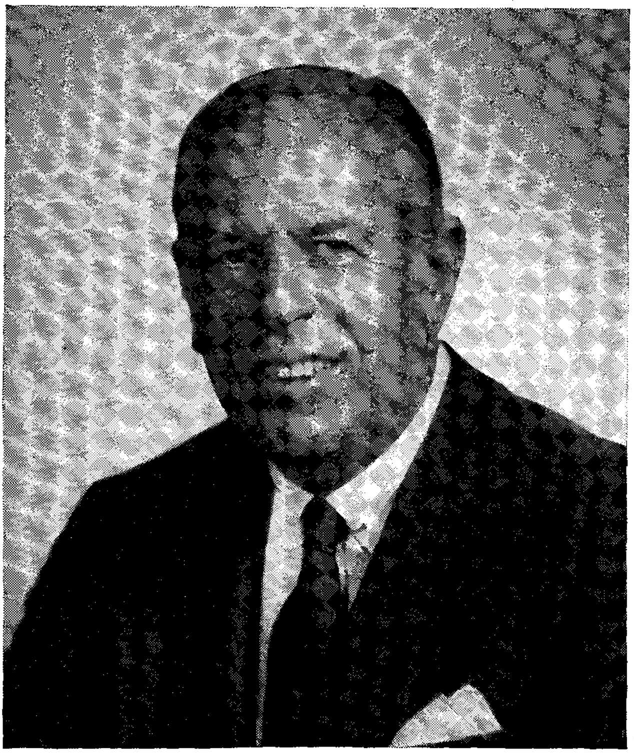

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like to hear Miss Minton when she hasn't got a cold. Quite evidently, she is a singer of warmth, power, and taste, who would be an ornament to any opera house. The concert ended with Bartók's "The Miraculous Mandarin," with choral episodes sung by the Schola Cantorum.

I CONFESS, however, that I did not hear this last number. I rushed across the plaza to the New York State Theatre, where a benefit affair was being held, the last item of which involved the New York City Ballet, the Dance Theatre of Harlem, and, of all things, Doc Severinsen and the "Tonight" show orchestra. The choreography was a joint undertaking by George Balanchine and Arthur Mitchell, and the music, aside from a rock overture played by Doc Severinsen's outfit, was by Rolf Lieberman, the enterprising impresario of the Hamburg Opera. The Lieberman part was entitled "Concerto for Jazz Band and Orchestra," and that was the name given to the ballet. It turned out to be an odd concoction from the visual standpoint, with things happening so fast that one could hardly keep score. Every time one glanced at the stage, a new group of either white or black dancers, or an intermingling of both, was leaping and whirling through concerted numbers, with a few short solos and duets appearing now and then. Behind the dancers the jazz band sat, or stood, on a bright-red dais, while the regular orchestra played in the pit under the dependable Robert Irving. The spectacle seemed to be mainly a demonstration of exuberant talent—and there was obviously a tremendous amount of it among both the dancers of the Balanchine ballet and those of the Harlem Ballet Theatre. It also mingled standard ballet and black dance movements in an interesting manner. Mr. Lieberman's music, however, was a disappointment—twelve-tone jazz (the kind of jazz that killed jazz), with an occasional interlude of eccentric rhythms in the "straight" orchestra. Since about ninety dancers were involved, I find it difficult to single out anybody for special mention.

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BOOKS

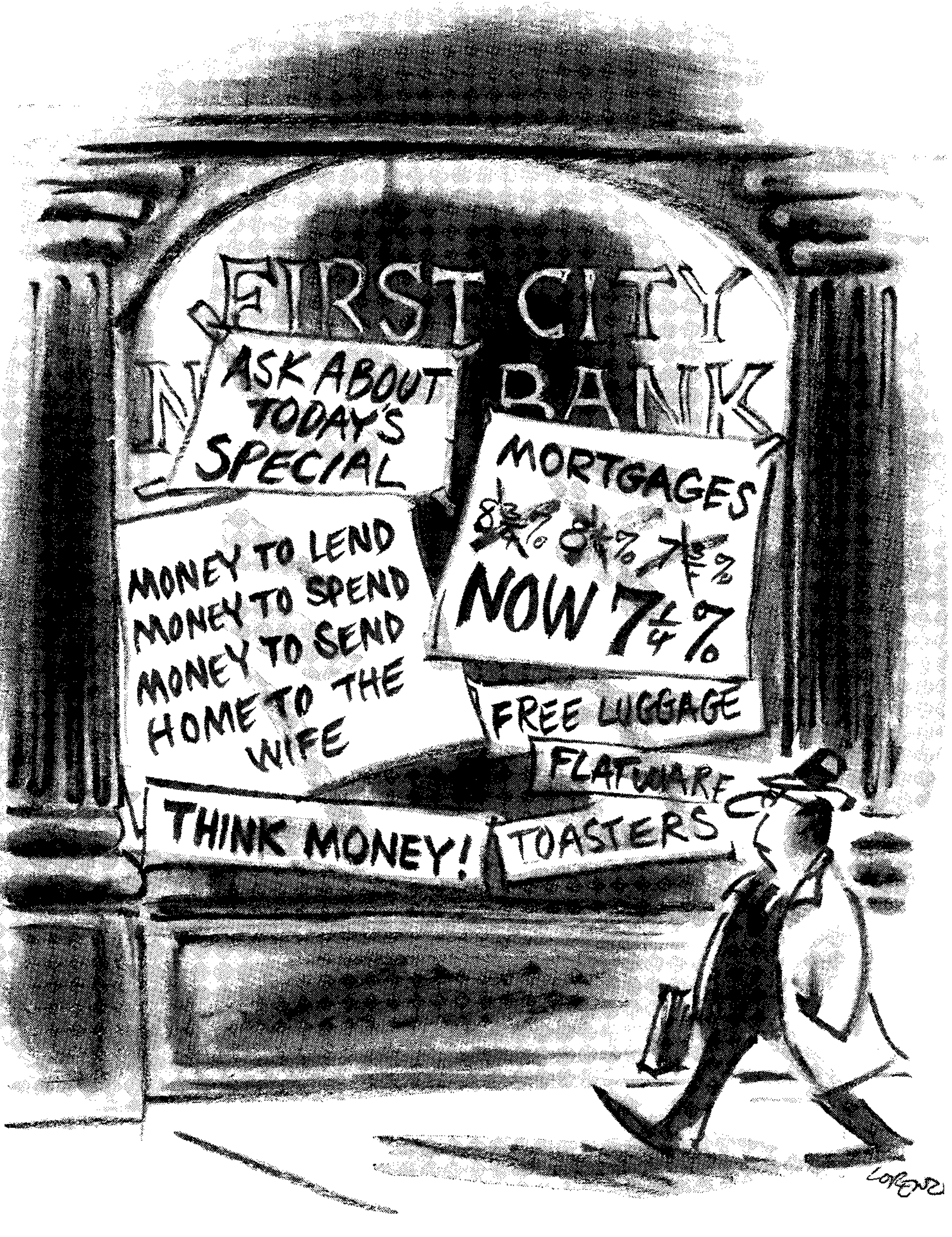
Vinegar for the Lamps of China

"STILWELL AND THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE IN CHINA, 1911-45" (Macmillan) is Barbara Tuchman's best book. It is so large in scope, so crammed with information, so clear in exposition, so assured in tone that one is tempted to say it is not a book but an education. Mrs. Tuchman, like most teachers, has biases, but she also has documentation. No reader is either forced or enticed to accept her assessments or conclusions; many of her judgments, in fact, open mental doors to further reflection rather than bolt them against new ideas. The narrative is forceful, and so are the personalities who struggle through the action. The stakes of conflict are no less than the future of Asia and of China, and, for many actors in the play, their own futures.

The book is a biography of Joseph Warren Stilwell (1883-1946), the American Army officer who, under a variety of titles (among them Commanding General of United States Army Forces in the China-Burma-India Theatre; Chief of Staff to the Supreme Allied Commander, China Theatre; Supervisor of Lend-Lease; Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, Southeast Asia Command), was in charge of carrying out American military policy in China during the Second World War; it is a military history, and also a political history of modern China. Mrs. Tuchman's complex and far-reaching investigations also concern the mysterious West, particularly American public opinion (the product of propaganda working on ignorance and guilt), which veered during Stilwell's time from infatuation with China (1941-43) to disillusion (1943-44)—an emotional wave whose ebb and flow has left a deposit of bitterness among Americans.

Before the Second World War, few of us had any experience of China, partly because American financial interests there had always been small. Nonetheless, many of us believed a fantasy that Mrs. Tuchman thinks was invented by American missionaries: that China under the one-party Kuomintang government of Chiang Kai-shek was an effective modern democracy. The fact is that ever since the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty, in 1912, China had been no more than a nation in search of a state. In the nineteen-thirties, after Japan attacked China, the world's Communist Parties joined the missionaries in proclaiming the Kuomintang government a democracy, because Communist propaganda, aimed at protecting the Soviet Union from Japan, called China a "democratic" victim of Fascist aggression. "Democratic" China was not, but Mrs. Tuchman points out that China was indeed to be pitied; she also notes that some Americans—internationalists who believed that American isolation after the First World War had let international order break down—thought of China as a victim not only of Japanese expansionism but of American irresponsibility. Mrs. Tuchman makes it plain that the Chinese were not to blame for American illusions about them, and that the Chinese—probably because they were not a modern society and lacked the machinery of mass information and misinformation—never had comparable romantic feelings about Americans.

Mrs. Tuchman's hero, Stilwell, had fewer illusions about China than most of us. During several tours of duty in the twenties and thirties, he had travelled widely and seen more of China than most Chinese, and he was fluent enough to do without interpreters. His difficult personality is an element in the making of history—whether it was a minor element, like Anne Boleyn's, or a major one, like Neville Chamberlain's, who can say? A. T. Steele, in "The American People and China," calls Stilwell's "dislike for Chiang . . . at times almost psychotic;" Mrs. Tuchman, who has read Steele, sees instead



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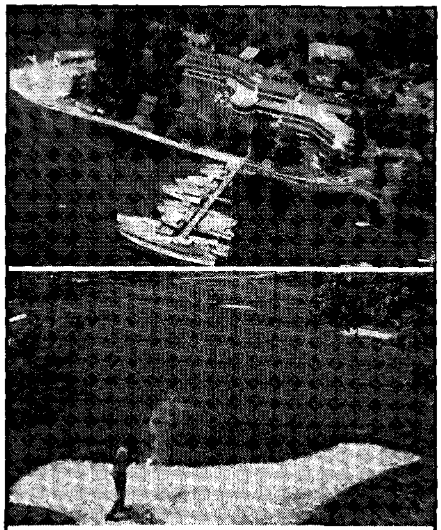

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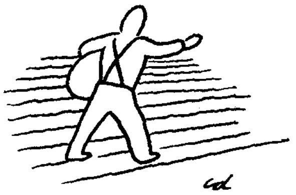
the effect of constant frustration on an aggressive, dedicated soldier. In any case, the wartime public image of Stilwell as the bluff old campaigner Vinegar Joe was incomplete. Field Marshal Sir William Slim, the British commander with whom Stilwell worked most closely and happily, wrote in "Defeat into Victory" (his account of the Burmese campaigns they fought together) that Stilwell's "exhibition of rough living" and "his omission of rank badges and the rest" was "play acting . . . as much a bit of stage management as Mountbatten's meticulous turnout under any conditions." And though Mrs. Tuchman reports that in 1944 *Yank*, our Army magazine, called Stilwell "the G.I.'s favorite," Slim thought that "Americans . . . were all scared of him." Mrs. Tuchman has read Slim, of course, but, like Stilwell, she distrusts the British and tends to discount British sources. One would like to know, though, whether Stilwell's abrasiveness was play acting, for it is perplexing that a man as sensitive to language and to art as he was could have been so deliberately, inventively tactless, so insensitive to people. Mrs. Tuchman, trying to make sense of his incongruities, remarks that he

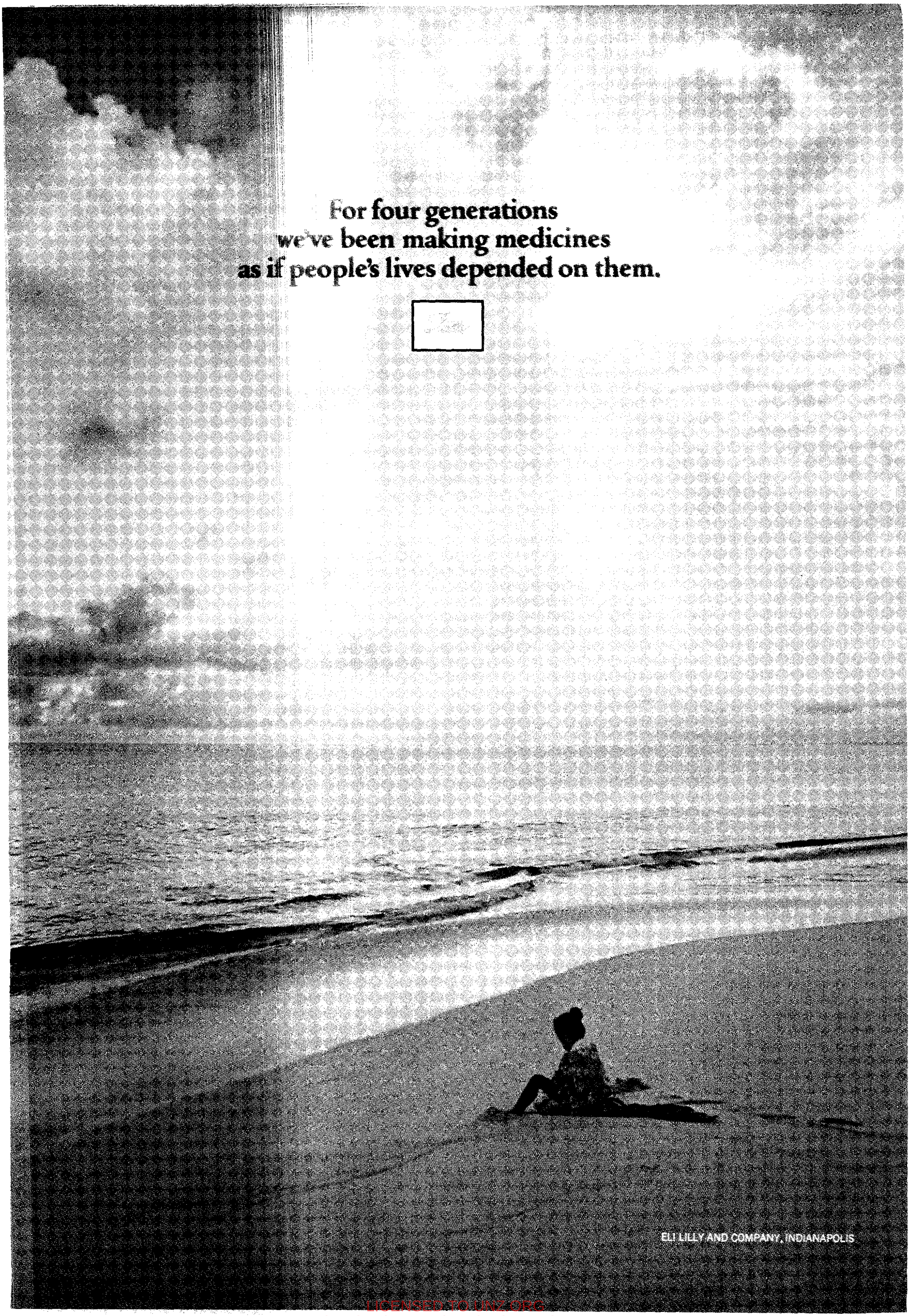
> was one of those individuals who, though conscious of their quick intelligence and superior ability, for some reason do not think highly of themselves and even more lowly of most other people.



Yet Stilwell's most striking talent—he was a stunningly successful teacher and troop trainer—suggests a high view of mankind. Whether he was coaching basketball at West Point or training reservists in California, he gave men self-confidence and inspired them to achievements of which they had not thought themselves capable. The sources that Mrs. Tuchman quotes on this aspect of Stilwell remind me of accounts of conductors who can evoke great performances from lacklustre orchestras, and Stilwell had what I can only describe as a military equivalent of an artistic conception: just as some men *hear* Bach dynamics a different way, so Stilwell—although the Japanese had worsted the Chinese in every encounter since 1895—*knew* that the Chinese could be the better soldiers.

Stilwell was sent to China early in 1942, when Asian emergencies seemed more urgent than any other. In the first few months after Pearl Harbor, no Allied force appeared able to limit Japanese expansion, and the possibility that a Chinese collapse could free Japanese troops to take Australia frightened everyone in the American government, from Roosevelt on down. Mrs. Tuchman puts before the reader a very real picture of that war—even on the ultimately victorious side—as a series of desperate enterprises that always looked as if they were about to disintegrate. We could not foresee that the Japanese would neither wholly conquer nor pull out of China, and Stilwell's sense of urgency about trying to overhaul the Chinese Army and get it fighting had the approval of all American policymakers.

Not, however, of the Chinese government, and that fact bedevilled Sino-American relations throughout the war, as Stilwell's relations with Chiang Kai-shek deteriorated to the point of becoming an international scandal. It was not like the continual squabbling between the English and Americans—disagreements that all parties seem to have known would not go too far—but was much nastier: Stilwell's unconcealed contempt, Chiang Kai-shek's concealed manipulation. Mrs. Tuchman's detailed story of their struggle until Stilwell was recalled, at Chiang Kai-shek's request, in the fall of 1944, cannot wholly please Chiang's remaining supporters. Still, it is as fair as she can make it; though she evidently sympathizes with Stilwell, she shows considerable respect for Chiang. I myself think her too kind in excusing Chiang's nonperformance on the ground of Chinese cultural traditions, for the trade of leader seems to know no serious national limitations; Khrushchev in power was much more like Teddy Roosevelt than like Lenin. Sometimes Chiang, authoritarian but ineffectual, is to me a dignified Mussolini, and at other times his little court of sycophants is the management of the Ford and Hearst empires during their founders' old age. Mrs. Tuchman contrasts Chinese passivity with Western activity, but she records plenty of Chinese activity, though it is mostly fruitless; she tells us of a traditional Chinese aversion to aggressive military action, but Taipings in the nineteenth century and Boxers and Communists in the twentieth have all been aggressive. A more plausible excuse for Chiang's military idleness may be discovered in the assessments of the situation she cites—some military, some political, some English, some American, some from the thirties, and some later—to the effect that the Chi-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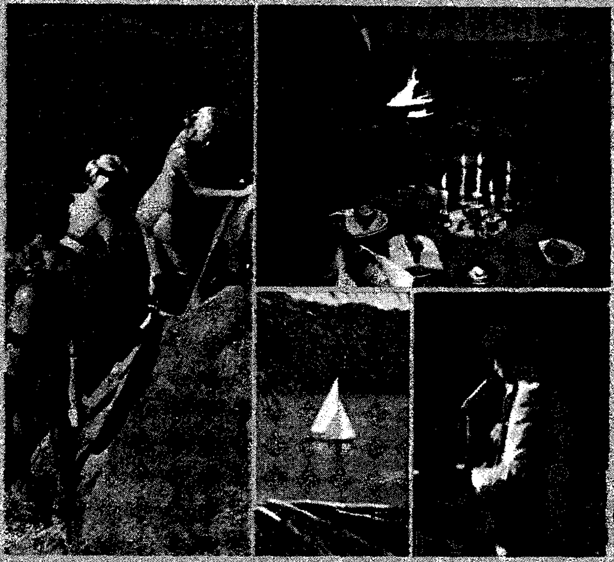

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nese believed they could never beat the Japanese. Perhaps Chiang (without admitting it) did, too. Mrs. Tuchman says that the reluctance to let Stilwell work directly with Chinese troops was based on Chiang's conviction that top-notch Chinese units would escape his control and assert the independence of the warlords' armies, undoing whatever he had done toward the unification of China. Yet I notice that whenever Stilwell urged action (mostly in Burma), Chiang, even when he agreed, assumed that the Chinese would lose.

Mrs. Tuchman makes clear that our greatest single investment in China during the war was emotional—our dream of seeing the Chinese triumph over the villains who had attacked them and us. At great expense and risk, we sent China more war supplies than she could or would use, but we allotted far greater supplies to theatres where arms bought action. Chinese sloth affected the material content, though not the style, of our policy, which remained a diplomatic adaptation of Liza Doolittle's observation that "the difference between a lady and a flower girl is not how she behaves but how she's treated." Roosevelt treated China as a great power; when Stilwell argued that we ought to make supply contingent upon action, Roosevelt refused to be that coercive. We continued to offer help and advice separately, like salt and pepper, and the Chinese continued to take one without the other. We knew that many political and economic reforms were needed, but, respecting Chinese sovereignty, we never insisted on them, even when it seemed likely that they would improve the Chinese ability to fight. Our policies toward China were the opposite of our policies toward South Vietnam, and perhaps our self-restraint in China persuaded the next generation of American policymakers that we should more actively intervene in the affairs of embattled clients, because Chiang, unreformed, impenitent, and militarily unsuccessful, eventually had to flee the Communists.

Mrs. Tuchman finds other connections between our postwar support for Chiang and our present involvements in Asia. She speaks of our "innate fear and hate of Communism," which is a genetic impossibility, and of our "decision for counter-revolution," which I feel is an oversimplification of the past. However, I feel most pained in dissenting from her (I expect that a number of American readers will respond as I do) in finding that I dislike Chiang Kai-shek much, much

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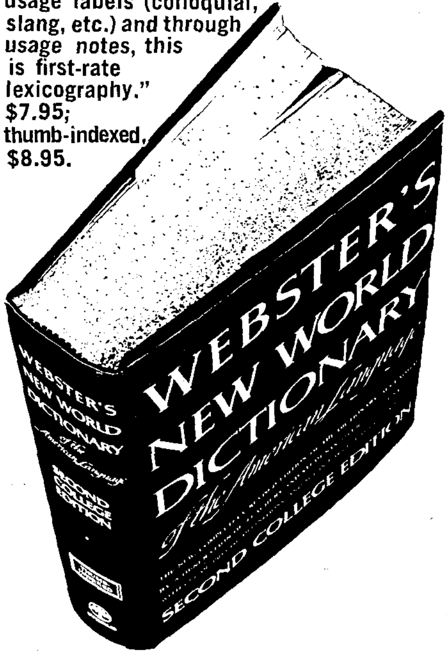
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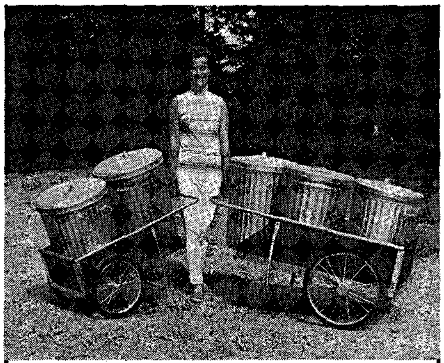

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more than Mrs. Tuchman wants anyone to. I am pained because it is common nowadays to vilify losers; the globe is flooded with ideologies that, in different vocabularies, equate virtue and victory. I cannot accept this equation, because I cherish a number of lost causes, starting with Athens against Sparta. And then, too, badness as well as goodness contributes to survival; of the qualities of Chiang I most dislike, one, his unteachableness, may have cost him mainland China, and another, his shameless but shrewd manipulativeness, particularly of Americans' trust, has kept him alive. "Stilwell and the American Experience in China" is an achievement that demonstrates at once the difficulties of drawing lessons from, and the pleasures of reading, history.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ON THE SHADY SIDE, by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday). "Sitting, almost motionless, on one of the narrow red-leather-covered seats which fringe the Shaftesbury Club's great hall, Grant Rutland seemed to be hardly aware of what spread before his eyes." Grant, a London magistrate, is awaiting the arrival of his older brother, Shaun, who is to join him for dinner, and the opening sentence of Mr. Swinnerton's novel sets the stage for an uncharacteristically tense story of domestic mystery that reaches always backward, because before the night is out Shaun, the glamorous, woman-chasing, world-famous novelist, is dead, and Grant, who has always been aware that he knew very little of his brother, is bewildered by proof after proof that he knew nothing at all about him. Mr. Swinnerton, a sophisticated writer of the assured, gentle, and humorous kind, has given us, in his eighty-fifth year, a most satisfactory brand-new novel.

GENERAL

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, edited by Robert Halsband (St. Martin's). Having great energy and intelligence, and being, as she was gratefully aware, in a position to observe human nature in a number of exotic settings (when her husband was Ambassador to Turkey she visited local harems and bagnios—Ingres is among those who benefitted from her sharp eye—and took pleasure in dressing à la Turque, resisting only

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painted fingernails), Lady Mary early mastered the fine eighteenth-century art of letter writing. Something like nine hundred of her letters survive, of which Professor Halsband offers here a winnowing of just under two hundred, chosen to show her off in varied moods and places, at different stages of a sufficiently long life (1689-1762). As a matron of thirty-four, Lady Mary could be racy with her sister, Lady Mar ("People are grown so extravagantly ugly that we old beauties are forced to come out on show days to keep the Court in countenance" and "Mrs West . . . is a great prude, having but two lovers at a time; I think those are Lord Haddington and Mr Lindsay, the one for use, the one for show"). At sixty-five, she could be robust and commonsensical in affirming to her daughter, Lady Bute, "I think myself an uncommon kind of creature, being an old woman without superstition, peevishness or censoriousness." Indeed, Lady Mary is so scrupulously self-conscious that in the very act of putting pen to paper she perceives how much more tiring her daughter is apt to find the reading of a letter than she finds the writing of it. She sighs, "I ought to shorten my letters," and then she sighs, "This letter is grown (I know not how) into an immeasurable length. I answer it to my conscience as a just judgment on you for the shortness of yours. Remember my unalterable maxim: where we love we have always something to say." Dangerous to quote Lady Mary! The temptation to imitate her tireless wooing of the cornered distant reader grows irresistible. Still, two things must be said: that Professor Halsband has provided footnotes of a pith and wit worthy of his subject ("As a widow Lady Kingston, Lady Mary's sister-in-law, lived openly with Lord Scarborough, and had two sons by him. When she realized that he had no intention of marrying her she became speechless and died the next day"), and that the publishers have provided a book handsome enough to be worthy of both Lady Mary and Professor Halsband. Fifteen dollars.

White Niggers of America: The Precocious Autobiography of a Quebec "Terrorist," by Pierre Vallières, translated from the French by Joan Pinkham (Monthly Review). This polemic and memoir starts off with a précis of the history

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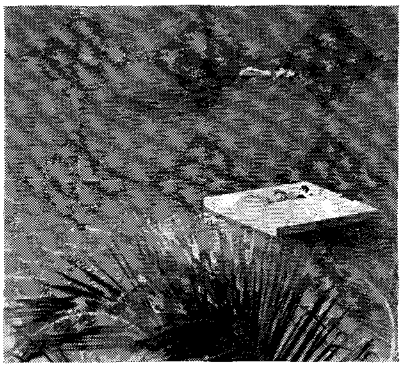

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of Quebec, in which the author asserts that France, England, Canada, and the United States have always conspired to degrade and exploit the working class of Quebec. Alas, the truth—so much more humiliating than fantasy—is that the citizens of these wicked countries, far from plotting against the Québecois, have mostly ignored them: the work is filled with names and events of which few people outside the Quebec New Left can have heard. Many passages in the book are, for that reason, nearly incomprehensible. One can discover that M. Vallières has had a hard time as the son of a workingman and that he was a remarkably gifted, rebellious child, and one may suppose that he was innocent of the murder for which he was tried, since he was freed on appeal. One may also respect M. Vallières or pity him, but one cannot agree with a man who expects passion to do the work of reason.

FROM CAESAR TO THE MAFIA, by Luigi Barzini (Library Press). A book of twenty-one wholly engaging, wholly delightful essays by a man who describes himself as a journalist and makes no further claims, but who is one of the finest stylists writing today. In these pieces (some were written in English, others translated by the author from the Italian), Mr. Barzini moves from the generalized picture of Italy he presented in his previous book, "The Italians," to particular aspects of Italian life, history, and national character. He deals with such disparate men as Julius Caesar, Casanova, Curzio Malaparte, Mussolini, and former King Umberto II, who ate his last dinner in Italy in Mr. Barzini's house. Although he is a northerner, he has a special feeling for Sicily (perhaps, he says, because nature gave him a Sicilian face), and he writes wonderful, evocative things about the land and the people, about the continuing past of the Mafia, and about the poignant history of Lampedusa, who died without knowing that his life's work, "The Leopard," would be acclaimed a masterpiece.

THE SPLENDOR OF IRIDESCENCE, by Hilda Simon (Dodd, Mead). Color is light, and iridescent color is light reflected and refracted by an interfering substance. The skin of film on a soap bubble or an oil slick is such a substance, but there are others. These include submicroscopic structures of infinite variety in the feathers or scales of certain birds, fish, and insects. It is these phenomena that particularly interest Miss Simon, and it is their examination and elucidation that form the subject of this engrossing book. Miss Simon's interest is understandable: she is an artist specializing in natural-history illustration, and the daughter of a physicist specializing in optics. Her mind is clear and her hand is firm, and her book is lucid in expression and beautifully (and lucidly) illustrated with brilliantly colored drawings of hummingbirds and scarab beetles and Urania moths and gold bugs and birds of paradise and cuckoo wasps and peacocks and pheasants and neon tetras and flower flies. Twenty-five dollars.

ENGLAND, by Angus Wilson and Edwin Smith, with notes by Olive Cook (Viking). This splendid work does perfectly what it sets out to do: show what England looks like. Mr. Wilson contributes a brisk, acerb essay on English styles in architecture, city planning, and landscaping, and Mr. Smith's photographs, starting with prehistoric stone forts and coming down to International Style glass boxes, illustrate the varieties of beauty (and ugliness) in England today. One moderately consoling thought: affluence and bad taste do seem to have some affinity, and in this respect the present is no worse than some pasts. A lot of Tudor design is just as flashy as Victorian, and both can be quite as wayward and inconsiderate as much new building. Sixteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

NOTE: Scribners has published "On Doing Good," Gerald Jonas's report on the Quaker movement, and particularly on the activities of the American Friends Service Committee. Much of the book first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

•

The victory for Princeton was its sixth in a row since the Chuck Logg Cup was established in 1965 and spoiled the Scarlett's first race in the shell aimed for its retiring president, Mason W. Gross.
—*The Times*.

Well, it was a silly moment to go swimming.

•

Introducing of a form of nationalized railway passenger service in the United States on May 1 gives recognition that there is still need for a rapidly deteriorating mode of transit.—*Montreal Star*.

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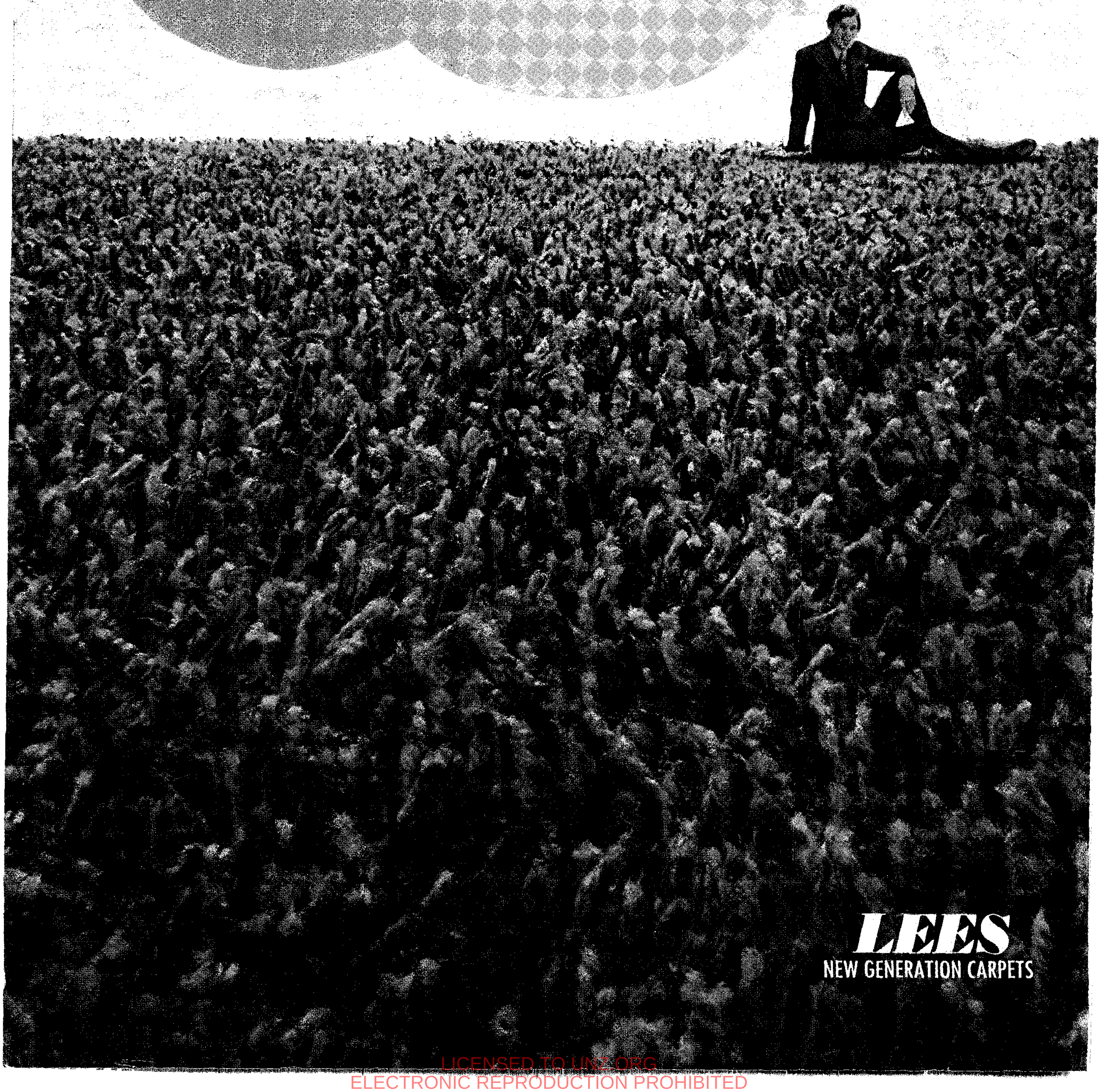

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